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Gift from Beverly - See next page

E. B. Morrey



The GIFT of Bewick to his Daughter J.
North NEWCASTLE
7 March THE

H I V E

OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN LITERATURE:

A COLLECTION OF

ESSAYS, NARRATIVES, ALLEGORIES, AND INSTRUCTIVE
COMPOSITIONS.

SELECTED BY THE LATE SOL. HODGSON.

THE THIRD EDITION,

EMBELLISHED WITH A NUMBER OF ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, BY
T. BEWICK AND L. CLENNELL, BOTH OF NEWCASTLE.

to be seen and appreciated



NEWCASTLE:

PRINTED BY AND FOR S. HODGSON, AND THE BOOKSELLERS
IN GENERAL.

1806.

P R E F A C E.

THE various *Collections* already published and adopted in schools, might seem to render this superfluous; yet the Editor, un-intimidated by that reflection, ventures to offer this *Selection* to the Public, with a full conviction, that judicious teachers will immediately perceive its obvious utility.—That excellent Collection of moral and instructive Essays, &c. *THE PLEASING INSTRUCTOR*, and other popular books of a like kind, have become so familiar in schools, that they pall upon the mind, and boys are inclined to consider the reading of them as a kind of task, and therefore disregard the precepts they contain.—Since the time of their first publication, many excellent authors have added sufficiently to the stock of modern literature to shew the necessity for a *Compilation* that might combine the beauties contained in their works, with those we find in Authors that have previously been had recourse to.

The Editor's chief purpose in making this selection was, to inculcate in the minds of youth strong impressions of their moral obligations, the danger of the slightest deviation
a 2 from

from the path of virtue, and those refined sensibilities of the human mind, which elevate man so infinitely beyond the rest of the creation, and fit him for rational enlightened society.—The early cultivation of the virtuous, generous, and humane principles of the mind, is certainly a matter of the greatest importance; therefore he who contributes to exalt and confirm those dispositions, which adorn and ennoble human nature, may surely escape censure, even if the slightness of the means he adopts do not entitle him to any high degree of general approbation.



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THE
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OF
ANCIENT AND MODERN
LITERATURE.

On the Conduct of Youth.

THERE seems to be a peculiar propriety in addressing moral precepts to the rising generation. Besides that, like travellers entering on a journey, they want direction, there are circumstances which render it probable, that instruction will be more efficacious in youth than at a maturer period. Long habits of business or pleasure, and an indiscriminate intercourse with mankind, often superinduce a great degree of insensibility; and the battered veteran at last considers the admonitions of the moralist as the vain babbling of a sophist, and the declamation of a school-boy. The keen edge of moral perception is blunted by long and reiterated collision; and to him who has lost the finer sensibilities, it is no less fruitless to address a moral discourse, than to represent to the dead the charms of melody, or to the blind the beauties of a picture.

But youth possesses sensibility in perfection; and unless education has been totally neglected, or erroneously pursued, its habits are usually virtuous. Furnished with a natural susceptibility, and free from any acquired impediment, the mind is then in the most fa-

vourable state for the admission of instruction, and for learning how to live.

I will then suppose a young man present who has passed through the forms of a liberal education at school, and who is just entering on the stage of life, to act his part according to his own judgment. I will address him, with all the affection and sincerity of a parent, in the following manner :—

“ You have violent passions implanted in you by
 “ Nature for the accomplishment of her purposes; but
 “ conclude not, as many have done to their ruin, that
 “ because they are violent, they are irresistible. The
 “ same Nature which gave you passions, gave you also
 “ reason and a love of order. Religion, added to the
 “ light of Nature and the experience of mankind, has
 “ concurred in establishing it as an unquestionable
 “ truth, that the irregular or intemperate indulgence
 “ of the passions is always attended with pain in some
 “ mode or other, which greatly exceeds its pleasure.

“ Your passions will be easily restrained from enormous excess, if you really wish and honestly endeavour to restrain them. But the greater part of
 “ young men study to inflame their fury, and give
 “ them a degree of force which they possess not in a
 “ state of nature. They run into temptation, and desire not to be delivered from evil. They knowingly
 “ and willingly sacrifice, to momentary gratifications,
 “ the comfort of all which should sweeten the remainder of life. Begin then with most sincerely wishing
 “ to conquer those subtle and powerful enemies whom
 “ you carry in your bosom. Pray for Divine assistance.
 “ Avoid solitude the first moment a loose thought
 “ insinuates itself, and hasten to the company of those
 “ whom you respect. converse not on subjects which
 “ lead to impure ideas.

“ The perverse ambition of arriving at the character
 “ of a man of spirit by vicious audacity, has of late
 “ universally prevailed, and has ruined the greater part
 “ of the British youth. I have known many young
 “ men

" men proud of the impurest of distempers, and boast-
 " ing of misfortunes which are attended with the
 " greatest pain and misery, and ought to be accom-
 " panied with shame. Far more have taken pains to
 " shine, amidst the little circle of their vicious acquaint-
 " tance, in the character of gay libertines, than to ac-
 " quire, by useful qualities, the esteem of the good.
 " From motives of vanity, health and peace are sacri-
 " ficed, fortunes lavished without credit or enjoyment,
 " every relative and personal duty neglected, and Reli-
 " gion boldly set at defiance. To be admitted into the
 " company of those who disgrace the family title which
 " they inherit, thousands plunge into debauchery with-
 " out passion, into drunkenness without convivial en-
 " joyment, into gaming without the means or inclina-
 " tion for play. Old age rapidly advances. When
 " vanity at length retreats from insult and from morti-
 " fication, avarice succeeds; and meanness, and disease,
 " and disgrace, and poverty, and discontent, and despair,
 " diffuse clouds and darkness over the evening of life.
 " Such is the lot of those who glory in their shame,
 " and are ashamed of their glory.

" Have sense and resolution enough, therefore, to
 " give up all pretensions to those titles, of a fine fel-
 " low, a rake, or whatever vulgar name the temporary
 " cant of the vicious bestows on the distinguished liber-
 " tine. Preserve your principles, and be steady in
 " your conduct. And though your exemplary be-
 " haviour may bring upon you the insulting and ironi-
 " cal appellation of a Saint, a Puritan, or even a Me-
 " thodist, persevere in rectitude. It will be in your
 " power soon, not indeed to insult, but to pity. Have
 " spirit, and display it. But let it be that sort of spirit
 " which urges you to proceed in the path in which you
 " were placed by the faithful guide of your infancy.
 " Exhibit a noble superiority in daring to disregard the
 " artful and malicious reproaches of the vain, who
 " labour to make you a convert to folly, in order to
 " keep them in countenance. They will laugh at first,

“ but will esteem you in their hearts, even while they laugh, and in the end revere your virtue.

“ Let that generous courage, which conscious rectitude inspires, enable you to despise and neglect the assaults of ridicule. When all other modes of attack have failed, ridicule has succeeded. The bulwark of virtue, which stood firmly against the weapons of argument, has tottered on its basis, or fallen to the ground, on the slightest touch of magic ridicule. In the school, in the college, in the world at large, it is the powerful engine which is used to level an exalted character. You will infallibly be attacked with it, if you be in any respect singular; and singular in many respects you must be, if you be eminently virtuous.

“ With all your good qualities, unite the humility of a Christian. Be not morose. Be cautious of overvaluing yourself. Make allowances for the vices and errors which you will daily see. Remember that all have not had the benefit of moral instruction; that a great part of mankind are in effect orphans, turned loose into the wide world, without one faithful friend to give them advice; left to find their own way in a dark and rugged wilderness, with snares, and quicksands, and chasms around them.

“ If you follow such advice as, from the pure motive of serving you most essentially, I have given you, I will not indeed promise that you shall not be unfortunate, according to the common idea of the word; but I will confidently assure you, that you shall not be unhappy. I will not promise you worldly success, but I will engage that you shall deserve it, and shall know how to bear its absence.”

*On an excessive and indiscriminate Love of
Company.*

THE love of company and of social pleasures is natural to us, and attended with some of the sweetest satisfactions of human life; but, like every other love, when it proceeds beyond the limits of moderation, it ceases to produce its natural effect, and terminates in disgustful satiety. The foundation-stone and the pillar on which we build the fabric of our felicity, must be laid in our own hearts. Amusement, mirth, agreeable variety, and even improvement, may be sometimes sought in the gaiety of mixed company, and in the usual diversions of the world; but, if we found our general happiness on these, we shall do little more than raise castles in the air, or build houses on the sand.

To derive the proper pleasure and improvement from company, it ought to be select, and to consist of persons of character, respectable both for their morals and their understandings. Mixed and undistinguished society tends only to dissipate our ideas, and induce a laxity of principles and practice. The pleasure it affords is of a coarse, vulgar, noisy, and rude kind. Indeed, it commonly ends in weariness and disgust, as even they are ready to confess, who yet constantly pursue it, as if their chief good consisted in living in a crowd.

Among those, indeed, who are exempted by their circumstances from professional and official employments, and who professedly devote themselves to a life of pleasure, little else seems to constitute the idea of it, but an unceasing succession of company, public or private. The dress, and other circumstances preparatory to the enjoyment of this pleasure, scarcely leave a moment for reflection. Day after day is spent in the same toilsome round, till a habit is formed, which renders dissipation necessary to existence. What, indeed, is

life or its enjoyments without settled principles, laudable purposes, mental exertions, and internal comfort? It is a state worse than non-entity, since it possesses a restless power of action, productive of nothing but misery.

I very seriously recommend, therefore, to all who wish to enjoy their existence, (and who entertains not that wish?) that they should acquire not only a power of bearing, but of taking a pleasure in temporary solitude. Every one must, indeed, sometimes be alone. Let him not repine when he is alone, but learn to set a value on the golden moments. It is then that he is enabled to study himself and the world around him. It is then that he has an opportunity of seeing things as they are, and of removing the deceitful veil, which almost every thing assumes in the busy scene of worldly employments. The soul is enabled to retire into herself, and to exert those energies which are always attended with sublime pleasure. She is enabled to see the dependent, frail, and wretched state of man as the child of nature, and incited by her discovery to implore grace and protection from the Lord of the universe. They, indeed, who fly from solitude, can seldom be religious; for religion requires meditation. They may be said to live without God in the world; not, it is true, from atheistical principles, but from a carelessness of disposition; a truly deplorable state, the consciousness of which could not fail to cloud the gaiety of those halcyon beings, who sport in the sunshine of unremitted pleasure.

I may, I believe, assert, that the love of pleasure, the follies of fashion, and the extravagancies of dissipation, are greater enemies to religion, than all the writers who have endeavoured to attract notice by attacking Christianity. Many, it is to be feared, have lived and died in the regions of gaiety, without ever having felt a sense of religion.

Not only religion, virtue, and prudence, will be promoted by occasional solitude; but a relish will be given

to the rational enjoyments of a pleasurable life. Vicissitude is essential to every state of durable enjoyment. He who has spent a little part of his time in his closet or in his groves, will partake of the gaieties of the assembly with fresh delight; as a man, when he is hungry, finds an additional flavour in his daily food.

But it must be remembered, that, in recommending solitude, I mean only occasional solitude. There is no doubt but man is made for action, and that his duties and pleasures are often most numerous and most important amidst the "busy hum of men." Many vices, and many corrupt dispositions, have been fostered in a solitary life.

But nothing without moderation is durable or wise. Let there be a sweet interchange of retirement and association, of repose and activity. A few hours spent every day by the votaries of pleasure in serious meditation, would render their pleasure pure, and more un-mixed with misery. It would give them knowledge, so that they would see how far they might advance in their pursuit without danger; and resolution, so that they might retreat when danger approached. It would teach them how to live; a knowledge, which indeed they think they possess already; and it would also teach them, what they are often too little solicitous to learn, how to die.

The





*The Journey of a Day, a Picture of Human
Life ; the Story of Obidah.*

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravan *sera* early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest, he was animated with hope, he was incited by desire ; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills rising gradually before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise ; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices ; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills ; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring : All his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from the heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength ;
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he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence, without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away unaccounted; his devia-
tio

tions had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power; to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Work'd into sudden rage by wint'ry showers,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced to-
wards

wards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, 'Tell me,' said the hermit, 'by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of this wilderness, in which I never saw a man before.' Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

'Son,' said the hermit, 'let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and
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quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

On



On Virtue.

I Do not remember to have read any discourse written expressly upon the beauty and loveliness of virtue, without considering it as a duty, and as the means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I design therefore this speculation as an essay upon that subject; in which I will consider virtue no farther than as it is in itself of an amiable nature, after having premised, that I understand by the word *virtue* such a general notion as is affixed to it by the writers of morality, and which by devout men generally goes under the name of *religion*, and by men of the world under the name of *honour*.

Hypocrisy itself does great honour, or rather justice, to religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an ornament to human nature. The hypocrite would not be at so much pains to put on the appearance of virtue, if he did not know it was the most proper and effectual means to gain the love and esteem of mankind.

We learn from Hierocles, it was a common saying among the heathens, that the wise man hates nobody, but loves only the virtuous.

Tully has a very beautiful gradation of thoughts to shew how amiable virtue is. We love a virtuous man, says he, who lives in the remotest parts of the earth, though we are altogether out of the reach of his virtue, and can receive from it no manner of benefit; nay, one who died several years ago, raises a secret fondness and benevolence for him in our minds, when we read his story: Nay, what is still more, one who has been the enemy of our country, provided his wars were regulated by justice and humanity, as in the instance of Pyrrhus, whom Tully mentions on this occasion in opposition to Hannibal. Such is the natural beauty and loveliness of virtue!

It is a common observation, that the most abandoned to all sense of goodness, are apt to wish those who are related to them to be of a different character; and it is very observable, that none are more struck with the charms of virtue in the fair sex, than those who by their very admiration of it are carried to a desire of ruining it.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful sex all over charms.

As virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are some particular kinds of it which are more so than others, and these are such as dispose us to do good to mankind. Temperance and abstinence, faith and devotion, are in themselves perhaps as laudable as any other virtues; but those which make a man popular and beloved, are justice, charity, munificence, and, in short, all the good qualities that render us beneficial to each other. For which reason even an extravagant man, who has nothing else to recommend him but a false generosity, is often more beloved and esteemed than a person of a much more finished character, who is defective in this particular.

The two great ornaments of Virtue, which show her in the most advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are cheerfulness and good-nature. These generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many serious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from souring into severity and censoriousness.

Remarks

Remarks on the Swiftmess of Time.

THE natural advantages which arise from the position of the earth which we inhabit, with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation, by which it has been discovered, that no other conformation of the system could have given such commodious distribution of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may be perhaps observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitting vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay, who yet intend some time to fulfil them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation wakened into resolve; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other; the rotation of seasons diversifies the year; the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines, and sets; and the moon, every night, changes its form.

He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not shew

that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year, quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power, to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

Yet it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer, which he delays to combat.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an absence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember, that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who seeks his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose the *day rolls on*, 'and the night cometh, when no man can work.'



Filial Affection ; the Story of Fidelia.

FIDELIA is the only child of a decrepid father, whose life is wound up in hers. This gentleman has used Fidelia from her cradle with all the tenderness imaginable, and has viewed her growing perfections with the partiality of a parent, that soon thought her accomplished above the children of all other men, but never thought she was come to the utmost improvement of which she was capable. This fondness has had very happy effects upon his own happiness ; for she reads, she dances, she sings, uses her spinet and lute, to the utmost perfection : And the lady's use of all these excellencies is, to divert the old man in his easy chair, when he is free from the pangs of a chronical distemper. Fidelia is now in the twenty-third year of her age ; but the application of many lovers, her vigorous time of life, her quick sense of all that is truly gallant and elegant in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune, are not able to draw her from the side of her good old father. Certain it is, that there is no kind of

affection so pure and angelic as that of a father to a daughter. He beholds her both with and without regard to her sex. In love to our wives there is desire, to our sons there is ambition; but in that to our daughters, there is something which there are no words to express. Her life is designed wholly domestic; and she is so ready a friend and companion, that every thing that passes about a man is accompanied with the idea of her presence. Her sex also is naturally so much exposed to hazard, both as to fortune and innocence, that there is perhaps a new cause of fondness arising from that consideration also. None but fathers can have a true sense of this sort of pleasures and sensations.

Fidelia, on her part, as accomplished as she is, with all her beauty, wit, air, and mien, employs her whole time in care and attendance upon her father. How have I been charmed to see one of the most beautiful women the age has produced, on her knees, helping on an old man's slipper! Her filial regard to him is what she makes her diversion, her business, and her glory. When she was asked by a friend of her deceased mother to admit of the courtship of her son, she answered, That she had a great respect and gratitude to her for the overture in behalf of one so dear to her, but that during her father's life she would admit into her heart no value for any thing that should interfere with her endeavour to make his remains of life as happy and easy as could be expected in his circumstances. The lady admonished her of the prime of life with a smile; which Fidelia answered with a frankness that always attends unfeigned virtue: "It is true, Madam, there are to be sure very great satisfactions to be expected in the commerce of a man of honour, whom one tenderly loves; but I find so much satisfaction in the reflection, how much I mitigate a good man's pains, whose welfare depends upon my assiduity about him, that I willingly exclude the loose gratifications of passion for the solid *reflections of duty*. I know not whether any man's wife *would be allowed*, and (what I still more fear) I know not

not whether I, a wife, should be willing to be as officious as I am at present about my parent." The happy father has her declaration that she will not marry during his life, and the pleasure of seeing that resolution not uneasy to her. Were one to paint filial affection in its utmost beauty, he could not have a more lively idea of it than in beholding Fidelia serving her father at his hours of rising, meals, and rest.

Whilst the general crowd of female youth are consulting their glasses, preparing for balls, assemblies, or plays; for a young lady, who could be regarded among the foremost in those places, either for her person, wit, fortune, or conversation, yet to contemn all these entertainments, to sweeten the heavy hours of a decrepid parent, is a resignation truly heroic. Fidelia performs the duty of a nurse with all the beauty of a bride; nor does she neglect her person, because of her attendance on him, when he is too ill to receive company, to whom she may make an appearance.

What adds to the entertainment of the good old man, is, that Fidelia, where merit and fortune cannot be overlooked by epistolary lovers, reads over the accounts of her conquests, plays on her spinet the gayest airs, (and while she is doing so, you would think her formed only for gallantry) to intimate to him the pleasures she despises for his sake.

Those who think themselves the pattern of good breeding and gallantry, would be astonished to hear that, in those intervals when the old gentleman is at ease and can bear company, there are at his house, in the most regular order, assemblies of people of the highest merit, where there is conversation without mention of the faults of the absent, benevolence between men and women without passion, and the highest subjects of morality treated of as natural and accidental discourse; all which is owing to the genius of Fidelia, who at once makes her father's way to another world easy, and herself capable of being an honour to his name in this.

*Family Disagreements the frequent Cause of
Immoral Conduct.*

AFTER all our complaints of the uncertainty of human affairs, it is undoubtedly true, that more misery is produced among us by the irregularities of our tempers, than by real misfortunes.

And it is a circumstance particularly unhappy, that these irregularities of the temper are very apt to display themselves at our fire-sides, where every thing ought to be tranquil and serene. But the truth is, we are awed by the presence of strangers, and are afraid of appearing weak or ill-natured when we act in the sight of the world; and so, very heroically, reserve all our ill-humour for our wives, children, and servants. We are meek where we might meet with opposition, but feel ourselves undauntedly bold where we are sure of no effectual resistance.

The perversion of the best things converts them to the worst. Home is certainly well adapted to repose and solid enjoyment. Among parents and brothers, and all the tender ties of private life, the gentler affections, which are always attended with feelings purely and permanently pleasurable, find an ample scope for proper exertion. The experienced have often declared, after wearying themselves in pursuing phantoms, that they have found a substantial happiness in the domestic circle. Hither they have returned from their wild excursions in the regions of dissipation; as the bird, after fluttering in the air, descends into her nest, to partake and to increase its genial warmth with her young ones.

Such and so sweet are the comforts of home; when it is not perverted by the folly and weakness of man. Indifference, and a carelessness on the subject of pleasing those whom it is our best interest to please, often render it a scene of dulness and insipidity. Happy if the evil extended no farther. But the transition from the
negative

negative state of not being pleased, to positive ill-humour, is but too easy. Fretfulness and peevishness arise, as nettles vegetate, spontaneously, where no salutary plants are cultivated. One unkind expression infallibly generates many others. Trifles light as air are able to kindle the blaze of contention. By frequent conflicts and unreserved familiarity, all that mutual respect which is necessary to preserve love, even in the most intimate connections, is entirely lost, and the faint affection which remains is too feeble to be felt amidst the furious operation of the hateful passions. Farewell peace and tranquillity, and cheerful converse, and all the boasted comforts of the family circle!

But it is not necessary to expatiate on the misery of family dissension. I mean more particularly to suggest, that family dissension, besides all its own immediate evils, is the fruitful parent of immoral conduct.

When the several parts which compose a family find themselves uneasy in that home which is naturally the seat of mutual enjoyment, they are tempted from the straight road of common prudence, to pursue their happiness through a devious wild of passion and imagination. The son, arrived at years of maturity, who is treated harshly at home, will seldom spend his evenings at the domestic fire-side. If he live in the metropolis, he will fly for refuge to the places of public diversion. There, it is very probable, some unhappy connection will be formed, which cannot be continued without a plentiful supply of money. Perhaps money cannot be procured honestly but from the parent; but money must at all events be procured. What then remains, but to pursue those methods which unprincipled ingenuity has invented, and which, sooner or later, lead to their condign punishments, pain, shame, and death!

But though the consequences are not always such as the operation of human laws produces, yet they are always terrible, and destructive of happiness and virtue. Misery is indeed the necessary result of all deviation from rectitude; but early debauchery, early disease,
early

early profligacy of all kinds, are peculiarly fruitful of wretchedness; as they sow the seeds of misery in the spring of life, when all that is sown strikes deep root, and buds and blossoms, and brings forth fruit in profuse abundance.

In the disagreements between children and parents, it is certain that the children are usually most culpable. Their violent passions and defective experience render them disobedient and undutiful. Their love of pleasure operates so violently, as often to destroy the force of filial affection. A parent is stung to the heart by the ingratitude of a child. He checks his precipitancy, and perhaps with too little command of temper; for who can always hold the reins? Adversity produces asperity. But the child was the aggressor, and therefore deserves a great part of the misery which ensues. It is however certain, that the parent is often imprudent, as well as the child undutiful. He should endeavour to render home agreeable by gentleness and reasonable indulgence: For man at every age seeks to be pleased, but more particularly at the juvenile age. He should indeed maintain his authority; but it should be like the mild dominion of a limited monarch, and not the iron rule of an austere tyrant. If home be rendered pleasing, it will not long be deserted. The prodigal will soon return, when his father's house is always ready to receive him with joy.

What is said of the consequences of domestic dissension to sons, is equally to be applied to daughters. Indeed, as the misconduct of daughters is more fatal to family peace, though perhaps not more heinous in a moral view, particular care should be taken to render them attached to the comforts of the family circle. When their home is disagreeable, they will be ready to make any exchange; and will often lose their characters, virtue, and happiness, in the pursuit of it. Indeed the female character and happiness are so easily injured, that no solicitude can be too great in their preservation. But prudence is necessary in every good cause,

and, as well as zeal; and it is found by experience, that the gentlest method of government, if it be limited and directed by good sense, is the best. It ought indeed to be steady, but not rigid; and every pleasure which is innocent in itself and in its consequences, ought to be admitted, with a view to render less disagreeable that unwinking vigilance which a delicate and sensible father will judge necessary in the care of a daughter.

To what wickedness, as well as wretchedness, matrimonial disagreements lead, every day's history will clearly inform us! When the husband is driven from his home by a termagant, he will seek enjoyment, which is denied him at his own home, in the haunts of vice, and in the riots of intemperance: Nor can female corruption be wondered at, though it must be greatly pitied and regretted, when in the heart of a husband, which love and friendship should warm, hatred is found to fester. Conjugal infelicity not only renders life most uncomfortable, but leads to that desperate dissoluteness and carelessness in manners, which terminate in the ruin of health, peace, and fortune. If we may form a judgment from the divorces and separations which happen in the gay world, we may conclude, that the present manners are highly unfavourable to conjugal felicity. And we see, consistently with my theory, that the consequence of these domestic disagreements is the prevalence of vice in a very predominant degree, as well as of misery.

But it avails little to point out evils without recommending a remedy. One of the first rules which suggests itself is, that families should endeavour, by often and seriously reflecting on the subject, to convince themselves, that not only the enjoyment, but the virtue, of every individual, greatly depends on a sordial union. When they are convinced of this, they will endeavour to promote it; and it fortunately happens, that the very wish and attempt of every individual must infallibly secure success. It may indeed be difficult to restrain the occasional sallies of temper; but where there
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is, in the more dispassionate moments, a settled desire to preserve domestic union, the transient violence of passion will not often produce a permanent rupture.

It is another most excellent rule, to avoid a *gross familiarity*, even where the connection is most intimate. The human heart is so constituted, as to love respect. It would indeed be unnatural in very intimate friends to behave to each other with stiffness; but there is a delicacy of manner, and a flattering deference, which tends to preserve that degree of esteem which is necessary to support affection, and which is lost in contempt when it deviates into excessive familiarity. An habitual politeness of manners will prevent even indifference from degenerating to hatred. It will refine, exalt, and perpetuate affection.

But the best and most efficacious rule is, that we should not think our moral and religious duties are only to be practised in public, and in the sight of those from whose applause we expect the gratification of our vanity, ambition, or avarice; but that we should be equally attentive to our behaviour among those who can only repay us by reciprocal love. We must shew the sincerity of our principles and professions by acting consistently with them, not only in the senate, in the field, in the pulpit, at the bar, or in any public assembly, but at the *fire-side*.

The



The Voyage of Life ; an Allegory.

LIFE,' says Seneca, 'is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: We first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old-age.'—The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumults of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to inquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion? I was told that we were launching out into the ocean of Life; that we had already passed the straits of Infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chuse, among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of

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the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on either side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools; for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, tho' he saw his comforts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: Nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, *or from weariness* of their present condition; for not *one of those who thus rushed upon destruction failed,*
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when he was sinking, to call upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him : And many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of Life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage, so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink, at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours ; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful ; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves ; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement of the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the Voyage of Life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last ; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions ; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety ; and none were more busy in making provision for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of Life was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with
rocks,

*The Necessity of forming religious Principles
at an early Age.*

AS soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and wrong in human actions. You see that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, you may learn that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy, depend. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at so critical a time, to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not these consequences extend to you? Shall you only attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you of its own accord, and solicit

folicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care?—Deceive not yourselves with such arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your sake, reverse its established order.—By listening to wise admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of your life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart.

The



The Virtue of Gentleness.

GENTLENESS corrects whatever is offensive in our manners; and, by a constant train of humane attentions, studies to alleviate the burden of common misery. Its office, therefore, is extensive. It is not, like some other virtues, called forth only on peculiar emergencies; but it is continually in action, when we are engaged in intercourse with men. It ought to form our address, to regulate our speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole behaviour.

But, perhaps, it will be pleaded by some, that this gentleness, on which we now insist, regards only those smaller offices in life, which, in their eyes, are not essential to religion and goodness. Negligent, they confess, on slight occasions, of the government of their temper, or the regulation of their behaviour, they are attentive, as they pretend, to the great duties of beneficence; and ready, whenever the opportunity presents, to perform important services to their fellow-creatures. But let such persons reflect, that the occasions of performing those important good deeds very rarely occur. Perhaps their situation in life, or the nature of their connections, may, in a great measure, exclude them from such opportunities. Great events give scope for great virtues; but the main tenor of human life is composed of small occurrences. Within the round of these, lie the materials of the happiness of most men; the subjects of their duty, and the trials of their virtue. Virtue must be formed and supported, not by unfrequent acts, but by daily and repeated exertions. In order to its becoming either vigorous or useful, it must be habitually active; not breaking forth occasionally with a transient lustre, like the blaze of *the comet*; but regular in its returns, like the light of *day*; not like the aromatic gale, which sometimes feasts the

the sense; but, like the ordinary breeze, which purifies the air, and renders it healthful.

Years may pass over our heads, without affording any opportunity for acts of high beneficence, or extensive utility. Whereas not a day passes, but in the common transactions of life, and especially in the intercourse of domestic society, gentleness finds place for promoting the happiness of others, and for strengthening in ourselves the habit of virtue.

Gentleness is, in truth, the great avenue to mutual enjoyment. Amidst the strife of interfering interests, it tempers the violence of contention, and keeps alive the seeds of harmony.

Whatever ends a good man can be supposed to pursue, gentleness will be found to favour them; it prepossesses and wins every heart; it persuades, when every other argument fails; often disarms the fierce, and often melts the stubborn. Whereas, harshness confirms the opposition it would subdue; and, of an indifferent person, creates an enemy.

Whatever may be the effect of this virtue on our external condition, its influence on our internal enjoyment is certain and powerful. That inward tranquillity which it promotes, is the first requisite to every pleasurable feeling. It is the calm and clear atmosphere, the serenity and sunshine of the mind. When benignity and gentleness reign within, we are always least in hazard of being ruffled from without; every person, and every occurrence, are beheld in the most favourable light. But let some clouds of disgust and ill-humour gather on the mind, and immediately the scene changes: Nature seems transformed; and the appearance of all things is blackened to our view. The gentle mind is like the smooth stream, which reflects every object in its just proportion, and in its fairest colours. The violent spirit, like troubled waters, renders back the images of things distorted and broken; and communicates to them all that disordered motion which arises solely from its own agitation.

Religion

Religion never to be treated with Levity.

IMPRESS your minds with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane follies. Besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind; which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind rever. At the same time, you are not to imagine, that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years; or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability. It gives a native unaffected ease to the behaviour. It is social, kind, and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for heaven with an honourable discharge of the duties of active life. Of such religion discover, on every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed; but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world.

To piety join modesty and docility, reverence of your parents, and submission to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth. Modesty is one of its chief ornaments, and has ever been esteemed a preface of rising merit. When entering on the career of life, it is your part not to assume the reins

as yet into your hands; but to commit yourselves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast the prospect of its future prosperity, more than self-conceit, presumption, and obstinacy. By checking its natural progress in improvement, they fix it in long immaturity; and frequently produce mischiefs which can never be repaired. Yet these are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprize, and elated by hope, they resolve to trust for success to none but themselves. Full of their own abilities, they deride the admonitions which are given them by their friends, as the timorous suggestions of age. Too wise to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge, with precipitant indiscretion, into the midst of the dangers with which life abounds.

The



The Balance of Happiness equal.

AN extensive contemplation of human affairs will lead us to this conclusion; that among the different conditions and ranks of men, the balance of happiness is preserved in a great measure equal; and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other, than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compensations, both of pleasure and of pain, universally take place. Providence never intended that any state here should be either completely happy, or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous, and more lively, in the higher departments of life, such also are those of pain. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases, in the same proportion, our desires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of those natural satisfactions which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true. In a state, therefore, where there is neither so much to be coveted on the one hand, nor to be dreaded on the other, as at first appears, how submissive ought we to be to the disposal of Providence! How temperate in our desires and pursuits! How much more attentive to preserve our virtue, and to improve our minds, than to gain the doubtful and equivocal advantages of worldly prosperity!

When we read the history of nations, what do we read but the history of the follies and crimes of men? We may dignify those recorded transactions, by calling them the intrigues of statesmen, and the exploits of conquerors; but they are, in truth, no other than the efforts of discontent to escape from its misery, and the struggles of contending passions among unhappy men. *The history of mankind has ever been a continued tragedy; the world, a great theatre, exhibiting the same*
repeated

repeated scene, of the follies of men shooting forth into guilt, and of their passions fermenting, by a quick process, into misery.

But can we believe, that the nature of man came forth in this state from the hands of its gracious Creator? Did he frame this world, and store it with inhabitants, solely that it might be replenished with crimes and misfortunes? In the moral, as well as in the natural world, we may plainly discern the signs of some violent confusion, which has shattered the original workmanship of the Almighty. Amidst this wreck of human nature, traces still remain which indicate its Author. Those high powers of conscience and reason, that capacity for happiness, that ardour of enterprize, that glow of affection, which often break through the gloom of human vanity and guilt, are like the scattered columns, the broken arches, and defaced sculptures of some fallen temple, whose ancient splendour appears amidst its ruins. So conspicuous in human nature are those characters, both of a high origin and of a degraded state, that, by many religious sects throughout the earth, they have been seen and confessed. A tradition seems to have pervaded almost all nations, that the human race had either, through some offence, forfeited, or, through some misfortune, lost, that station of primæval honour which they once possessed. But while, from this doctrine, ill-understood, and involved in many fabulous tales, the nations wandering in Pagan darkness could draw no consequences that were just; while, totally ignorant of the nature of the disease, they sought in vain for the remedy; the same divine revelation, which has informed us in what manner our apostacy arose, from the abuse of our rational powers, has instructed us also how we may be restored to virtue and to happiness.



Alcander and Septimius.

ATHENS, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together. The one, the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and as a step previous

possessed of, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the marketplace, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions in distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that, travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the Forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged, by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed amongst the rest; and, in the evening, when *he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors.* The attention of ^{the}

the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under the necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: In short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther inquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander was apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and, thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Al-

cander's innocence therefore appeared; but the sudden rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther increased when they saw the judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal: Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraven on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve.

The



*The Acquisition of a Virtuous Disposition a
necessary Part of Education.*

WHEN you look forward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station of life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs it will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity than the brightest parts without probity or honour. Whether science, or business, or public life, be your aim, virtue still enters for a principal share into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous sentiments which it breathes, the undaunted spirit which it inspires, the ardour of diligence which it quickens, the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations, are the foundations of all that is high in fame, or great in success, among men. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you may possess, virtue is a necessary requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within *corresponds to the pleasing appearance without—*
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Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is supposed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem and secure the hearts of others only by amiable dispositions and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

Valuable



Valuable Opportunities once lost can never be recalled.

LET not any one vainly imagine, that the time and valuable opportunities which are now lost, can hereafter be recalled at will ; or that he who has run out his youthful days in dissipation and pleasure, will have it in his power to stop when he pleases, and make a wiser use of his riper years. Yet this is too generally the fallacious hope that flatters the youth in his sensual indulgencies, and leads him insensibly on in the treacherous ways of vice, till it is too late to return. There are few, who, at one plunge, so totally immerse in pleasures, as to drown at once all power of reason and conscience : They promise themselves, that they can indulge their appetites to such a point only, and can check and turn them back when they have run their allotted race. I do not indeed say, that there never have been persons in whom the strong ferment of youthful lusts may have happily subsided, and who may have brought forth fruits of amendment, and displayed many eminent virtues. God forbid ! that even the most licentious vices of youth should be absolutely incorrigible. But I may venture to affirm, that the instances in this case have been so rare, that it is very dangerous for any one to trust to the experiment, upon a presumption that he shall add to the number. The only sure way to make any proficiency in a virtuous life, is to set out in it betimes. It is then, when our inclinations are trained up in the way that they should lead us, that custom soon makes the best habits the most agreeable ; the ways of wisdom become the ways of pleasantness, and every step we advance, they grow more easy and more delightful. But, on the contrary, when vicious, headstrong appetites are to be reclaimed, and inveterate habits to be corrected, what security

can we give ourselves, that we shall have either inclination, resolution, or power, to stop and turn back, and recover the right way from which we have so long and so widely wandered, and enter upon a new life, when perhaps our strength now faileth us, and we know not how near we may be to our journey's end? These reflections I have suggested principally for the sake of those, who, allowing themselves in greater indulgencies than are consistent with a liberal and virtuous education, give evident proofs that they are not sufficiently aware of the dangerous encroachments, and the peculiar deceitfulness, of pleasurable sin. Happy for them, would they once seriously consider their ways! and no time can be more proper, than when these solemn seasons of recollection and religious discipline should particularly dispose them to seriousness and thought. They would then discover, that though they are awhile carried gently and supinely down the smooth stream of pleasure, yet soon the torrent will grow too violent to be stemmed; the waves will arise, and dash them upon rocks, or sink them in whirlpools. It is therefore the part of prudence to stop short while they may, and to divert their course into a different channel; which, whatever obstructions and difficulties they may labour with at first, will every day become more practicable and pleasing, and will assuredly carry them to a serene and secure haven.

On Benevolence and Humanity.

YOUTH is the proper season of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render such connections comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all social qualities. In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave on your mind that sacred rule, of 'doing in all things to others, according as you wish that they should do unto you.' For this end, impress yourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you possess, never display them with an ostentatious superiority. Leave the subordinations to rank, to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. At present it becomes you to act among your companions, as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the vicissitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years. Compassion is an emotion, of which you never ought to be ashamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment. Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress, in any of your amusements; nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

In order to render yourselves amiable in society, correct every appearance of harshness in behaviour. Let that courtesy distinguish your demeanour, which springs
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not so much from studied politeness, as from a mild and gentle heart. Follow the customs of the world in matters indifferent; but stop when they become sinful. Let your manners be simple and natural; and of course they will be engaging. Affectation is certain deformity. By forming yourselves on fantastic models, and vying with one another in every reigning folly, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end in being vicious.

On



On the Advantages of Conversation.

IT is with much pleasure I look back upon that philosophical week which I lately enjoyed at ———; as there is no part, perhaps, of social life which affords more real satisfaction than those hours which one passes in rational and unreserved conversation. The free communication of sentiments amongst a set of ingenuous and speculative friends, such as those you gave me the opportunity of meeting, throws the mind into the most advantageous exercise, and shews the strength or weakness of its opinions, with greater force of conviction than any other method we can employ.

That "it is not good for man to be alone," is true in more views of our species than one; and society gives strength to our reason, as well as polish to our manners. The soul, when left entirely to her own solitary contemplations, is insensibly drawn by a sort of constitutional bias, which generally leads her opinions to the side of her inclinations. Hence it is that she contracts those peculiarities of reasoning, and little habits of thinking, which so often confirm her in the most fantastical errors. But nothing is more likely to recover the mind from this false bent, than the counterwarmth of impartial debate. Conversation opens our views, and gives our faculties a more vigorous play; it puts us upon turning our notions on every side, and holds them up to a light that discovers those latent flaws, which would probably have lain concealed in the gloom of unagitated abstraction. Accordingly, one may remark, that most of those wild doctrines, which have been let loose upon the world, have generally owed their birth to persons whose circumstances or dispositions have given them the fewest opportunities of canvassing their respective systems in the way of free and friendly debate. Had the authors of many an ex-

travagant hypothesis discussed their principles in private circles, ere they had given vent to them in public, the observation of Varro had never, perhaps, been made (or never, at least, with so much justice) that "there is no opinion so absurd, but has some philosopher ready to produce in its support."



The Hill of Science ; a Vision.

IN that season of the year when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but, as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared: The mountain before thee, said he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the Temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive.

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the Gate of Languages. It was

kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first inclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices, and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel. The road was also rough and stony; and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbish continually tumbling down from the higher parts of the mountain; and broken ruins of ancient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every step; inso-much that many, disgusted with so rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more: While others, having conquered this difficulty, had not spirits to ascend further, and sitting down on some rubbish, harangued the multitude below with the greatest marks of importance and self-complacency.

About half-way up the hill, I observed on each side of the path a thick forest covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, cross alleys, and serpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briars. This was called the Wood of Error; and I heard the voices of many who were lost up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavouring in vain to extricate themselves. The trees in many places shot their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often rested on it; yet never so much, but that it was discernible by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleasantest part of the mountain were placed the Bowers of the Muses, whose office it was to cheer the spirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting steps with songs from their divine harps.

After I had observed these things, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed amongst them a youth of a lively *look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions.* His name was Genius. He darted
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like an eagle up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration; but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for, beside the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Passions and Pleasures, whose importunity, when they had once complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt, the hill appeared more steep and rugged, the fruits, which were wholesome and refreshing, seemed harsh and ill-tasted, their sight grew dim, and their feet tript at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprize, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the Bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were carried away at the call of the Passions; they accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery. Amongst the

innumerable seducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence (for so she was called) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom, before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of Insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where the startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion could often seize the moment, when their tyrants were languid or asleep, to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom resisted till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other ever-greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddess, seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I, are they who
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are permitted to ascend the mountain!—But while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. Happier, said she, are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content! What, said I, does Virtue then reside in the vale? I am found, said she, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain: I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and, to him that wishes for me, I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity! While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

On



On Cruelty to Animals.

MONTAIGNE thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts carefs or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness: Yet in this principle our children are bred up; and one of the first pleasures we allow them is, the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: Almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to destroy some sorts of birds, as swallows and martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us, by building under our roofs; so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for Robin-red-breasts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of "The children in the wood." However it be, I don't know, I say, why this prejudice, well-improved, and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many *innocent creatures*, which are now exposed to all the *wantonness of an ignorant barbarity*.

There

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies, wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: Scarce a boy in the street but has, in this point, outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic may be any cause of the general persecution of owls (who are a sort of feathered cats), or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine: Tho' I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alledged for the destruction of frogs is because they are like toads. Yet, amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, 'tis some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: For should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs, may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports; in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chafers, not a little contribute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say, with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

Damon and Pythias.

DAMON and Pythias, of the Pythagorean sect in philosophy, lived in the time of Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual friendship was so strong, that they were ready to die for one another. One of the two (for it is not known which) being condemned to death by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country to settle his affairs, on condition that the other should consent to be imprisoned in his stead, and put to death for him, if he did not return before the day of execution. The attention of every one, and especially of the tyrant himself, was excited to the highest pitch; as every body was curious to see what would be the event of so strange an affair. When the time was almost elapsed, and he who was gone did not appear, the rashness of the other, whose sanguine friendship had put him upon running so seemingly desperate a hazard, was universally blamed. But he still declared, that he had not the least shadow of doubt in his mind of his friend's fidelity. The event shewed how well he knew him. He came in due time, and surrendered himself to that fate, which he had no reason to think he should escape; and which he did not desire to escape by leaving his friend to suffer in his place. Such fidelity softened even the savage heart of Dionysius himself. He pardoned the condemned. He gave the two friends to one another; and begged that they would take himself in for a third.



Valentine and Unnion.

AT the siege of Namur by the allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by captain Pincent, in colonel Frederic Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion a corporal, and one Valentine a private centinel: There happened a dispute between these two men about an affair of love, which, upon some aggravations, grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Unnion being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The centinel bore it without resistance; but frequently said, he would die to be revenged of the tyrant. They had spent whole months in this manner, the one injuring, the other complaining; when, in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French passing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, "Ah, Valentine

lentine ! can you leave me here ?" Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French, took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger as far as the abbey of Salins, where a cannon ball took off his head : His body fell under his enemy, whom he was carrying off. Unnon immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcase, crying, " Ah, Valentine ! was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died ? I will not live after thee." He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dressed by force ; but the next day, still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse.

The



The Folly of inconsistent Expectations.

THIS world may be considered as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities, riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is so much ready money, which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject: But stand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase. Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing every thing else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings, by toil, and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expence and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free unsuspicious temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things; and, for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the *right hand or to the left.*—“But I cannot submit to

drudgery like this—I feel a spirit above it.” ’Tis well : Be above it then ; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price ? That, too, may be purchased—by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bow to these, and you shall be learned. “ But,” says the man of letters, “ what a hardship is it, that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms of his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life ! ” Was it to grow rich that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring ? You have then mistaken your path, and ill employed your industry. “ What reward have I then for all my labours ? ” What reward ! A large comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices ; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God. A rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas, and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good Heaven ! and what reward can you ask besides ?

“ But is it not some reproach upon the œconomy of Providence, that such a one, who is a mean, dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation ? ” Not in the least. He made himself a mean, dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty, for it ; and will you envy his bargain ? Will you hang your head, and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show ? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, “ I have not these things, it is true ; but it is because I have not fought, because I have not desired them ; it is because I possess something better : I have chosen my lot ; I am content and satisfied.”

You are a modest man—you love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper

per which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content, then, with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate, ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.

The man, whose tender sensibility of conscience and strict regard to the rules of morality make him scrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantages he lies under in every path of honour and profit. "Could I but get over some nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of those about me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferment." And why can you not? What hinders you from discarding this troublesome scrupulosity of yours, which stands so grievously in your way? If it be a small thing to enjoy a healthful mind, sound at the very core, that does not shrink from the keenest inspection; inward freedom from remorse and perturbation; unsullied whiteness and simplicity of manners; a genuine integrity,

"Pure in the last recesses of the mind;"

if you think these advantages an inadequate recompence for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave-merchant, a director—or what you please.

On Good-Nature.

MAN is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows by the very condition of humanity; and yet, as if nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of afflictions is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injustice of his neighbour. At the same time that the storm beats upon the whole species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and others, than that disposition of mind which in our language goes under the title of *good-nature*.

Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shews virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good-nature, or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word *good-breeding*. For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and mimicry of good-nature, or, in other terms, affability, complaisance, and easiness of temper reduced into an art.

These exterior shows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they

they are founded upon real good-nature ; but, without it, are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more despicable than professed impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us : Health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world, are great cherishers of it where they find it : But nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve, but not produce.

F 3

The



The Siege of Calais.

EDWARD III, after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, under Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. France had now put the sickle into her second harvest, since Edward with his victorious army sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. At length, a famine did more for Edward than arms.—After suffering unheard-of calamities, they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth: The English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the Citizens who survived the slaughter retired within their gates. The command devolving

devolving upon Eustace St Pierre, a man of mean birth but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the plebeians, provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance. To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly:—"My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or give up our tender infants, our wives, and daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiers. Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you on the one hand, or the desolation and horrors of a sacked city on the other? There is, my friends, there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a God-like expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life! Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power, who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind!" He spoke;—but an universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St Pierre resumed, "I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay more zealous, of this martyrdom than I can be; though the station to which I am raised by the captivity of Lord Vienne, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely; I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?"

"Your

"Your son," exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity—"Ah, my child!" cried St Pierre; "I am then twice sacrificed.—But, no: I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends? 'This is the hour of heroes.'" "Your kinsman," cried John de Aire. "Your kinsman," cried James Wissant. "Your kinsman" cried Peter Wissant.—"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "why was not I a citizen of Calais!" The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers. What a parting! What a scene! They crowded, with their wives and children, about St Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced; they clung around; they fell prostrate before them. They groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp. The English, by this time, were apprised of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals, to welcome and entertain the half famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way. At length St Pierre and his fellow victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and ranged themselves on each side,

side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire, this little band of patriots as they passed. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue, which they could not but revere even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter. As soon as they had reached the presence, "Mauny," says the monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?"—"They are," says Mauny; "they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are principal men of France, my Lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling." "Were they delivered peaceably?" says Edward; "was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?" "Not in the least, my Lord; the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your Majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands." Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience," says he, "has ever shown, that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensibly necessary to compel subjects to submission by punishment and example. Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution."

At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The Queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience.—"My Lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon, is not touching the lives of a few mechanics—it respects the honour of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king.—You think you
have

have sentenced six of your prisoners to death. No, my Lord, they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward. The stage on which they would suffer, would be to them a stage of honour, but a stage of shame to Edward; a reproach to his conquests; an indelible disgrace to his name. Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expence. We cannot wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut them short of their desires; in the place of that death by which their glory would be consummated, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to confusion with applauses. We shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion, which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue." "I am convinced; you have prevailed. Be it so," replied Edward: "Prevent the execution; have them instantly before us." They came; when the Queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them:—"Natives of France and inhabitants of Calais, you have put us to a vast expence of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance: But you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment; and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions. You noble burghers! you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us, that excellence is not of blood, of title, or station;—that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions. You are now free to depart

depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not the tokens of our esteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves, by every endearing obligation; and, for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours which Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were intitled to call you her sons." "Ah, my country!" exclaimed Pierre, "it is now that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our cities, but Philippa conquers our hearts."

On



On betraying private Conversation.

AMONGST all the beauties and excellencies of the ancient writers, of which I profess myself an admirer, there are none which strike me with more veneration, than the precepts they have delivered to us for our conduct in society. The fables of the poets, and the narrations of the historians, amuse and delight us with their respective qualifications; but we feel ourselves particularly concerned, when a moral virtue or a social obligation is set before us, the practice of which is our indispensable duty: And, perhaps, we are more ready to observe these instructions, or at least acquiesce sooner in the propriety of them, as the authority of the teacher is unquestionable, the address not particularly confined or levelled, and the censure consequently less dogmatical.

Of all the virtues which the ancients possessed, the zeal and fidelity of their friendships appear to me as the highest distinctions of their characters. Private persons, and particular affinities amongst them, have been long celebrated and admired; and if we examine their conduct as companions, we shall find that the rites of their religion were not more sacred, more strongly ratified, nor more severely preserved, than their laws of society.

The table of friendship, and the altar of sacrifice, were equally uncontaminated: The mysteries of Bacchus were enveloped with as many leaves as those of Ceres; and the profanation of either deity excluded the offender from the assemblies of men: The revealer was judged accursed, and impiety was thought to accompany his steps.

Without inveighing against the practice of the present times, or comparing it with that of the past, I shall *only remark*, that if we cannot meet together upon the *honest principles* of social beings, there is reason to fear
that

that we are placed in the most unfortunate and lamentable era since the creation of mankind. It is not the increase of vices inseparable from humanity that alarms us, the riots of the licentious, or the outrages of the profligate; but it is the absence of that integrity, the neglect of that virtue, the contempt of that honour, which, by connecting individuals, formed society, and without which society can no longer exist.

Few men are calculated for that close connection, which we distinguish by the appellation of *friendship*; and we well know the difference between a friend and an acquaintance: The acquaintance is in a post of progression; and, after having passed through a course of proper experience, and given sufficient evidence of his merit, takes a new title, and ranks himself higher. He must now be considered as in a place of consequence; in which all the ornaments of our nature are necessary to support him. But the great requisites, those without which all others are useless, are fidelity and taciturnity. He must not only be superior to loquacious imbecility, he must be well able to repress the attacks of curiosity, and to resist those powerful engines that will be employed against him, wine and resentment. Such are the powers that he must constantly exert, after a trust is reposed in him: And that he may not overload himself, let him not add to his charge, by his own enquiries; let it be a devolved, not an acquired commission.

——They, who mysteries reveal,
Beneath my roof shall never live,
Shall never holst with me the doubtful sail.

FRANCIS.

There are as few instigations in this country to a breach of confidence, as sincerity can rejoice under. The betrayer is for ever shut out from the ways of men, and his discoveries are deemed the effects of malice. *We wisely imagine*, he must be actuated by other motives than the promulgation of truth; and we receive

his evidence, however we may use it, with contempt. Political exigencies may require a ready reception of such private advices : But though the necessities of government admit the intelligence, the wisdom of it but barely encourages the intelligencer. There is no name so odious to us as that of an informer. The very alarm in our streets at the approach of one, is a sufficient proof of the general abhorrence of this character.

Since these are the consequential conditions upon which men acquire this denomination, it may be asked, what are the inducements to the treachery ? I do not suppose it always proceeds from the badness of the mind ; and indeed I think it impossible that it should, in one who only designed to gratify his own loquacity, or the importunity of his companion.

The



The Continnence of Scipio Africanus.

THE foldiers, after the taking of New Carthage, brought before Scipio a young lady of fuch diftinguifhed beauty, that fhe attracted the eyes of all wherever fhe went. Scipio, by inquiring concerning her country and parents, among other things learned, that fhe was betrothed to Allucius, prince of the Celtiberians. He immediately ordered her parents and bridegroom to be fent for. In the mean time he was informed, that the young prince was fo exceffively enamoured of his bride, that he could not furvive the lofs of her. For this reafon, as foon as he appeared, and before he fpoke to her parents, he took great care to talk with him. "As you and I are both young," faid he, "we can converse together with greater freedom. When your bride, who had fallen into the hands of my foldiers, was brought before me, I was informed that you loved her paffionately; and, in truth, her perfect beauty left me no room to doubt of it. If I were at liberty to indulge a youthful paffion, I mean honourable and lawful wedlock, and were not folety engroffed by the affairs of my republic, I might have hoped to have been pardoned my exceffive love for fo charming a miftrefs. But as I am fituated, and have it in my power, with pleasure I promote your happinefs. Your future fpoufe has met with as modeft and civil treatment from me, as if fhe had been amongst her own parents, who are foon to be yours too. I have kept her pure, in order to have it in my power to make you a prefent worthy of you and me. The only return I afk of you for this favour is, that you will be a friend to the Roman people; and that if you believe me to be a man of worth, as the ftates of Spain formerly experienced my father and uncle to be, you may know there are many in Rome who re-

femble

“semble us; and that there are not a people in the universe, whom you ought less to desire to be an enemy, or more a friend, to you or yours.” The youth, covered with blushes, and full of joy, embraced Scipio’s hands, praying the immortal gods to reward him, as he himself was not capable to do it in the degree he himself desired, or he deserved. Then the parents and relations of the virgin were called. They had brought a great sum of money to ransom her; but seeing her restored without it, they began to beg Scipio to accept that sum as a present; protesting they would acknowledge it as a favour, as much as they did the restoring the virgin without injury offered to her. Scipio, unable to resist their importunate solicitations, told them, he accepted it; and ordering it to be laid at his feet, thus addressed Allucius: “To the portion you are to receive from your father-in-law, I add this, and beg you will accept it as a nuptial present.” So he desired him to take up the gold, and keep it for himself. Transported with joy at the presents and honours conferred on him, he returned home, and expatiated to his countrymen on the merits of Scipio: “There is come amongst us,” said he, “a young hero like the gods, who conquers all things, as well by generosity and beneficence, as by arms.” For this reason, having raised troops among his own subjects, he returned a few days after to Scipio with a body of 1400 horse.



Liberty and Slavery.

DISGUISE thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty! thrice sweet and gracious goddess! whom all, in public or in private, worship; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so till Nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee, to smile upon him while he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven! grant me but health, thou great bestower of it! and give me but this fair goddess as my companion; and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table; and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery! but, finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive; and, having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door, to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement; and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor lattice. His children—But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of those little sticks in his hand; and, with a rusty nail, was etching another day of misery, to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door—then cast it down—shook his head—and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh.—I saw the iron enter into his soul.—I burst into tears.—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

On a Classical Education.

THE fairest diamonds are rough till they are polished, and the purest gold must be run and washed, and sifted in the ore. We are untaught by nature; and the finest qualities will grow wild and degenerate, if the mind is not formed by discipline, and cultivated with an early care. In some persons, who have run up to men without a liberal education, we may observe many great qualities darkened and eclipsed; their minds are crusted over like diamonds in the rock, they flash out sometimes into an irregular greatness of thought, in their actions an unguided force, and unmanaged virtue; something very great and very noble may be discerned, but it looks cumbersome and awkward, and is alone of all things the worse for being natural. Nature is undoubtedly the best mistress, and aptest scholar; but Nature herself must be civilized, or she will look savage, as she appears in the Indian princes, who are vested with a native majesty, a surprising greatness and generosity of soul, and discover what we always regret, fine parts and excellent natural endowments without improvement. In those countries which we call barbarous, where art and politeness are not understood, nature hath the greater advantage in this, that simplicity of manners often secures the innocence of the mind; and as virtue is not, so neither is vice, civilized and refined: But in these politer parts of the world, where virtue excels by rules and discipline, vice also is more instructed, and with us good qualities will not spring up alone: Many hurtful weeds will rise with them, and choak them in their growth, unless removed by some skilful hand; nor will the mind be brought to a just perfection, without cherishing every hopeful seed, and repressing every superfluous humour: The mind is like the body in this regard, which cannot fall into a decent and easy carriage, unless it be fashioned in
time

time: An untaught behaviour is like the people that use it, truly rustic, forced, and uncouth; and art must be applied to make it natural.

Knowledge will not be won without pains and application: Some parts of it are easier, some more difficult of access: We must proceed at once by sap and battery; and when the breach is practicable, you have nothing to do, but to press boldly on, and enter: It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters, but when once you come to the spring, they rise and meet you: The entrance into knowledge is oftentimes very narrow, dark, and tiresome, but the rooms are spacious, and gloriously furnished: The country is admirable, and every prospect entertaining.

On



On Cruelty to inferior Animals.

MAN is that link of the chain of universal existence by which spiritual and corporeal beings are united : As in the numbers and variety of the latter his inferiors are almost infinite, so probably are those of the former his superiors ; and as we see that the lives and happiness of those below us are dependent on our wills, we may reasonably conclude, that our lives and happiness are equally dependent on the wills of those above us ; accountable, like ourselves, for the use of this power, to the Supreme Creator and Governor of all things. Should this analogy be well founded, how criminal will our account appear, when laid before that just and impartial Judge ! How will man, that sanguinary tyrant, be able to excuse himself from the charge of those innumerable cruelties inflicted on the unoffending subjects committed to his care, formed for his benefit, and placed under his authority by their common Father, whose mercy is over all his works, and who expects that his authority should be exercised, not only with tenderness and mercy, but in conformity to the laws of justice and gratitude !

But to what horrid deviations from these benevolent intentions are we daily witnesses ! No small part of mankind derive their chief amusements from the deaths and sufferings of inferior animals ; a much greater consider them only as engines of wood or iron, useful in their several occupations. The carman drives his horse, and the carpenter his nail, by repeated blows ; and so long as these produce the desired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect nor care whether either of them have any sense of feeling. The butcher knocks down the stately ox with no more compassion than the blacksmith hammers a horse-shoe ; and plunges his knife into the throat of the innocent lamb with as little reluctance as the taylor sticks his needle into the collar of a coat.

If there are some few, who, formed in a softer mould, view with pity the sufferings of these defenceless creatures, there is scarce one who entertains the least idea, that justice or gratitude can be due to their merits or their services. The social and friendly dog is hanged without remorse, if, by barking in defence of his master's person and property, he happens unknowingly to disturb his rest: The generous horse, who has carried his ungrateful master for many years with ease and safety, worn out with age and infirmities contracted in his service, is by him condemned to end his miserable days in a dust-cart, where the more he exerts his little remains of spirit, the more he is whipped, to save his stupid driver the trouble of whipping some other less obedient to the lash. Sometimes, having been taught the practice of many unnatural and useless feats in a riding house, he is at last turned out, and consigned to the dominion of a hackney-coachman, by whom he is every day corrected for performing those tricks, which he had learned under so long and severe a discipline. The sluggish bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance, for the diversion of a malignant mob, by placing red-hot irons under his feet: And the majestic bull is tortured by every mode which malice can invent, for no offence, but that he is gentle, and unwilling to assail his diabolical tormentors. These, with innumerable other acts of cruelty, injustice, and ingratitude, are every day committed, not only with impunity, but without censure, and even without observation; but we may be assured that they cannot finally pass away unnoticed and unretaliated.

The laws of self-defence undoubtedly justify us in destroying those animals which would destroy us, who injure our properties, or annoy our persons; but not even these, whenever their situation incapacitates them from hurting us. I know of no right which we have to shoot at a bear on an inaccessible island of ice, or an eagle on the mountain's top; whose lives cannot injure us, nor deaths procure us any benefit. We are unable

to give life, and therefore ought not wantonly to take it away from the meanest insect, without sufficient reason; they all receive it from the same benevolent hand as ourselves, and have therefore an equal right to enjoy it.

God has been pleased to create numberless animals intended for our sustenance; and that they are so intended, the agreeable flavour of their flesh to our palates, and the wholesome nutriment which it administers to our bodies, are sufficient proofs: These, as they are formed for our use, propagated by our culture, and fed by our care, we have certainly a right to deprive of life, because it is given and preserved to them on that condition; but this should always be performed with all the tenderness and compassion which so disagreeable an office will permit; and no circumstances ought to be omitted, which can render their executions as quick and easy as possible. For this, Providence has wisely and benevolently provided, by forming them in such a manner, that their flesh becomes rancid and unpalatable by a painful and lingering death; and has thus compelled us to be merciful without compassion, and cautious of their suffering, for the sake of ourselves: But, if there be any whose tastes are so vitiated, and whose hearts are so hardened, as to delight in such inhuman sacrifices, and to partake of them without remorse, they should be looked upon as dæmons in human shape, and expect a retaliation of those tortures which they have inflicted on the innocent, for the gratification of their own depraved and unnatural appetites.

So violent are the passions of anger and revenge in the human breast, that it is not wonderful that men should persecute their real or imaginary enemies with cruelty and malevolence; but that there should exist in nature a being who can receive pleasure from giving pain, would be totally incredible, if we were not convinced, by melancholy experience, that there are not only many, but that this unaccountable disposition is in some manner inherent in the nature of man; for, as he cannot be taught by example, nor led to it by tempta-
tion

tation, or prompted to it by interest, it must be derived from his native constitution ; and is a remarkable confirmation of what revelation so frequently inculcates—that he brings into the world with him an original depravity, the effects of a fallen and degenerate state ; in proof of which we need only observe, that the nearer he approaches to a state of nature, the more predominant this disposition appears, and the more violently it operates. We see children laughing at the miseries which they inflict on every unfortunate animal which comes within their power ; all savages are ingenious in contriving, and happy in executing, the most exquisite tortures ; and the common people of all countries are delighted with nothing so much as bull-baitings, prize-fightings, executions, and all spectacles of cruelty and horror. Though civilization may in some degree abate this native ferocity, it can never quite extirpate it ; the most polished are not ashamed to be pleased with scenes of little less barbarity, and, to the disgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of sports ! They arm cocks with artificial weapons, which nature had kindly denied to their malevolence, and, with shouts of applause and triumph, see them plunge them into each other's hearts : They view with delight the trembling deer and defenceless hare, flying for hours in the utmost agonies of terror and despair, and at last sinking under fatigue, devoured by their merciless pursuers ! They see with joy the beautiful pheasant and harmless partridge drop from their flight, weltering in their blood, or perhaps perishing with wounds and hunger, under the cover of some friendly thicket, to which they have in vain retreated for safety ! They triumph over the unsuspecting fish, whom they have decoyed by an insidious pretence of feeding, and drag him from his native element by a hook fixed to and tearing out his entrails ! And, to add to all this, they spare neither labour nor expence to preserve and propagate these innocent animals, for no other end but to multiply the objects of their persecution !

What

What name should we bestow on a superior being, whose whole endeavours were employed, and whose pleasure consisted, in terrifying, ensnaring, tormenting, and destroying mankind? Whose superior faculties were exerted in fomenting animosities amongst them, in contriving engines of destruction, and inciting them to use them in maiming and murdering each other? Whose power over them was employed in assisting the rapacious, deceiving the simple, and oppressing the innocent? Who, without provocation or advantage, should continue from day to day, void of all pity and remorse, thus to torment mankind for diversion, and at the same time endeavour with his utmost care to preserve their lives, and to propagate their species, in order to increase the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and be delighted in proportion to the miseries he occasioned? I say, what name detestable enough could we find for such a being? Yet, if we impartially consider the case, and our intermediate situation, we must acknowledge, that, with regard to inferior animals, just such a being is a sportsman.

H

The

The Two Bees.

ON a fine morning in May, two bees set forward in quest of honey, the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties that were spread before them: The one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for the hive against the distant winter; the other revelling in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification. At length they found a wide-mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution; but being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to enquire whether he would return to the hive; but found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament with his latest breath, that, though a taste of pleasure might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.

On Ambition.

IF we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable, that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man, in proportion to the vigour of his complexion, is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with men, who, by the mutual bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, aspire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never set their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatness; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquillity to gain an abundance: But it is not therefore to be concluded, that such a man is not ambitious: His desires may cut out another channel, and determine him to other pursuits; the motive may be, however, still the same; and in those cases, likewise, the man may be equally pushed on with the desire of distinction.

Though the pure consciousness of worthy actions, abstracted from the views of popular applause, be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our natures as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

Ambition, therefore, is not to be confined only to one passion or pursuit; for as the same humours in constitutions otherwise differently affect the body after different manners, so the same aspiring principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted but that there is as great a desire of glory in a ring of wrestlers or cudgel-players, as in any other more refined competition for superiority.

It is a known story of Domitian, that after he had possessed himself of the Roman empire, his desires turned upon catching flies. Active and masculine spirits, in the vigour of youth, neither can nor ought to remain at rest : If they debar themselves from aiming at a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion. Thus if you cut off the top branches of a tree, and will not suffer it to grow higher, it will not therefore cease to grow, but will quickly shoot out at the bottom. The man indeed who goes into the world only with the narrow views of self-interest, who catches at the applause of an idle multitude, as he can find no solid contentment at the end of his journey, so he deserves to meet with disappointments in his way : But he who is actuated by a noble principle, whose mind is so far enlarged as to take in the prospect of his country's good, who is enamoured with that praise which is one of the fair attendants of virtue, and values not those acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial testimony of his own mind ; who repines not at the low station which Providence has at present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself by justifiable means to a more rising and advantageous ground ; such a man is warmed with a generous emulation ; it is a virtuous movement in him to wish, and to endeavour, that his power of doing good may be equal to his will. The man who is fitted out by nature, and sent into the world with great abilities, is capable of doing great good or mischief in it. It ought therefore to be the care of education, to infuse into the untainted youth early notions of justice and honour, that so the possible advantages of good parts may not take a bad turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy purposes. It is the business of religion and philosophy not so much to extinguish our passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable, well-chosen objects. When these *have pointed out to us which course we may lawfully*
steer,

Reer, it is no harm to set out all our fail : If the storms and tempests of adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the haven where we would be, it will however prove no small consolation to us in these circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our course, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring.

H 3

On

On the Knowledge of the World.

NOTHING has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themselves. Those who have been taught to consider the institutions of the schools as giving the last perfection to human abilities, are surprised to see men wrinkled with study, yet wanting to be instructed in the minute circumstances of propriety, or the necessary forms of daily transaction; and quickly shake off their reverence for modes of education, which they find to produce no ability above the rest of mankind.

Books, says Bacon, can never teach the use of books. The student must learn, by commerce with mankind, to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.

It is too common for those who have been bred to scholastic professions, and passed much of their time in academies, where nothing but learning confers honours, to disregard every other qualification, and to imagine that they shall find mankind ready to pay homage to their knowledge, and to crowd about them for instruction. They therefore step out from their cells into the open world, with all the confidence of authority and dignity of importance; they look round about them at once with ignorance and scorn on a race of beings to whom they are equally unknown and equally contemptible, but whose manners they must imitate, and with whose opinions they must comply, if they desire to pass their time happily among them.

To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider, that though admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries, yet

yet pleasure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon questions, about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful on great occasions, may die without exerting his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedient.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments and tender officiousness; and, therefore, no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleasures: But such benefits only can be bestowed as others are capable of receiving, and such pleasures only imparted as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this descent from the pinnacle of art, no honour will be lost; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination: He remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude; and pleases more, though he dazzles less.



The Story of Le Fevre.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many, after the time, that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard;—the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack: 'Tis for a poor gentleman,—I think of the army, said the landlord, who was taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a *thin toast*,———*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*———

—If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I could almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.——I hope in God he will still mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host;—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.

—I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour, with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again:—Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate down before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby. —Trim! said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master and made his bow; —my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.

Corporal

——Corporal! said my uncle Toby——the corporal made his bow.——My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.——Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St Nicholas;——and besides it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby: But I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.——I wish I had not known so much of this affair,——added my uncle Toby,——or that I had known more of it:——How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;——I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.——Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby; and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.——I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennail a straight line as a crooked one;—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning

cerning the poor sick lieutenant——Is he in the army, then? said my uncle Toby——He is, said the corporal——And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby——I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards as I learnt it.——Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke, as plain as a bow could speak it,——Your honour is good:——And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,——and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,——That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby——I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;——that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.——If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.——But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;——and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;——but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.——Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.

self.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

—I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—And that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou mightest have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby)—he was heartily welcome to it:—He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no answer—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast.—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr Yorick's curate was smoaking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.—I thought it was wrong, added the corporal.—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr Trim, never said your prayers at all.

I hear

I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.——Are you sure of it? replied the curate.——A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;——and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.——'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.——But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,——or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;——harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;——harassing others to-morrow;——detached here; countermanded there;——resting this night out upon his arms;——beat up in his shirt the next;——benumbed in his joints;——perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;——must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqu'd, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,——I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,——he prays as heartily as a parson——though not with all his fust and hypocrisy.——Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:——At the great and general review of us all, corporal,—at the day of judgment, (and not till then)——it will be seen who has done their duties in this world, and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope, we shall, said Trim.——It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will shew it thee to-morrow:——In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:——I hope not, said the corporal

—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it :——The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.——Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side :—If you are captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me ;—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant——I told him your honour was——Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him——but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.——You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's——but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing ;——possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an' please your honour, said I, very well.——Do you so ? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice—Here, Billy, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh,—I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned ;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe ?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted ;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment ;—but finish the story thou art upon :—’Tis finish’d already, said the corporal,——for I could stay no longer——so wished his honour a good night ; young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs ; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders——But, alas ! said the corporal,——the lieutenant’s last day’s march is over.——Then what is to become of his poor boy, cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby’s eternal honour,——though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves,——that notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner——that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterescarp, and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn ; and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade,——he left Dendermond to itself,——to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good ; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre, ———as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders:—True, quoth, my uncle Toby,—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,———when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,—thou shouldst have offered him my house too:—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:—Thou art an excellent nurse, thyself, Trim,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.——

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal:—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off:—An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the corporal; and what will become of his boy?——He shall

shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. — A-well-o'day, — do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, — The poor soul will die : — He shall not die, by G —, cried my uncle Toby.

— The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in — and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

— My uncle Toby went to his bureau, — put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, — he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's ; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eye-lids, — and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, — when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did, — how he had rested in the night, — what was his complaint, — where was his pain, — and what he could do to help him ; — and, without giving him time to answer any one of his enquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him. —

— You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house, — and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter, — and we'll have an apothecary, — and the corporal shall be your nurse, — and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, — not the effect of familiarity, — but the cause of it, — which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature ; to this, there was something in his looks and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally

beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take sh
under him; so that before my uncle Toby had
finished the kind offers he was making to the fa
had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees,
had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pu
it towards him.——The blood and spirits o
Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within
and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart
rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moe
——he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's
——then cast a look upon his boy,——and that
ment, fine as it was, was never broken.——

Nature instantly ebb'd again,——the film rep
to its place——the pulse flutter'd——stopp'd——
on——throbb'd——stopp'd again——mov'd——
——shall I go on?—No.





Albert Bane.

IN treating of the moral duties which apply to different relations of life, men of humanity and feeling have not omitted those which are due from masters to servants. Nothing, indeed, can be more natural than the attachment and regard to which the faithful services of our domestics are entitled; the connection grows up, like all the other family charities, in early life, and is only extinguished by those corruptions which blunt the others, by pride, by folly, by dissipation, or by vice.

I hold it indeed as the sure sign of a mind not 'poised as it ought to be, if it be insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affections of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seems

seems to me one of the most comfortable circumstances in his lot.

It appears to me a very pernicious mistake, which I have sometimes seen parents guilty of in the education of their children, to encourage and incite in them a haughty and despotic behaviour to their servants; to teach them an early conceit of the difference of their conditions; to accustom them to consider the services of their attendants as perfectly compensated by the wages they receive, and as unworthy of any return of kindness, attention, or complacency.

I was last autumn at my friend Colonel Caustic's in Scotland, and saw there, on a visit to Miss Caustic, a young gentleman and his sister, children of a neighbour of the Colonel's, with whose appearance and manner I was particularly pleased.—“The history of their parents,” said my friend, “is somewhat singular, and I love to tell it, as I do every thing that is to the honour of our nature. Man is so poor a thing taken in the gross, that when I meet with an instance of nobleness in detail, I am glad to rest upon it long, and to recall it often.

“The father of those young folks, whose looks you were struck with, was a gentleman of considerable domains and extensive influence on the northern frontier of our county. In his youth he lived, as it was then more the fashion than it is now, at the seat of his ancestors, surrounded with Gothic grandeur, and compassed with feudal followers and dependents, all of whom could trace their connection, at a period more or less remote, with the family of their chief. Every domestic in his house bore the family name, and looked on himself as in a certain degree partaking its dignity, and sharing its fortune. Of these, one was in a particular manner the favourite of his master. Albert Bane had been his companion from his infancy. Of an age so much more advanced as to enable him to be a sort of tutor to his youthful Lord, Albert had early taught him.

him the rural exercises and rural amusements, in which he was eminently skilful; he had attended him in the course of his education at home, of his travels abroad, and was still the constant companion of his excursions, and the associate of his sports.

"On one of these occasions, a favourite dog of Albert's, which he had trained himself, and of whose qualities he was proud, happened to mar the sport which his master expected, who, irritated at the disappointment, and having his gun ready cocked in his hand, fired at the animal, which, however, in the violence of his resentment, he missed. Albert, to whom the dog (Oscar) was as a child, remonstrated against the rashness of the deed, in a manner rather too warm for his master, ruffled as he was with the accident, and conscious of being in the wrong, to bear. In his passion he struck his faithful attendant; who suffered the indignity in silence, and retiring, rather in grief than in anger, left his native country that very night; and when he reached the nearest town, enlisted with a recruiting party of a regiment then on foreign service. It was in the beginning of the war with France which broke out in 1744, rendered remarkable for the rebellion which the policy of the French court excited, in which some of the first families in the Highlands were unfortunately engaged. Among those who joined the standard of Charles, was the master of Albert.

After the battle of Culloden, so fatal to that party, this gentleman, along with others who had escaped the slaughter of the field, sheltered himself from the rage of the unsparing soldiery, among the distant recesses of their country. To him his native mountains offered an asylum; and thither he naturally fled for protection. Acquainted, in the pursuits of the chase, with every secret path and unworn track, he lived for a considerable time, like the deer of his forest, close hid all day, and only venturing down at the fall of evening, to obtain from some of his cottagers, whose fidelity he
could

could trust, a scanty and precarious support. I have often heard him, for he is one of my oldest acquaintances, describe the scene of his hiding-place, at a later period, when he could recollect it in its sublimity, without its horror.—“At times,” said he, “when I ventured to the edge of the wood, among some of those inaccessible crags which you remember a few miles from my house, I have heard, in the pauses of the breeze which rolled suddenly through the pines beneath me, the distant voices of the soldiers, shouting in answer to one another, amidst their inhuman search. I have heard their shots re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and seen reflected from the deep still lake, the gleam of those fires which consumed the cottages of my people. Sometimes shame and indignation had nearly overcome my fear, and I have prepared to rush down the steep, unarmed as I was, and to die at once by the swords of my enemies; but the instinctive love of life prevailed, and starting as the roe bounded by me, I have again shrunk back to the shelter I had left.

“One day,” continued he, “the noise was nearer than usual; and, at last, from the cave in which I lay, I heard the parties immediately below so close upon me, that I could distinguish the words they spoke. After some time of horrible suspense, the voices grew weaker and more distant; and at last I heard them die away at the end of the wood. I rose, and stole to the mouth of the cave; when suddenly a dog met me, and gave that short, quick bark by which they indicate their prey. Amidst the terror of the circumstance, I was yet master enough of myself to discover that the dog was Oscar; and I own to you I felt his appearance like the retribution of justice and of Heaven.—Stand! cried a threatening voice; and a soldier pressed through the thicket, with his bayonet charged.—It was Albert! Shame, confusion, and remorse, stopped my utterance, and I stood motionless before him.—“My master!” said he, with the stifled voice of wonder and of fear,
and

and threw himself at my feet. I had recovered my recollection. You are revenged, said I, and I am your prisoner."—"Revenged! Alas! you have judged too hardly of me; I have not had one happy day since that fatal one on which I left my master; but I have lived, I hope, to save him. The party to which I belong are passed; for I lingered behind them among those woods and rocks which I remembered so well in happier days.—There is, however, no time to be lost. In a few hours this wood will blaze, though they do not suspect that it shelters you. Take my dress, which may help your escape, and I will endeavour to dispose of yours. On the coast, to the westward, we have learned there is a small party of your friends, whom, by following the river's track till dusk, and then striking over the shoulder of the hill, you may join without much danger of discovery."—"I felt the disgrace of owing so much to him I had injured, and remonstrated against exposing him to such imminent danger of its being known that he had favoured my escape, which, from the temper of his commander, I knew would be instant death. Albert, in an agony of fear and distress, besought me to think only of my own safety.—"Save us both," said he, "for if you die, I cannot live. Perhaps we may meet again; but whatever becomes of Albert, may the blessing of God be with his master!"

Albert's prayer was heard. His master, by the exercise of talents which, though he had always possessed, adversity only taught him to use, acquired abroad a station of equal honour and emolument; and when the proscriptions of party had ceased, returned home to his own country, where he found Albert advanced to the rank of a Lieutenant in the army, to which his valour and merit had raised him, married to a lady by whom he had acquired some little fortune, and was the father of an only daughter, for whom nature had done much, and to whose native endowments it was the chief study and delight of her parents to add every thing that art could

could bestow. The gratitude of the chief was equalled by the happiness of his follower, whose pride was not long after gratified, by his daughter's coming the wife of that master whom his general fidelity had saved. That master, by the clemency more indulgent and liberal times, was again restored to the domains of his ancestors, and had the satisfaction of seeing the grandson of Albert enjoy the hereditary right of his race.



On Education.

HOWEVER widely the thinking part of mankind may have differed as to the proper mode of conducting education, they have always been unanimous in their opinion of its importance. The outward effects of it are observed by the most inattentive. They know that the clown and the dancing-master are the same from the hand of Nature; and, although a little farther reflection is requisite to perceive the effects of culture on the internal senses, it cannot be disputed that the mind, like the body, when arrived at firmness and maturity, retains the impressions it received in a more pliant and tender age.

The greatest part of mankind, born to labour for their subsistence, are fixed in habits of industry by the iron hand of Necessity. They have little time or opportunity for the cultivation of the understanding; the errors and immoralities of their conduct, that flow from the want of those sentiments which education is intended to produce, will, on that account, meet with indulgence from every benevolent mind. But those who are placed in a conspicuous station, whose vices become more complicated and destructive, by the abuse of knowledge, and the misapplication of improved talents, have no title to the same indulgence. Their guilt is heightened by the rank and fortune which protect them from punishment, and which, in some degree, preserve them from that infamy their conduct has merited.

I hold it, then, incontrovertible, that the higher the rank, the more urgent is the necessity for storing the mind with the principles, and directing the passions to the practice, of public and private virtue.

It will be allowed by all, that the great purpose of education is to form the man and the citizen, that he may be virtuous, happy in himself, and useful to socie-

ty. To attain this end, his education should begin, as it were, from his birth, and be continued till he arrive at firmness and maturity of mind, as well as of body. Sincerity, truth, justice, and humanity, are to be cultivated from the first dawnings of memory and observation. As the powers of these increase, the genius and disposition unfold themselves; it then becomes necessary to check, in the bud, every propensity to folly or to vice; to root out every mean, selfish, and ungenerous sentiment; to warm and animate the heart in the pursuit of virtue and honour. The experience of ages has hitherto discovered no surer method of giving right impressions to young minds, than by frequently exhibiting to them those bright examples which history affords, and, by that means, inspiring them with those sentiments of public and private virtue which breathe in the writings of the sages of antiquity.

In this view, I have considered the acquisition of the dead languages as a most important branch in the education of a gentleman. The slowness with which he acquires them, prevents his memory from being loaded with facts faster than his growing reason can compare and distinguish; he becomes acquainted by degrees with the virtuous characters of ancient times; he admires their justice, temperance, fortitude, and public spirit, and burns with a desire to imitate them. The impressions these have made, and the restraints to which he has been accustomed, serve as a check to the many tumultuous passions which the ideas of religion alone would, at that age, be unable to controul. Every victory he obtains over himself serves as a new guard to virtue. When he errs, he becomes sensible of his weakness, which, at the same time that it teaches him moderation and forgiveness to others, shows the necessity of keeping a stricter watch over his own actions. During these combats, his reasoning faculties expand, his judgment strengthens, and, while he becomes acquainted with the corruptions of the world, he fixes himself in the practice of virtue.

A man

A man thus educated, enters upon the theatre of the world with many and great advantages. Accustomed to reflection, acquainted with human nature, the strength of virtue, and depravity of vice, he can trace actions to their source, and be enabled, in the affairs of life, to avail himself of the wisdom and experience of past ages.

Very different is the modern plan of education followed by many, especially with the children of persons of superior rank. They are introduced into the world almost from their very infancy. Instead of having their minds stored with the bright examples of antiquity, or those of modern times, the first knowledge they acquire is of the vices with which they are surrounded; and they learn what mankind are, without ever knowing what they ought to be. Possessed of no sentiment of virtue, of no social affection, they indulge, to the utmost of their ability, the gratification of every selfish appetite, without any other restraint than what self-interest dictates. In men thus educated, youth is not the season of virtue; they have contracted the cold indifference, and all the vices of age, long before they arrive at manhood. Finding no entertainment in their own breasts, as void of friends as incapable of friendship, they sink reflection in a life of dissipation.

As many of the bad effects of the present system of education may be attributed to a premature introduction into the world, I shall conclude by reminding those parents and guardians who are so anxious to bring their children and pupils early into public life, that one of the finest gentlemen, the brightest geniuses, the most useful and best-informed citizens of which antiquity has left us an example, did not think himself qualified to appear in public till the age of twenty-six, and even continued his studies, for some years after, under the eminent teachers of Greece and Rome.

On Envy.

ENVY is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place; the only passion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation; its effects, therefore, are every where discoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impossible to mention a name which any advantageous distinction has made eminent, but some latent animosity will burst out. The wealthy trader, however he may abstract himself from public affairs, will never want those who hint, with Shylock, that ships are but boards, and that no man can properly be termed rich whose fortune is at the mercy of the winds. The beauty, adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modesty, provokes, whenever she appears, a thousand murmurs of detraction, and whispers of suspicion. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain with pleasing images of nature, or instruct by uncontested principles of science, yet suffers persecution from innumerable critics, whose acrimony is excited merely by the pain of seeing others pleased, of hearing applauses which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it so familiar, that it escapes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel in some useful art, finds himself pursued, by multitudes whom he never saw, with implacability of personal resentment; when he perceives clamour and malice let loose upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every stratagem of defamation; when he hears the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth, exposed to the world; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor those artifices
at

at which he only laughed before, and discovers how much the happiness of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a stubborn weed of the mind, and seldom yields to the culture of philosophy. There are, however, considerations, which, if carefully implanted, and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repress it, since no one can nurse it for the sake of pleasure, as its effects are only shame, anguish, and perturbation.

It is, above all other vices, inconsistent with the character of a social being, because it sacrifices truth and kindness to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour, gains as much as he takes away, and improves his own condition, in the same proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blasts a flourishing reputation, must be content with a small dividend of additional fame, so small as can afford very little consolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided mentioning that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is so base and detestable, so vile in its original, and so pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almost any other quality is to be desired: It is one of those lawless enemies of society, against which poisoned arrows may honestly be used. Let it therefore be constantly remembered, that whoever envies another, confesses his superiority; and let those be reformed by their pride, who have lost their virtue.

It is no slight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed against those who have given no intentional provocation; and that the sufferer is marked out for ruin, not because he has failed in any duty, but because he has dared to do more than was required.

Almost every other crime is practised by the help of some quality which might have produced esteem or

love, if it had been well employed ; but envy is a more unmixed and genuine evil ; it pursues a hateful end by despicable means, and desires not so much its own happiness as another's misery. To avoid depravity like this it is not necessary that any one should aspire to heroism or sanctity ; but only, that he should resolve not to quit the rank which nature assigns, and wish to maintain the dignity of a human being.

Nam





Nancy Collins:

AS I walked one evening through St Andrew's Square, I observed a girl, meanly dressed, coming along the pavement at a slow pace. When I passed her, she turned a little towards me, and made a sort of halt; but said nothing. I went on a few steps before I turned my eye to observe her. She had, by this time, resumed her former pace. I remarked a certain elegance in her form, which the poorness of her garb could not altogether overcome: Her person was thin and genteel, and there was something not ungraceful in the stoop of her head, and the seeming feebleness with which she walked. I could not resist the desire, which her appearance gave me, of knowing somewhat of her situation and circumstances: I therefore walked back, and passed her with such a look as might induce her to speak what she seemed desirous to say at first. This had the effect I wished.—“Pity a poor orphan!” said she, in a voice tremulous and weak. I stopped, and put my hand in my pocket: I had now a better opportunity

portunity of observing her. Her face was thin and pale ; part of it was shaded by her hair, of a light brown colour, which was parted, in a disordered manner, at her forehead, and hung loose upon her shoulders ; round them was cast a piece of tattered cloak, which with one hand she held across her bosom, while the other was half outstretched to receive the bounty I intended for her. Her large blue eyes were cast on the ground : She was drawing back her hand as I put a trifle into it ; on receiving which she turned them up to me, muttered something which I could not hear, and then, letting go her cloak, and pressing her hands together, burst into tears.

It was not the action of an ordinary beggar, and my curiosity was strongly excited by it. I desired her to follow me to the house of a friend hard by, whose beneficence I have often had occasion to know. When she arrived there, she was so fatigued and worn out, that it was not till after some means used to restore her that she was able to give us an account of her misfortunes.

Her name, she told us, was Collins ; the place of her birth one of the northern counties of England. Her father, who had died several years ago, left her remaining parent with the charge of her, then a child, and one brother, a lad of seventeen. By his industry, however, joined to that of her mother, they were tolerably supported, their father having died possessed of a small farm, with the right of pasturage on an adjoining common, from which they obtained a decent livelihood ; that, last summer, her brother having become acquainted with a recruiting serjeant, who was quartered in a neighbouring village, was by him enticed to enlist as a soldier, and soon after marched off, along with some other recruits, to join his regiment : That this, she believed, broke her mother's heart, for she had never afterwards had a day's health, and, at length, had died about three weeks ago : That, immediately after her death, the steward, employed by the squire of whom their farm was held, took possession of every thing for the

the arrears of their rent : That, as she had heard her brother's regiment was in Scotland when he enlisted, she had wandered thither in quest of him, as she had no other relation in the world to own her ! But she found, on arriving there, that the regiment had been embarked several months before, and was gone a great way off, she could not tell whither.

"This news," said she, "laid hold of my heart ; and I have had something wrong here," putting her hand to her bosom, "ever since. I got a bed and some victuals in the house of a woman here in town, to whom I told my story, and who seemed to pity me. I had then a little bundle of things, which I had been allowed to take with me after my mother's death ; but, the night before last, somebody stole it from me while I slept ; and the woman said she would keep me no longer, and turned me out into the street, where I have since remained, and am almost dying for want."

She was now in better hands ; but our assistance had come too late. A frame, naturally delicate, had yielded to the fatigues of her journey and the hardships of her situation. She declined by slow but uninterrupted degrees, and yesterday breathed her last. A short while before she expired, she asked to see me ; and taking from her bosom a little silver locket, which she told me had been her mother's, and which all her distresses could not make her part with, begged I would keep it for her dear brother, and give it him, if ever he should return home, as a token of her remembrance.

I felt this poor girl's fate strongly ; but I tell not her story merely to indulge my feelings ; I would make the reflections it may excite in my readers useful to others who may suffer from similar causes. There are many, I fear, from whom their country has called brothers, sons, or fathers, to bleed in her service, forlorn, like poor Nancy Collins, with "no relation in the world to own them." Their sufferings are often unknown, when they are such as most demand compassion. The
mind

mind that cannot obtrude its distresses on the ear of pity, is formed to feel their poignancy the deepest.

In our idea of military operations, we are too apt to forget the misfortunes of the people. In defeat, we think of the fall, and in victory, of the glory of commanders; we seldom allow ourselves to consider how many, in a lower rank, both events make wretched! How many, amidst the acclamations of national triumph, are left to the helpless misery of the widow and the orphan, and, while victory celebrates her festival, feel, in their distant hovels, the extremities of want and wretchedness!

The



The Arts of deceiving Conscience.

IT is easy for every man, whatever be his character with others, to find reasons for esteeming himself; and therefore censure, contempt, or conviction of crimes, seldom deprive him of his own favour. Those, indeed, who can see only external facts, may look upon him with abhorrence; but when he calls himself to his own tribunal, he finds every fault, if not absolutely effaced, yet so much palliated, by the goodness of his intention, and the cogency of the motive, that very little guilt or turpitude remains; and when he takes a survey of the whole complication of his character, he discovers so many latent excellencies, so many virtues that want but an opportunity to exert themselves in act, and so many kind wishes for universal happiness, that he looks on himself as suffering unjustly under the infamy of single failings, while the general temper of his mind is unknown or unregarded.

It is natural to mean well, when only abstracted ideas of virtue are proposed to the mind, and no particular passion turns us aside from rectitude; and so willing is every man to flatter himself, that the difference between approving laws and obeying them, is frequently forgotten; he that acknowledges the obligations of morality, and pleases his vanity with enforcing them to others, concludes himself zealous in the cause of virtue, though he has no longer any regard to her precepts than they conform to his own desires; and counts himself among her warmest lovers, because he praises her beauty, though every rival steals away his heart.

There are, however, great numbers who have little recourse to the refinements of speculation, but who yet live at peace with themselves, by means which require less understanding, or less attention. When their hearts are burthened with the consciousness of a crime, instead of seeking for some remedy within themselves, they look round upon the rest of mankind, to find others tainted with the same guilt: They please themselves with ob-
serving,

serving, that they have numbers on their side ; and that though they are hunted out from the society of good men, they are not likely to be condemned to solitude.

No man yet was ever wicked without secret discontent ; and according to the different degrees of remaining virtue, or unextinguished reason, he either endeavours to reform himself, or corrupt others ; either to regain the station which he has quitted, or prevail on others to imitate his defection ; for, as guilt is propagated, the power of reproach is diminished ; and, among numbers equally detestable, every individual may be sheltered from shame, though not from conscience.

The man who is branded with cowardice, may, with some appearance of propriety, turn all his force of argument against a stupid contempt of life, and rash precipitation into unnecessary danger. Every recession from temerity is an approach towards cowardice ; and though it be confessed that bravery, like other virtues, stands between faults on either hand, yet the place of the middle point may always be disputed ; he may therefore often impose upon careless understandings, by turning the attention wholly from himself, and keeping it fixed invariably on the opposite fault ; and by shewing how many evils are avoided by his behaviour, he may conceal for a time those which are incurred.

It is generally not so much the desire of men, sunk into depravity, to deceive the world, as themselves ; for when no particular circumstances make them dependent on others, infamy disturbs them little, but as it revives their remorse, and is echoed to them from their own hearts. The sentence most dreaded is that of reason and conscience, which they would engage on their side at any price but the labours of duty, and the sorrows of repentance. For this purpose every seducement and fallacy is sought ; the hopes still rest upon some new experiment, till life is at an end ; and the last hour steals on unperceived, while the faculties are engaged in resisting reason, and repressing the sense of the Divine disapprobation,

*On the Guilt of incurring Debts, without an
Intention or Prospect of Payment.*

AMONG the various devices which young men have invented to involve themselves in difficulties and in ruin, none is more frequent than that of incurring debt without any real necessity. No sooner is the aspiring youth emancipated from his school, or his guardian and superintendents, than he becomes, in his own idea, a man, and not only so, but a man of consequence, whom it behoves to dress and make a figure. To accomplish the purpose of making a figure, some expensive vices are to be affected or practised. But as the stipends of young men just entering into life are usually inconsiderable, it is necessary to borrow on the most disadvantageous terms, or to purchase the various requisites of a pleasurable life on credit. The debt soon accumulates from small beginnings to a great sum. The young adventurer continues, while his credit is good, in the same wild career; but adieu to real pleasure, to improvement, to honest industry, and to a quiet mind. His peace is wounded. A perpetual load seems to weigh him down; and though his feelings may, by length of time and habit, become too callous to be affected by the misery of his situation, yet he is lost to all sincere enjoyment; and if he fall not a victim to despair, survives only to gain a precarious existence at the gaming-table, to deceive the unwary, and to elude the researches of persecuting creditors. Even if he be enabled, by the death of his parents or rich relations, to pay the debts which his youthful folly has contracted; yet has he suffered long and much, and lost the beginning of life, the season of rational delight and solid improvement, in distress and fears; in fabricating excuses and pretences, and in flying from the eager pursuit of duns and bailiffs.

But this folly, however pregnant with misery, is entitled to pity, and may, in some degree, admit of those

usual palliations, youthful ardour and want of experience. Thousands, and tens of thousands, have ruined their fortunes and their happiness by hastily running into debt before they knew the value of money, or the consequences of their embarrassment. We pity their misfortune, but in the first part of their progress we do not usually accuse them of dishonesty.

But the habit of incurring debt, though in the earlier periods of life it may originate in thoughtlessness, commonly leads to a crime most atrocious in itself, and injurious to society. He who prayed against poverty, lest he should be poor and steal, understood human nature. Difficulties and distresses have a natural tendency to lessen the restraints of conscience. The fortress of honour, when stormed by that sort of poverty which is occasioned by profligacy, and not defended with sound principles (such as men of the world do not often possess) has for the most part yielded at discretion. He then who began with incurring debt merely because he was strongly stimulated by passion or fancy, and was not able to pay for their gratification, proceeds, when the habit is confirmed, and the first scruples dismissed, to contract debt wherever unsuspecting confidence will afford him an opportunity.

Many of the persons who live on the substance of others, by borrowing, purchasing, or employing, without intending, and without being able, to pay, make a splendid figure, and pass for gentlemen and men of honour. But however they may felicitate themselves on their success, and in the gratification of their pride and vanity, I shall not hesitate to pronounce them more criminal and detestable than highwaymen and housebreakers, because, to the crime of actual theft, they add a most ungenerous breach of confidence.

Learning

Learning should be sometimes applied to cultivate our Morals.

ENVY, curiosity, and our sense of the imperfection of our present state, incline us always to estimate the advantages which are in the possession of others above their real value. Every one must have remarked what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of science is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened, even on occasions where literature is of no use, and among weak minds loses part of his reverence by discovering no superiority in those parts of life in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progress to the remoter provinces, the rustics are said sometimes to wonder that they find him of the same size with themselves.

These demands of prejudice and folly can never be satisfied, and therefore many of the imputations which learning suffers from disappointed ignorance, are without reproach. Yet it cannot be denied, that there are some failures to which men of study are peculiarly exposed. Every condition has its disadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the most active and diligent intellect, and while science is pursued with ardour, other accomplishments of equal use are necessarily neglected; as a small garrison must leave one part of an extensive fortress naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally support their dignity with more success, if they suffered not themselves to be misled by superfluous attainments of qualifications which few can understand or value, and by skill which they may sink into the grave without any conspicuous opportunities of exerting. Raphael, in return to Adam's enquiries into the courses of the stars and the revolutions of heaven, counsels him to with-

draw his mind from idle speculations, and, instead of watching motions which he has no power to regulate, to employ his faculties upon nearer and more interesting objects, the survey of his passions, the knowledge of duties which must daily be performed, and the detection of dangers which must daily be incurred.

This angelic counsel every man of letters should always have before him. He that devotes himself wholly to retired study, naturally sinks from omission to forgetfulness of social duties, and from which he must be sometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind.

So many hindrances may obstruct the acquisition of knowledge, that there is little reason for wondering that it is in a few hands. To the greater part of mankind the duties of life are inconsistent with much study, and the hours which they would spend upon letters must be stolen from their occupations and their families. Many suffer themselves to be lured by more sprightly and luxuriant pleasures from the shades of contemplation, where they find seldom more than a calm delight, such as, though greater than all others, if its certainty and its duration be reckoned with its power of gratification, is yet easily quitted for some extemporary joy, which the present moment offers, and another perhaps will put out of reach.

It is the great excellence of learning that it borrows very little from time or place; it is not confined to season or climate, to cities or to the country, but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleasure can be obtained. But this quality, which constitutes much of its value, is one occasion of neglect; what may be done at all times with equal propriety, is deferred from day to day, till the mind is gradually reconciled to the omission, and the attention is turned to other objects. This habitual idleness gains too much power to be conquered, and the soul sinks from the idea of intellectual labour and intenseness of meditation.

That those who profess to advance learning some-
times

times obstruct it, cannot be denied ; the continual multiplication of books not only distracts choice, but disappoints enquiry. To him that has moderately stored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty ; or what little they have to add to the common stock of learning is so buried in the mass of general notions, that, like silver mingled with the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labour of separation ; and he that has often been deceived by the promise of a title, at last grows weary of examining, and is tempted to consider all as equally fallacious.

L 3

The



The Story of Maria—from Sterne.

—THEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard ; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly—'Tis Maria, said the postillion, observing I was listening—Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us) is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty fous piece, when I got to *Moulins*—

—And who is *poor Maria* ? said I.

'The love and pity of the villages around us ; said the postillion—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted, and amiable a maid ; and better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her banns forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them—

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air a-
gain

gain—they were the same notes,—yet were ten times sweeter: it is the evening service to the virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken so full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her——

—God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around, for her,—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wishfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at the goat again; and so on, alternately——

—Well, Maria, said I softly—What resemblance do you find?

I do

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a *beast* man is,—that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered—and yet I own my heart smote me, and that I so smarted at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days—and never—never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

As for writing nonsense to them—I believe, there was a reserve—but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, Maria! adieu, poor hapless damsel!—some time, but not now, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and, with broken and irregular steps, walked softly to my chaise.

In my next journey I was prompted to go half a league out of my road to the village where her parents dwelt to enquire after her.

—The old mother came to the door, her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth—She had lost her husband; he had died, she said, of anguish, for the loss of Maria's senses about a month before—She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest—her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering some where about the road—

—Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whose heart seemed only to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the road.

When

When we had got within half a mile of Moulins, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulins—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net.—She had super-added likewise to her jacket, a pale green ribband, which fell across her shoulder to her waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithful as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string—"Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then steeped it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wiped hers again—and as I did it, I felt such indescribable emotion within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a tall thin person of a man who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was much unsettled at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat

goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft——she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril——on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St Peter's once——and returned back——that she found her way alone across the Apennines——had travelled over all Lombardy without money——and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes——how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell——but *God tempers the wind*, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn, indeed! and to the quick, said I; and was thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee: thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee and bring thee back——when the sun went down, I would say my prayers; and when I had done thou shouldst play the evening song upon thy pipe, nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream.——And where will you dry it, Maria? said I—I will dry it in my bosom, said she——it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows——she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin.——The string

string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria turned to herself—let her pipe fall, and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I.—She said, to Moulins.—Let us go, said I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulins.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms——affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly——still she was feminine——and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden ;——imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds——that Being who has twice bruised thee, can only bind them up for ever.

The

The Want of Piety arises from the Want of Sensibility.

IT appears to me, that the mind of man, when it is free from natural defects and acquired corruption, feels no less a tendency to the indulgence of devotion, than to virtuous love, or to any other of the more refined and elevated affections. But debauchery and excess contribute greatly to destroy all the susceptible delicacy with which nature usually furnishes the heart; and, in the general extinction of our better qualities, it is no wonder that so pure a sentiment as that of piety should be one of the first to expire.

It is certain that the understanding may be improved in a knowledge of the world, and in the arts of succeeding in it, while the heart, or whatever constitutes the seat of the moral and sentimental feelings, is gradually receding from its proper and original perfection. Indeed experience seems to evince, that it is hardly possible to arrive at the character of a complete man of the world, without losing many of the most valuable sentiments of uncorrupted nature. A complete man of the world is an artificial being; he has discarded many of the native and laudable tendencies of his mind, and adopted a new system of objects and propensities of his own creation. These are commonly gross, coarse, sordid, selfish, and sensual. All, or either of these attributes, tend directly to blunt the sense of every thing liberal, enlarged, disinterested; of every thing which participates more of an intellectual than of a sensual nature. When the heart is tied down to the earth by lust and avarice, it is not extraordinary that the eye should be seldom lifted up to heaven. To the man who spends the Sunday (because he thinks the day fit for little else) in the counting-house, in travelling, in the tavern, or in the brothel, those who go to church appear
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as fools, and the business they go upon as nonsense. He is callous to the feelings of devotion; but he is tremblingly alive to all that gratifies his senses or promotes his interest.

It has been remarked of those writers who have attacked Christianity, and represented all religions merely as diversified modes of superstition, that they were indeed, for the most part, men of a metaphysical and a disputatious turn of mind, but usually little distinguished for benignity and generosity. There was, amidst all their pretensions to logical sagacity, a cloudiness of ideas, and a coldness of heart, which rendered them very unfit judges on a question in which the heart is chiefly interested; in which the language of nature is more expressive and convincing, than all the dreary subtleties of the dismal metaphysicians. Even the reasoning faculty, on which we so greatly value ourselves, may be perverted by excessive refinement; and there is an abstruse, but vain and foolish philosophy, which philosophises us out of the noblest parts of our noble nature. One of those parts of us is our instinctive sense of religion, of which not one of those brutes which the philosophers most admire, and to whose rank they wish to reduce us, is found in the slightest degree to participate.

Such philosophers may be called, in a double sense, the enemies of mankind. They not only endeavour to entice man from his duty, but to rob him of a most exalted and natural pleasure. Such, surely, is the pleasure of devotion. For when the soul rises above this little orb, and pours its adoration at the throne of celestial Majesty, the holy fervour which it feels is itself a rapturous delight. Neither is this a declamatory representation, but a truth felt and acknowledged by all the sons of men; except those who have been defective in sensibility, or who hoped to gratify the pride or the malignity of their hearts, by singular and pernicious speculation.

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It is, however, certain, that a devotional taste and habit are very desirable in themselves, exclusive of their effects in meliorating the morals and disposition, and promoting present and future felicity. They add dignity, pleasure, and security to any age; but to old age they are the most becoming grace, the most substantial support, and the sweetest comfort. In order to preserve them, it will be necessary to preserve our sensibility; and nothing will contribute so much to this purpose, as a life of temperance, of innocence, and simplicity.

Self-



Self-Delusion.

IF it be reasonable to estimate the difficulty of any enterprise by frequent miscarriages, it may justly be concluded that it is not easy for a man to know himself; for wheresoever we turn our view, we shall find almost all with whom we converse so nearly as to judge of their sentiments, indulging more favourable conceptions of their own virtue than they have been able to impress upon others, and congratulating themselves upon degrees of excellence, which their fondest admirers cannot allow them to have attained.

Those representations of imaginary virtue are generally considered as arts of hypocrisy, and as snares laid for confidence and praise. But I believe the suspicion often unjust; those who thus propagate their own reputation, only extend the fraud by which they have been themselves deceived; for this failing is incident to numbers, who seem to live without designs, competitions, or pursuits; it appears on occasions which promise no accession of honour or of profit, and to persons from whom very little is to be hoped or feared. It is, indeed, not easy to tell how far we may be blinded by the love of ourselves, when we reflect how much a secondary passion can cloud our judgment, and how few faults a man, in the first raptures of love, can discover in the person or conduct of his mistress.

One sophism by which men persuade themselves that they have those virtues which they really want, is formed by the substitution of single acts for habits. A miser who once relieved a friend from the danger of a prison, suffers his imagination to dwell for ever upon his own heroic generosity; he yields his heart up to indignation at those who are blind to merit, or insensible to misery, and who can please themselves with the enjoyment of that wealth, which they never permit others to partake.

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From any censures of the world, or reproaches of his conscience, he has an appeal to action and to knowledge; and though his whole life is a course of rapacity and avarice, he concludes himself to be tender and liberal, because he has once performed an act of liberality and tenderness.

As a glass which magnifies objects by the approach of one end to the eye, lessens them by the application of the other, so vices are extenuated by the inversion of that fallacy by which virtues are augmented. Those faults which we cannot conceal from our own notice, are considered, however frequent, not as habitual corruptions, or settled practices, but as casual failures, and single lapses. A man who has, from year to year, set his country to sale, either for the gratification of his ambition or resentment, confesses that the heat of party now and then betrays the severest virtue to measures that cannot be seriously defended. He that spends his days and nights in riot and debauchery, owns that his passions oftentimes overpower his resolution. But each comforts himself that his faults are not without precedent, for the best and the wisest men have given way to the violence of sudden temptations.

There are men who always confound the praise of goodness with the practice, and who believe themselves mild and moderate, charitable and faithful, because they have exerted their eloquence in commendation of mildness, fidelity, and other virtues. This is an error almost universal among those that converse much with dependents, with such whose fear or interest disposes them to a seeming reverence for any declamation, however enthusiastic, and submission to any boast, however arrogant. Having none to recall their attention to their lives, they rate themselves by the goodness of their opinions, and forget how much more easily men may shew their virtue in their talk than in their actions.

The tribe is likewise very numerous of those who regulate their lives, not by the standard of religion, but the

the measure of other men's virtue ; who lull their own remorse with the remembrance of crimes more atrocious than their own, and seem to believe that they are not bad while another can be found worse.

For escaping these and a thousand other deceits, many expedients have been proposed. Some have recommended the frequent consultation of a wise friend, admitted to intimacy, and encouraged to sincerity. But, this appears a remedy by no means adapted to general use ; for in order to secure the virtue of one, it presupposes more virtue in two than will generally be found. In the first, such a desire of rectitude and amendment, as may incline him to hear his own accusation from the mouth of him whom he esteems, and by whom, therefore, he will always hope that his faults are not discovered ; and in the second, such zeal and honesty as will make him content, for his friend's advantage, to lose his kindness.

It seems that enemies have been always found by experience the most faithful monitors ; for adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself, and this effect it must produce by withdrawing flatterers, whose business it is to hide our weaknesses from us ; or by giving a loose to malice, and license to reproach ; or at least by cutting off those pleasures which called us away from meditation on our own conduct, and repressing that pride which too easily persuades us that we merit whatever we enjoy.

Part of these benefits it is in every man's power to procure to himself, by assigning proper portions of his life to the examination of the rest, and by putting himself frequently in such a situation, by retirement and abstraction, as may weaken the influence of external objects. By this practice he may obtain the solitude of adversity without its melancholy, its instructions without its censures, and its sensibility without its perturbations.

There are few conditions which do not entangle us with sublunary hopes and fears, from which it is necessary to be at intervals disencumbered, that we may place ourselves in His presence who views effects in their causes, and actions in their motives; that we may, as Chillingworth expresses it, consider things as if there were no other beings in the world but God and ourselves; or, to use language yet more awful, *may commune with our own hearts, and be still.*

The





The Distresses of a modest Man.

MY father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage, which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education.—I was sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the University, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You must know, that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that, on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a full-blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life; particularly when I reflected, that the uncouth manners of my father's family

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were little calculated to improve my outward conduct: I therefore had resolved on living at the University and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by those whose education has been better than their parents, that my poor father's ignorance and vulgar language had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of *that*, which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time had acquired a fortune which, he used to brag, would make a Nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause, I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now, Sir, behold me at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the *wealthy learned fool*.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in (what is called) a fashionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families, especially by those who have marriageable daughters: From these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the
most

most pressing invitations; and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and, three days ago, accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one, whose open easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir THOMAS FRIENDLY, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining to that I purchased; he has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir THOMAS's at *Friendly-Hall*, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have, for some time past, taken private lessons of a *Professor*, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first found wonderful difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner; not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory* when unsupported by habitual *practice*! As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner for want of punctuality: impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw: At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady FRIENDLY, but, unfortunately, in bringing back
my

my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir THOMAS, who had followed close at my heels to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in *me* is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men *can* judge of my distress, and of that description the number I believe is very small. The Baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her Ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir THOMAS to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the Baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of *Xenophon*, in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be: Sir THOMAS saw what I was about, and, (as I suppose) willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir THOMAS assure me there was no harm: I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady FRIENDLY and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden *Xenophon* my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss DINAH, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my cloaths, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron; but recollecting how Sir THOMAS had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelm'd me quite."

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss LOUISA FRIENDLY begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me; in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony, my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir THOMAS and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought
me

me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness : but oh ! how shall I tell the sequel ? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flea'd and blistered : totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do ? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain over all the dishes, and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir THOMAS reprimand the servants, and Lady FRIENDLY chide her daughters ; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of *Xenophon*, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his Lady in the general laugh ; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a "goblin damn'd." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead ; yet these are but trifling considerations to the everlasting shame which I must feel whenever this adventure shall be mentioned.

The



The Story of Dionysius the Tyrant.

DIONYSIUS, the tyrant of Sicily, shewed how far he was from being happy, even whilst he abounded in riches, and all the pleasures which riches can procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his power, his treasures, and the magnificence of his royal state, and affirming, that no monarch ever was greater or happier than he. "Have you a mind, Damocles," says the king, "to taste this happiness, and know, by experience, what my enjoyments are, of which you have so high an idea?" Damocles gladly accepted the offer. Upon which the king ordered, that a royal banquet should be prepared, and a gilded couch placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and sideboards loaded with gold and silver plate of immense value. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to wait on him at table, and to obey his commands with the greatest readiness, and the most profound submission. Neither ornaments, chaplets of flowers, nor rich perfumes were wanting. The table

was loaded with the most exquisite delicacies of every kind. Damocles fancied himself amongst the Gods. In the midst of all his happiness, he sees, let down from the roof exactly over his neck as he lay indulging himself in state, a glittering sword hung by a single hair. The sight of destruction thus threatening him from high, soon put a stop to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendance, and the glitter of the carver's plate, gave him no longer any pleasure. He dreads to stretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the chaplet of roses. He hastens to remove from his dangerous situation, and at last begs the king to restore him to his former humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer such a dreadful kind of happiness.

5



The Vision of Theodore, the Hermit of Teneriffe, found in his Cell.

SON of perseverance, whoever thou art, whose curiosity has led thee hither, read and be wise. He that now calls upon thee is *Theodore*, the hermit of *Teneriffe*, who, in the fifty-seventh year of his retreat, left this instruction to mankind, lest his solitary hours should be spent in vain.

I was once what thou art now, a groveller on the earth, and a gazer at the sky; I trafficked and heaped wealth together, I loved and was favoured, I wore the robe of honour, and heard the music of adulation; I was ambitious, and rose to greatness; I was unhappy, and retired. I sought for some time what I at length found here, a place where all real wants might be easily supplied, and where I might not be under the necessity of purchasing the assistance of men by the toleration of their follies. Here I saw fruits and herbs and water, and here determined to wait the hand of death, which I hope, when at last it comes, will fall lightly on me.

Forty-eight years had I now passed in forgetfulness of all mortal cares, and without any inclination to wander farther than the necessity of procuring sustenance required; but as I stood one day beholding the rock that overhangs my cell, I found in myself a desire to climb it; and when I was on its top, was in the same manner determined to scale the next, till by degrees I conceived a wish to view the summit of the mountain, at the foot of which I had so long resided. This motion of my thoughts I endeavoured to suppress, not because it appeared criminal, but because it was new; and all change not evidently for the better alarms a mind taught by experience to distrust itself. I was often afraid that my heart was deceiving me, that my impatience of confinement rose from some earthly passion, and that my ardour to survey the works of nature

was only a hidden longing to mingle once again in the scenes of life. I therefore endeavoured to settle my thoughts into their former state, but found their distraction every day greater. I was always reproaching myself with the want of happiness within my reach, and at last began to question whether it was not laziness rather than caution that restrained me from climbing to the summit of *Teneriffe*.

I rose therefore before the day, and began my journey up the steep of the mountain; but I had not advanced far, old as I was and burthened with provisions, when the day began to shine upon me; the declivities grew more precipitous, and the sand sliding beneath my feet; at last, fainting with labour, I arrived at a small plain almost inclosed by rocks, and open only to the east. I sat down to rest a while, in full persuasion that when I had recovered my strength, I should proceed on my design; but when once I had tasted ease, I found many reasons against disturbing it. The branches spread a shade over my head, and the gales of spring wafted odours to my bosom.

As I sat thus, forming alternately excuses for delay and resolutions to go forward, an irresistible heaviness suddenly surprised me; I laid my head upon the bank, and resigned myself to sleep; when methought I heard the sound as of the flight of eagles, and a being of more than human dignity stood before me. While I was deliberating how to address him, he took me by the hand with an air of kindness, and asked me solemnly, but without severity, "*Theodore*, whither art thou going?" I am climbing, answered I, to the top of the mountain, to enjoy a more extensive prospect of the works of nature. "Attend first, said he, to the prospect which this place affords, and what thou dost not understand I will explain. I am one of the benevolent beings who watch over the children of the dust, to preserve them from those evils which will not ultimately terminate in good, and which they do not, by their own faults, bring upon themselves.

"Look

"Look round therefore without fear; observe, contemplate, and be instructed."

Encouraged by this assurance, I looked and beheld a mountain higher than *Teneriffe*, to the summit of which the human eye could never reach; when I had tired myself with gazing upon its height, I turned my eyes towards its foot, which I could easily discover, but was amazed to find it without foundation, and placed inconceivably in emptiness and darkness. Thus I stood terrified and confused; above were tracks inscrutable, and below was total vacuity. But my protector, with a voice of admonition, cried out, "*Theodore*, be not affrighted, but raise thy eyes again; the *Mountain of Existence* is before thee, survey it and be wise."

I then looked with more deliberate attention, and observed the bottom of the mountain to be of gentle rise, and overspread with flowers; the middle to be more steep, embarrassed with crags, and interrupted by precipices, over which hung branches loaded with fruits, and among which were scattered palaces and bowers. The tracks which my eye could reach nearest the top were generally barren; but there were among the clefts of the rocks a few hardy evergreens, which, though they did not give much pleasure to the sight or smell, yet seemed to cheer the labour and facilitate the steps of those who were clambering among them.

Then, beginning to examine more minutely the different parts, I observed at a great distance a multitude of both sexes issuing into view from the bottom of the mountain. Their first actions I could not accurately discern; but, as they every moment approached nearer, I found that they amused themselves with gathering flowers under the superintendence of a modest virgin in a white robe, who seemed not over solicitous to confine them to any settled pace or certain track; for she knew that the whole ground was smooth and solid, and that they could not be easily hurt or bewildered. When, as it often happened, they plucked a thistle for a flower, *INNOCENCE*, so was she called, would smile at the mistake

mistake. Happy, said I, are they who are under so gentle a government, and yet are safe. But I had not opportunity to dwell long on the consideration of their felicity; for I found that INNOCENCE continued her attendance but a little way, and seemed to consider only the flowery bottom of the mountain as her proper province. Those whom she abandoned scarcely knew that they were left, before they perceived themselves in the hands of EDUCATION, a nymph more severe in her aspect and imperious in her commands, who confined them to certain paths, in their opinion too narrow and too rough. These they were continually solicited to leave, by APPETITE, whom EDUCATION could never fright away, though she sometimes awed her to such timidity, that the effects of her presence were scarcely perceptible. Some went back to the first part of the mountain, and seemed desirous of continuing busied in plucking flowers, but were no longer guarded by INNOCENCE; and such as EDUCATION could not force back, proceeded up the mountain by some miry road, in which they were seldom seen, and scarcely ever regarded.

As EDUCATION led her troop up the mountain, nothing was more observable than that she was frequently giving them cautions to beware of HABITS; and was calling out to one or other at every step, that a HABIT was ensnaring them; that they would be under the dominion of HABIT before they perceived their danger; and that those whom HABIT should once subdue, had little hope of regaining their liberty.

Of this caution, so frequently repeated, I was very solicitous to know the reason, when my protector directed my regard to a troop of pygmies, which appeared to walk silently before those that were climbing the mountain, and each to smooth the way before her follower. I found that I had missed the notice of them before, both because they were so minute as not easily to be discerned, and because they grew every moment nearer in their colour to the objects with which they were

were surrounded. As the followers of EDUCATION did not appear sensible of the presence of these dangerous associates, or, ridiculing their diminutive size, did not think it possible that human beings should ever be brought into subjection by such feeble enemies, they generally heard her precepts of vigilance with wonder; and, when they thought her eye withdrawn, treated them with contempt. Nor could I myself think her cautions so necessary as her frequent inculcations seemed to suppose, till I observed that each of these petty beings held secretly a chain in her hand, with which she prepared to bind those whom she found within her power. Yet these HABITS, under the eye of EDUCATION, went quietly forward, and seemed very little to increase in bulk or strength; for though they were always willing to join with APPETITE, yet, when EDUCATION kept them apart from her, they would very punctually obey command, and make the narrow roads in which they were confined easier and smoother.

It was observable, that their stature was never at a stand, but continually growing or decreasing, yet not always in the same proportions; nor could I forbear to express my admiration, when I saw in how much less time they generally gained than lost bulk. Though they grew slowly in the road of EDUCATION, it might however be perceived that they grew; but if they once deviated at the call of APPETITE, their stature soon became gigantic; and their strength was such, that EDUCATION pointed out to her tribe many that were led in chains by them, whom she could never more rescue from their slavery. She pointed them out, but with little effect; for all her pupils appeared confident of their own superiority to the strongest HABIT, and some seemed in secret to regret that they were hindered from following the triumph of APPETITE.

It was the peculiar artifice of HABIT not to suffer her power to be felt at first. Those whom she led, she had the address of appearing only to attend, but was continually doubling her chains upon her companions; which

which were so slender in themselves, and so silently fastened, that while the attention was engaged by other objects, they were not easily perceived. Each link grew tighter as it had been longer worn; and when by continual additions they became so heavy as to be felt, they were very frequently too strong to be broken.

When EDUCATION had proceeded in this manner to the part of the mountain where the declivity began to be craggy, she resigned her charge to two powers of superior aspect. The meaner of them appeared capable of presiding in senates, or governing nations, and yet watched the steps of the other with the most anxious attention, and was visibly confounded and perplexed if ever she suffered her regard to be drawn away. The other seemed to approve her submission as pleasing, but with such a condescension as plainly shewed that she claimed it as due: and indeed so great was her dignity and sweetness, that he who would not reverence, must not behold her.

"*Theodore*," said my protector, "be fearless, and be wise; approach these powers, whose dominion extends to all the remaining part of the *Mountain of Existence*." I trembled, and ventured to address the inferior nymph, whose eyes, though piercing and awful, I was not able to sustain. "Bright power," said I, "by whatever name it is lawful to address thee, tell me, thou who presidest here, on what condition thy protection will be granted?" "It will be granted," said she, "only to obedience. I am REASON, of all subordinate beings the noblest and the greatest; who, if thou wilt receive my laws, will regard thee like the rest of my votaries, by conducting thee to *RELIGION*." Charmed by her voice and aspect, I professed my readiness to follow her. She then presented me to her mistress, who looked upon me with tenderness. I bowed before her, and she smiled.

When EDUCATION delivered up those for whose happiness she had been so long solicitous, she seemed to expect that they should express some gratitude for her care

care, or some regret at the loss of that protection which she had hitherto afforded them. But it was easy to discover, by the alacrity which broke out at her departure, that her presence had been long displeasing, and that she had been teaching those who felt in themselves no want of instruction. They all agreed in rejoicing that they should no longer be subject to her caprices, or disturbed by her documents, but should be now under the direction of REASON, to whom they made no doubt of being able to recommend themselves by a steady adherence to all her precepts. REASON counselled them, at their first entrance upon her province, to enlist themselves among the votaries of RELIGION; and informed them, that if they trusted to her alone, they would find the same fate with her other admirers, whom she had not been able to secure against APPETITE and PASSION, and who, having been seized by HABIT in the regions of DESIRE, had been dragged away to the caverns of DESPAIR. Her admonition was vain; the greater number declared against any other direction, and doubted not but by her superintendency they should climb with safety up the *Mountain of Existence*. "My power," said REASON, "is to advise, not to compel; I have already told you the danger of your choice. The path seems now plain and even, but there are asperities and pitfalls, over which RELIGION only can conduct you. Look upwards, and you will perceive a mist before you settled upon the highest visible part of the mountain; a mist by which my prospect is terminated, and which is pierced only by the eyes of RELIGION. Beyond it are the temples of HAPPINESS, in which those who climb the precipice by her direction, after the toil of pilgrimage, repose for ever. I know not the way, and therefore can only conduct you to a better guide. PRIDE has sometimes reproached me with the narrowness of my view, but, when she endeavoured to extend it, could only shew me, below the mist, the bowers of CONTENT; even they vanished as I fixed my eyes upon
 "them;

“ them; and those whom she persuaded to travel to-
 “ wards them were enchained by HABIT, and engulfed
 “ by DESPAIR, a cruel tyrant, whose caverns are beyond
 “ the darkness on the right side and on the left, from
 “ whose prisons none can escape, and whom I cannot
 “ teach you to avoid.”

Such was the declaration of REASON to those who demanded her protection. Some that recollected the dictates of EDUCATION, finding them now seconded by another authority, submitted with reluctance to the strict decree, and engaged themselves among the followers of RELIGION, who were distinguished by the uniformity of their march, without appearing to regard the prospects which at every step courted their attention.

97c



The Vision of Theodore continued.

ALL those who determined to follow either REASON or RELIGION, were continually importuned to forsake the road, sometimes by the PASSIONS, and sometimes by the APPETITES, of whom both had reason to boast the success of their artifices; for so many were drawn into by-paths, that any way was more populous than the right. The attacks of the APPETITES were more impetuous, those of the PASSIONS longer continued. The APPETITES turned their followers directly from the true way, but the PASSIONS marched at first in a path nearly in the same direction with that of REASON and RELIGION; but deviated by slow degrees, till at last they entirely changed their course. APPETITE drew aside the dull, and PASSION the sprightly. Of the APPETITES, *Lust* was the strongest; and of the PASSIONS, *Vanité*. The most powerful assault was to be feared, when a PASSION and an APPETITE joined their enticements; and the path of REASON was best followed, when a PASSION called to one side, and an APPETITE to the other.

These seducers had the greatest success upon the followers of REASON, over whom they scarcely ever failed to prevail, except when they counteracted one another. They had not the same triumphs over the votaries of RELIGION; for though they were often led aside for a time, RELIGION commonly recalled them by her emissary CONSCIENCE, before HABIT had time to enchain them. But they that professed to obey REASON, if once they forsook her, seldom returned; for she had no messenger to summon them but PRIDE, who generally betrayed her confidence, and employed all her skill to support PASSION; and if ever she did her duty, was found unable to prevail, if HABIT had interposed.

I soon found that the great danger to the followers of RELIGION was only from HABIT; every other power

was easily resisted, nor did they find any difficulty when any inadvertently quitted her, to find her again by the direction of CONSCIENCE, unless they had given time to HABIT to draw her chain behind them, and bar up the way by which they had wandered. Of some of those, the condition was justly to be pitied, who turned at every call of CONSCIENCE, and tried, but without effect, to burst the chains of HABIT: They saw RELIGION walking forward at a distance, saw her with reverence, and longed to join her; but were, whenever they approached her, with-held by HABIT, and languished in fordid bondage, which they could not escape, though they scorned and hated it.

It was evident that the HABITS were so far from growing weaker by these repeated contests, that if they were not totally overcome, every struggle enlarged their bulk and increased their strength; and a HABIT, opposed and victorious, was more than twice as strong as before the contest. The manner in which those who were weary of their tyranny endeavoured to escape from them, appeared by the event to be generally wrong; they tried to lose their chains one by one, and to retreat by the same degrees as they advanced; but before the deliverance was completed, HABIT always threw new chains upon her fugitive; nor did any escape her but those who, by an effort sudden and violent, burst their shackles at once, and left her at a distance; and even of these, many, rushing too precipitately forward, and hindered by their terrors from stopping where they were safe, were fatigued with their own vehemence, and resigned themselves again to that power from whom an escape must be so dearly bought, and whose tyranny was little felt, except when it was resisted.

Some, however, there always were, who, when they found HABIT prevailing over them, called upon REASON or RELIGION for assistance; each of them willingly came to the succour of her suppliant; but neither with the same strength, nor the same success. HABIT, insolent with her power, would often presume to parley with

with REASON, and offer to loose some of her chains if the rest might remain. To this REASON, who was never certain of victory, frequently consented, but always found her concession destructive, and saw the captive led away by HABIT to his former slavery.—RELIGION never submitted to treaty, but held out her hand with certainty of conquest; and, if the captive to whom she gave it did not quit his hold, always led him in triumph, and placed him in the direct path to the temple of *Happiness*, where REASON never failed to congratulate his deliverance, and encourage his adherence to that power to whose timely succour he was indebted for it.

When the traveller was again placed in the road of *Happiness*, I saw HABIT again gliding before him, but reduced to the state of a dwarf, without strength and without activity; but when the PASSIONS or APPETITES, which had before seduced him, made their approach, HABIT would on a sudden start into size, and with unexpected violence push him towards them.—The wretch, thus impelled on one side, and allured on the other, too frequently quitted the road of *Happiness*, to which, after his second deviation from it, he rarely returned. But, by a timely call on RELIGION, the force of HABIT was eluded, her attacks grew fainter, and at last her correspondence with the enemy was entirely destroyed. She then began to employ those restless faculties in compliance with the power which she could not overcome; and as she grew again in stature and in strength, cleared away the asperities of the road of *Happiness*.

From this road I could not easily withdraw my attention, because all who travelled it appeared chearful and satisfied; and the farther they proceeded, the greater appeared their alacrity, and the stronger their conviction of the wisdom of their guide. Some, who had never deviated but by short excursions, had HABIT in the middle of their passage vigorously supporting them, and driving off the APPETITES and PASSIONS which

attempted to interrupt their progress. Others, who had entered this road late, or had long forsaken it, were toiling on without her help at least, and commonly against her endeavours. But I observed, when they approached to the barren top, that few were able to proceed without some support from HABIT; and that they, whose HABITS were strong, advanced towards the mists with little emotion, and entered them at last with calmness and confidence; after which, they were seen only by the eye of RELIGION; and though REASON looked after them with the most earnest curiosity, she could only obtain a faint glimpse, when her mistress, to enlarge her prospect, raised her from the ground. REASON, however, discerned that they were safe, but RELIGION saw that they were happy.

"Now, *Theodore*," said my protector, "withdraw thy view from the regions of obscurity, and see the fate of those who, when they were dismissed by EDUCATION, would admit no direction but that of REASON. Survey their wanderings, and be wise."

I looked then upon the road of REASON, which was indeed, so far as it reached, the same with that of RELIGION, nor had REASON discovered it but by her instruction. Yet when she had once been taught it, she clearly saw it was right; and PRIDE had sometimes incited her to declare that she discovered it herself, and persuaded her to offer herself as a guide to RELIGION; whom, after many vain experiments, she found it her highest privilege to follow. REASON was, however, at last well instructed in part of the way, and appeared to teach it with some success, when her precepts were not misrepresented by PASSION, or her influence overborne by APPETITE. But neither of these enemies was she able to resist. When PASSION seized upon her votaries, she seldom attempted opposition; she seemed indeed to contend with more vigour against APPETITE, but was generally overwearied in the contest; and if either of her opponents had confederated with HABIT, her authority was wholly at an end. When HABIT en-

deavoured

deavoured to captivate the votaries of RELIGION, she grew by slow degrees, and gave time to escape; but in seizing the unhappy followers of REASON, she proceeded as one that had nothing to fear, and enlarged her size, and doubled her chains without intermission, and without reserve.

Of those who forsook the directions of REASON, some were led aside by the whispers of AMBITION, who was perpetually pointing to stately palaces situated on eminences on either side, recounting the delights of affluence, and boasting the security of power. They were easily persuaded to follow her, and HABIT quickly threw her chains upon them; they were soon convinced of the folly of their choice, but few of them attempted to return. AMBITION led them forward from precipice to precipice, where many fell and were seen no more. Those that escaped were, after a long series of hazards, generally delivered over to TYRANNY, where they continued to heap up gold till their patrons or their heirs pushed them headlong at last into the caverns of DESPAIR.

Others were inticed by INTEMPERANCE to ramble in search of those fruits that hung over the rock, and filled the air with their fragrance. I observed, that the HABITS which hovered about these soon grew to an enormous size, nor were there any who less attempted to return to REASON, or sooner sunk into the gulphs that lay before them. When these first quitted the road, REASON looked after them with a frown of contempt, but had little expectation of being able to reclaim them; for the bowl of intoxication was of such qualities as to make them lose all regard but for the present moment; neither HOPE nor FEAR could enter their retreats; and HABIT had so absolute a power, that even CONSCIENCE, if RELIGION had employed her in their favour, would not have been able to force an entrance.

There were others whose crime it was rather to neglect REASON than to obey her; and who retreated from the heat and tumult of the way, not to the bowers of

INTEMPERANCE, but to the maze of INDOLENCE. They had this peculiarity in their condition, that they were always in sight of the road of REASON, always wishing for her presence, and always resolving to return to-morrow. In these was most eminently conspicuous the subtlety of HABIT, who hung imperceptible shackles upon them, and was every moment leading them farther from the road, which they always imagined that they had the power of reaching. They wandered on from one double of the labyrinth to another with the chains of HABIT hanging secretly upon them, till, as they advanced, the flowers grew paler, and the scents fainter; they proceeded in their dreary march without pleasure in their progress, yet without power to return; and had this aggravation above all others, that they were criminal, but not delighted. The drunkard for a time laughed over his wine; the ambitious man triumphed in the miscarriage of his rival; but the captives of INDOLENCE had neither superiority nor merriment. DISCONTENT lowered in their looks, and SADNESS hovered round their shades; yet they crawled on, reluctant and gloomy, till they arrived at the depth of the recess, varied only with poppies and nightshade, where the dominion of INDOLENCE terminates, and the hopeless wanderer is delivered up to MELANCHOLY: the chains of HABIT are riveted for ever; and MELANCHOLY, having tortured her prisoner for a time, consigns him at last to the cruelty of DESPAIR.

While I was musing on this miserable scene, my protector called out to me, "Remember, *Theodore*, and be wise, and let not HABIT prevail against thee." I started, and beheld myself surrounded by the rocks of *Teneriffe*; the birds of light were singing in the trees, and the glances of the morning darted upon me.

The



The Grateful Turk.

AT a time when the Venetians and Turks were at war, one of the ships of the latter was taken and carried into Venice, where the crew were all sold for slaves. One of these unhappy people happened to live opposite the house of a rich Venetian, who had an only son, then in the twelfth year of his age. The little youth used frequently to stop and gaze at Hamet, for such was the name of the slave, and, at last, an acquaintance commenced between them.

Though Hamet seemed always delighted with the tender regards of his little friend, yet the latter frequently observed, that involuntary tears trickled down the cheeks of Hamet. The little youth at last spoke of it to his father, and begged of him, if he could, to make Hamet happy.

Hereupon the father determined to see the slave, and talk to him himself. He went to him the next day, and asked him if he were the Hamet, of whom his son had spoken so kindly. He replied, that he was the un-

fortunate Hamet, who had been three years a captive, and that during that time his little son was the only person who had in the least pitied his misfortunes. "And I, night and morning," added he, "offer up my prayers to that Power, who is equally the God of Turks and Christians, to shower down upon his head every blessing he deserves, and to preserve him from miseries like mine."

The Venetian merchant then entered into closer conversation with Hamet, and could not help admiring his generous sentiments and manly fortitude. He asked him what he would do to regain his liberty. "What would I do?" answered Hamet, "By the eternal Majesty of Heaven, I would cheerfully face every danger, and even death itself, in whatever shape it might appear."

The merchant then told him, that the means of his deliverance were in his own hands. "Hear me attentively," said the merchant. "An inveterate foe of mine lives in this city, and has heaped upon me every injury that can sting the heart of man. He is as brave as he is haughty; and I must confess, that his strength and valour prevent my attempting personally to revenge my wrongs. Now, Hamet, take this dagger, and as soon as the shade of night shall envelope the city, I will lead you to the place, where you may at once revenge the injuries of your friend, and regain your own freedom."

Scorn and contempt now flamed in the eyes of Hamet, and, as soon as his passion had a little subsided, he exclaimed, "O gracious prophet! are these the wretches by whom you suffer your faithful servants to be enslaved! Go, wicked Christian, and be assured, that Hamet would not become an assassin for all the riches of Venice, or to purchase the freedom of his whole race!" The merchant coolly replied that he was sorry he had offended him, but thought that he prized his freedom at a higher rate; and added, as he turned his back, "You will perhaps change your mind to-morrow, after you shall

shall have more maturely reflected on the matter ;” and he then left him.

The next day, the merchant, accompanied by his son, returned to Hamet, and was going to renew his former conversation, when the honest Turk exclaimed, with a severe and fixed countenance, “ Christian ! cease to insult the miserable with proposals more shocking than death itself ! The Christian religion may tolerate such acts, but to a Mahometan they are an abomination !”

Francisco, for such was the name of the Venetian merchant, now tenderly embraced Hamet, and begged he would forgive the trial to which he had put his virtue, assuring him at the same time that his soul abhorred all deeds of blood and treachery, as much as Hamet himself. “ From this moment,” said the merchant, “ you are free ; your ransom is paid, and you are at liberty to go where you please. Perhaps, hereafter, when you see an unhappy Christian groaning in Turkish fetters, your generosity may bring Venice to your remembrance.”

The feelings of Hamet at this unexpected deliverance are not to be described. Francisco put him on board a ship, which was bound to one of the Grecian islands, and, after taking leave of him in the tenderest manner, forced him to accept of a purse of gold to pay his expenses. Affectionate was the parting of Hamet with his little friend, whom he embraced in an agony of tenderness, wept over him, and implored Heaven to grant him all the blessings of this life.

About six months afterwards, one morning, while the family were all in bed, Francisco’s house was discovered to be on fire, and great part of the house was in flames before the family was alarmed. The terrified servants had but just time to awaken Francisco, who was no sooner got into the street, than the whole staircase gave way, and fell into the flames.

If the merchant thought himself happy on having saved himself, it was only for a moment, as he soon recollected that his beloved son was left behind to the

mercy

mercy of the flames. He sunk into the deepest despair, when, upon inquiry, he found that his son, who slept in an upper apartment, had been forgotten in the general confusion. He raved in agonies of grief, and offered half his fortune to any one who would risk his life to save his child. As he was known to be very rich, several ladders were instantly raised by those who wished to obtain the reward: but the violence of the flames drove every one down who attempted it.

The unfortunate youth then appeared on the top of the house, extending his arms, and calling out for aid. The unhappy father became motionless, and remained in a state of insensibility. At this critical moment, a man rushed through the crowd, and ascended the tallest ladder, seemingly determined to rescue the youth, or perish in the attempt. A sudden gust of flame bursting forth, led the people to suppose he was lost; but he presently appeared descending the ladder with the child in his arms, without receiving any material injury. An universal shout attended this noble action, and the father, to his inexpressible surprise, on recovering from his swoon, found his child in his arms.

After giving vent to the first emotions of tenderness, he inquired after his generous deliverer, whose features were so changed by the smoke, that they could not be distinguished. Francisco immediately presented him with a purse of gold, promising the next day to give him the reward he offered. The stranger replied, that he should accept of no reward. Francisco started, and thought he knew the voice, when his son flew to the arms of his deliverer, and cried out, "It is my dear Hamet! it is my dear Hamet!"

The astonishment and gratitude of the merchant were equally excited, and, retiring from the crowd, he took Hamet with him to a friend's house. As soon as they were alone, Francisco inquired by what means he had been a second time enslaved.

"I will tell you in a few words," said the generous Turk. "When I was taken by the Venetian galleys, my

my father shared in my captivity. It was his fate, and not my own, which so often made me shed those tears, which first attracted the notice of your amiable son.—As soon as your bounty had set me free, I flew to the Christian who had purchased my father. I told him, that as I was young and vigorous, and he aged and infirm, I would be his slave instead of my father. I added, too, the gold which your bounty had bestowed on me, and by these means I prevailed with the Christian to send back my father in that ship you had provided for me, without his knowing the cause of his freedom.—Since that time I have staid here a willing slave, and Heaven has been so gracious as to put it into my power to save the life of that youth, which I value a thousand times more than my own.”

The merchant was astonished at such an instance of gratitude and affection, and pressed Hamet to accept of the half of his fortune, and to settle in Venice for the remainder of his days. Hamet, however, with a noble magnanimity refused the offer, saying, he had done no more than what every one ought to do in a similar situation. Though Hamet seemed to under-rate his past services to the merchant, yet the latter could not suffer things to pass in this manner. He again purchased his freedom, and fitted out a ship on purpose to take him back to his own country. At parting, they mutually embraced each other, and, as they thought, took an eternal farewell.

After many years had elapsed, and young Francisco was grown up to manhood, beloved and respected by every one, it so happened, that some business made it necessary for him and his father to visit a neighbouring city on the coast; and as they supposed a passage by sea would be more expeditious than by land, they embarked in a Venetian vessel, which was bound to that port, and ready to sail.

A favourable gale soon wafted them out of sight, and promised them a speedy passage; but unfortunately for them, before they had proceeded half their voyage, they

were

were met by some Turkish vessels, who, after an obstinate resistance from the Venetians, boarded them, loaded them with irons, and carried them prisoners to Tunis. There they were exposed in the market-place in their chains, in order to be sold as slaves.

At last a Turk came to the market, who seemed to be a man of superior rank, and after looking over the prisoners, with an expression of compassion, he fixed his eyes upon young Francisco, and asked the captain what was the price of that young captive. The captain replied, that he would not part with him for less than five hundred pieces of gold. The Turk considered that as a very extraordinary price, since he had seen him sell others, that exceeded him in strength and vigour, for less than a fifth part of that money.

"That is true," replied the captain, "but he shall either fetch me a price that will repay me the damage he has occasioned me, or he shall labour all the rest of his life at the oar." The Turk asked him, what damage he could have done him more than the rest of the crew. "It was he," replied the captain, "who animated the Christians to make a desperate resistance, and thereby proved the destruction of many of my bravest seamen. We three times boarded them with a fury that seemed invincible, and each time did that youth attack us with a cool and determined opposition; so that we were obliged to give up the contest, till other ships came up to our assistance. I will therefore have that price for him, or I will punish him for life."

The Turk now surveyed young Francisco more attentively than before; and the young man, who had hitherto fixed his eyes in sullen silence on the ground, at length raised them up; but he had no sooner beheld the person who was talking to the captain, than, in a loud voice, he uttered the name of Hamet. The Turk, struck with astonishment, surveyed him for a moment, and then caught him in his arms.

After a moment's pause, the generous Hamet lifted up his hands to Heaven, and thanked his God, who had
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put it in his power to shew his gratitude ; but words cannot express his feelings, when he found that both father and son were slaves. Suffice it to say, that he instantly bought their freedom, and conducted them to his magnificent house in the city.

They had here full leisure to discourse on the strange vicissitudes of fortune, when Hamet told his Venetian friends, that after their generosity had procured him liberty, he became an officer in the Turkish army, and happening to be fortunate in all his enterprises, he had been gradually promoted, till he arrived at the dignity of bashaw of Tunis. That in this situation, he found the greatest consolation in alleviating the misfortunes of the Christian prisoners, and always attended the sales of those unhappy slaves, to procure liberty to a certain number of them. " And gracious Allah," added he, " has this day put it in my power, in some measure, to return the duties of gratitude."

They continued some days with Hamet, who did every thing in his power to amuse and divert them ; but as he found their desire was to return to their own country, he told them, that he would not wish to detain them against their wishes, and that they should embark the next day in a ship bound for Venice, which would be furnished with a passport to carry them safe there.

The next day he dismissed them with every mark of tenderness and affection, and ordered a party of his own guards to attend them to the vessel. They had no sooner got on board, than they found, to their inexpressible surprise and joy, that they were in the very ship in which they had been taken, and that, by the generosity of Hamet, not only the ship, but even the whole crew, were redeemed and restored to freedom. Francisco and his son, after a quick passage, arrived in their own country, where they lived beloved and respected, and endeavoured to convince every one they knew, how great were the vicissitudes of fortune, and that God never suffers humanity and generosity to go unrewarded, here or hereafter.

*On the Respect paid by the Lacedæmonians
and Athenians to Old Age.*

IT happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat: The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seat to which he was invited, the jest was, to sit close and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But, on those occasions, there were also particular places assigned for foreigners: When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedæmonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite; rose up all to a man, and, with the greatest respect, received him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue, and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedæmonians practise it."

Parental

Parental Affection.

THE white bear of Greenland and Spitzbergen is considerably larger than the brown bear of Europe, or the black bear of North America. This animal lives upon fish and seals, and is not only seen upon land in the countries bordering upon the North-Pole, but often on floats of ice, several leagues at sea. The following relation is extracted from the "*Journal of a Voyage, for making Discoveries towards the North-Pole.*"

Early in the morning, the man at the mast-head gave notice that three bears were making their way very fast over the ice, and that they were directing their course towards the ship. They had, without question, been invited by the scent of the blubber of a sea-horse, killed a few days before, which the men had set on fire, and which was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew from the ship threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse, which they had still left, upon the ice, which the old bear fetched away singly, laid every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and, dividing it, gave each a share, reserving but a small portion to herself. As she was fetching away the last piece, they levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally.

It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds, to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast, in the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had taken away, as she

had done others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it down before them; and when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up: all this while it was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them, she went off, and when she had gotten at some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time, as before; and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and, with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round one, and round the other, pawing them and moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and groaned a curse upon the murderers; which they returned with a volley of musket balls. She fell between her cubs, and died, licking their wounds.

Can you admire the maternal affection of the bear, and not feel in your heart the warmest emotions of gratitude for the stronger and more permanent tenderness you have so long experienced from your parents?

The

The Mountain of Calamity.

ABOUT a month ago, in returning from a fox-chace on Nimrod, a rolling stone threw him down, and falling with my right leg under him, so bruised my knee, that I have never since been able to set my foot to the ground; when the accident first happened, I was dejected beyond measure, not so much from the actual pain I suffered, as from the horrors of being confined many weeks during the best season for hunting. I am now almost free from pain; but the limb is so weak, that I am still confined, and have had, for the last fortnight past, full leisure to reflect on my various sensations during my imprisonment.

You can hardly conceive, Sir, the prodigious revolution which has taken place in my mind. Many things now delight which formerly afforded no satisfaction, and I look with indifference on pursuits, which before appeared to me the most engaging.

I have lately had recourse to reading, which had previously afforded me little amusement, and was consequently little pursued. Yesterday evening, after reading the Spectator, where he compares "the evils of this life to rocks and precipices, which appear rugged and barren at a distance, but, at our nearer approach, we find little fruitful spots and refreshing springs, mixed with the harshness and deformities of nature."

With my mind engaged in this contemplation, I went to rest, when the following dream produced such vivid imagery to my fancy, that I almost doubt whether I was asleep, or only musing and commenting on the metaphor. I conceived myself transported to a delightful country, beautifully variegated with gentle hills and vales, with woods and plains and cultivated fields, which were for ever changing as I passed on; for Time, who was my conductor, never would give me leave to stop a minute in a place, except when sleep made me insens-
P 2
sible

fible of his progressive motion : For then he would gently carry me in his arms to some spot which commanded nearly the same prospect with that where weariness had overtaken me ; but I would not have you fancy my conductor was an old man with a scythe and an hour-glass, as he is generally represented ; no, he was continually changing shapes ; when I first met him, he was a healthy, playful boy ; he taught me many a puerile game, and cheered my first steps with pastimes and delights ; we danced rather than walked the beginning of our journey, for all was sport and festive innocence ; at length he led me by the hand through Academic Groves, where every step we took enlarged my prospects, and increased my satisfaction in his company. I had only one cause of discontent, and that was, as I before hinted, that he never would permit me to stop a minute in a place, or go back to view the scenes which had given me the greatest pleasure ; indeed he would sometimes give a reason for his non-compliance, by telling me, “ that the delight of every scene consisted chiefly in its novelty ; ” and he would sometimes shew me the picture of the places I had visited, reflected in the Mirror of Experience, which confirmed the truth of what he said. On my departure from the Academic Grove, I was struck with the appearance of a vast extensive plain, a sort of heath or common, intersected by many roads, but which all seemed to tend towards an object I had never before beheld ; it was a distant mountain, whose bleak and barren aspect at once convinced me that it was the Mountain of Calamity ; I shrunk from the sight, and would have gladly turned back into the Grove, or at least wished to stop, and resolve which of the roads it were most adviseable to take ; but my conductor hurried me on, bidding me not direct my eyes to painful objects at a distance, but look about me ; I did so, and was again delighted with the prospect near at hand ; the ground was enamelled with a thousand flowers, that shed their sweets as we passed by ; I saw before me at a little distance the most delightful

lightful objects, through which the several roads seemed to take their respective courses; one led thro' a city, whose palaces glittered with riches, the effect of trade; another led to a splendid Fane, dedicated to Naval and Military Honours; another to a sacred Grove, where Holy Contemplation seemed to ensure peace and happiness; and others still thro' various and interesting scenes; each was surrounded with enchanting prospects, but each was more or less exposed to a view of the distant Mountain; and I observed, that, in proportion as the inhabitants of these several places struggled to ascend to the highest spots of their situation, they had a more distinct view of the Mountain which all wished to shun: Struck with this reflection, I chose a road different from any I have mentioned, and passed through villages and pleasant farms, where unexpected scenery on every side delighted me; I could often view detached parts of all the other roads, and sometimes travelled a few miles in each; but though my prospects on each side were ever varying, and always pleasant, yet I could not avoid a sight of the fearful Mountain, and this, as I approached it nearer, seemed to rob the surrounding landscapes of their charms, and, by degrees, I found my spirits sinking, and became disgusted with my journey. Sometimes my conductor would bid me take courage, and enjoy with him the nearer prospects, or look back on the country we had passed; there I saw some hills which I had climbed with ease, and some which I had avoided without knowing how: I was often pleased to see torrents which I had passed without danger, and sometimes vexed to perceive objects that I had missed, and to which now there was no going back; by thus looking round occasionally, I insensibly pressed forward till I was so near the Mountain, that it seemed impossible to remove it from my eyes; but how was I overwhelmed with despair at the horrors of my way, when, on a sudden, a few steps farther presented the full prospect of the River of Death, which swept away thousands in their passage to the Mountain! Nay, I saw some

voluntarily plunge into the waves, rather than look forward; but my conductor recommended me to Fortitude, who leading me through the bye-path of Difficulty, I began to ascend the Mountain; and now I perceived it less barren than I dreaded; the roads were rugged indeed, but the view from thence of the country I had passed, was often not unpleasing; the river at the foot of the hill had lost its terrors, though from the plains of Happiness it was a dreadful object; I could trace its course, and saw, with astonishment, that it wandered through the whole extent of the journey I had taken, and that many who pursued the several tracks, were often destroyed by the rapid torrent, in the most unexpected part of their progress to that Mountain, which they saw, but never reached. As I was earnestly surveying the many places where I had myself escaped, I struck my bruised knee against a projecting rock, and awoke with the pain.

The





The History of Joseph abridged.

ISRAEL loved Joseph better than all his children, because he was the son of his old age ; and he gave him a coat of many colours. But when his brethren saw their father's partiality to him, they hated him, and would not speak peaceably unto him. And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren. Behold, he said, we were binding sheaves in the field ; and lo ! my sheaf arose, and stood upright ; and your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf. And his brethren said unto him, Shalt thou indeed have dominion over us ? And they hated him the more for his dreams and for his words.

It happened that his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Dothan. And Joseph went after his brethren ; but, when they saw him afar off, they conspired against him to slay him ; and they said one to another, We will tell our father that some evil beast hath devoured him. But Reuben wished to deliver him
out

out of their hands ; and he said, Let us not kill him, but cast him into this pit, that is in the wilderness : And they followed his counsel, and cast him into a pit, which then contained no water. A company of Ishmaelites from Gilead passed by, at this time, with their camels, bearing spicery, balm and myrrh, which they were carrying into Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, Let us sell Joseph to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hands be upon him, for he is our brother and our flesh : And Joseph was sold for twenty pieces of silver. And his brethren killed a kid, and dipt his coat in the blood thereof : And they brought it unto their father, and said, This have we found. And Jacob knew it ; and believing that Joseph was devoured by an evil beast, he rent his cloaths, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and refused all comfort, saying, I will go down into the grave to my son, mourning. Thus wept his father for him. But Joseph was carried into Egypt, and sold to Potiphar, the captain of Pharaoh's guard. And the Lord was with him, and prospered him ; and he found favour in the sight of his master. But by the wickedness of Potiphar's wife, he was cast into the prison where the King's prisoner's were bound. Here also the Lord continued to shew him mercy, and gave him favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison. And all the prisoners were committed to his care ; amongst whom were two of Pharaoh's officers, the chief of the butlers, and the chief of the bakers. And Joseph interpreted the dreams of the king's servants ; and his interpretation being true, the chief butler recommended him to Pharaoh, who had dreamed a dream, which Joseph thus shewed unto him. Behold there shall come seven years of great plenty, throughout all the land of Egypt : And there shall arise, after them, seven years of famine ; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt, and the famine shall consume the land.

And the king said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, thou shalt be over mine house ; and according to thy word shall all my people
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be ruled. And Joseph gathered up all the food of the seven years, and laid up the food in storehouses. Thus the seven years of dearth began to come, as Joseph had foretold. But in all the land of Egypt there was bread; and people from all countries came unto Joseph to buy corn, because the famine was fore in all the lands.— Now, amongst those that came, were the ten sons of Jacob, from the land of Canaan. And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly to them, saying, Ye are spies. And they said, Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and behold the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not.

But Joseph said to them, Ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither.— Let one of your brethren be bound in prison, and go ye and carry corn for the famine of your houses, and bring your youngest brother unto me. And their consciences reproached them; and they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us. And they knew not that Joseph understood them, for he spake unto them by an interpreter: And he turned himself about from them, and wept; and returned to them again, and communed with them; and took from them Simeon, and bound him before their eyes. And they returned unto Jacob their father, in the land of Canaan, and told him all that had befallen them. And Jacob their father said unto them, Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away also. But my son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone: If mischief befall him in the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. But the famine continued fore in the land; and when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought

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out of Egypt, Jacob said unto them, Go again, and buy us food : And if it must be so, now take also your brother Benjamin, and arise and go unto the man. And they brought presents unto Joseph, and bowed themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare ; and said, Is your father well ? Is he alive ? And he lifted up his eyes, and saw Benjamin his brother ; and his bowels did yearn towards his brother ; and he sought where to weep, and he entered his chamber and wept there : And he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself. Then he commanded the steward of his house, saying, Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry ; and put my cup, the silver cup, into the sack of Benjamin, the youngest. And the steward did according to the word that Joseph had spoken. As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away, they and their asses. But Joseph commanded his steward to follow them, and to search their sacks, and to bring them back. And when Judah and his brethren were returned into the city, Joseph said unto them, What deed is this that ye have done ? The man in whose hands the cup is found shall be my servant ; and as for you, get you in peace unto your father. But they said, Our father will surely die, if he seeth that the lad is not with us ; and we shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant, our father, with sorrow to the grave. Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him ; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me ; and there stood no man with him, whilst Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. And he wept aloud, and said unto his brethren, I am Joseph ; doth my father yet live ? And his brethren could not answer him, for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you ; and they came near : And he said, I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now, therefore, be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither ; for God did send me before you, to save your lives by a great deliverance.

deliverance. Haste you, and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me Lord over all Egypt; come down unto me, tarry not. And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen; and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast: And there will I nourish thee; for yet there are five years of famine; lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty. And behold your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth which speaketh unto you. And you shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and all that you have seen; and ye shall haste, and bring down my father hither.

And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them; and after that, his brethren talked with them. And the same thereof was heard in Pharaoh's house; and it pleased Pharaoh well, and his servants. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Invite hither thy father and his household; and I will give them the good of the land of Egypt; and they shall eat the fat of the land. And the spirit of Jacob was revived, when he heard these tidings; and he said, My son is yet alive, I will go and see him before I die. And he took his journey with all that he had. And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel, his father, to Goshen; and, presenting himself unto him, he fell on his neck, and wept on his neck for some time. And Joseph placed his father, and his brethren; and gave them a possession in the land of Egypt, in the best of the land, as Pharaoh had commanded.

This interesting story contains a variety of affecting incidents; is related with the most beautiful simplicity; and furnishes many important lessons of instruction.— It displays the mischiefs of parental partiality; the fatal effects of envy, jealousy, and discord amongst brethren; the

the blessings and honours with which virtue is rewarded; the amiableness of forgiving injuries; and the tender joys which flow from fraternal love and filial piety. Different, in other respects, as your lot may be from that of Joseph, you have a father, my dear ALEXIS, who feels for you all the affection which Israel felt, and who hopes he has a claim to the same generous return of gratitude. You have brothers and sisters, who are strangers to hatred, who will cherish and return your love, and whose happiness is inseparable from yours: And you are under the protection and authority of that eternal Being, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, who sees, approves, and will exalt the virtuous.

On



On Extravagance.

THERE is scarcely among the evils of human life, any so generally dreaded as poverty. Every other species of misery, those, who are not much accustomed to disturb the present moment with reflection, can easily forget, because it is not always forced upon their regard; but it is impossible to pass a day or an hour in the confluxes of men, without seeing how much indigence is exposed to contumely, neglect, and insult: And, in its lowest state, to hunger and nakedness; to injuries against which every passion is in arms, and to wants which nature cannot sustain.

Against other evils the heart is often hardened by true or by false notions of dignity and reputation: Thus we see dangers of every kind faced with willingness, because bravery, in a good or bad cause, is never without its encomiasts and admirers. But in the prospect of poverty, there is nothing but gloom and melancholy; the mind and body suffer together; its miseries bring no alleviations; it is a state in which every virtue is obscured, and in which no conduct can avoid reproach; a state in which cheerfulness is insensibility, and dejection, sullenness; of which the hardships are without honour, and the labours without reward.

Of these calamities there seems not to be wanting a general conviction; we hear on every side the noise of trade, and see the streets thronged with numberless multitudes, whose faces are clouded with anxiety, and whose steps are hurried by precipitation, from no other motive than the hope of gain; and the whole world is put in motion by the desire of that wealth, which is chiefly to be valued as it secures us from poverty; for it is more useful for defence than acquisition, and is not so much able to procure good as to exclude evil.

Yet there are always some whose passions or follies lead them to a conduct opposite to the general maxims and practice of mankind; some who seem to rush upon

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poverty

poverty with the same eagerness with which others avoid it; who see their revenues hourly lessened, and the estates which they inherit from their ancestors mouldering away, without resolution to change their course of life; who persevere against all remonstrances, and go forward with full career, though they see before them the precipice of destruction.

It is the fate of almost every passion, when it has passed the bounds which nature prescribes, to counteract its own purpose. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumspection, too much eagerness of profit hurts the credit of the trader, too much ardour takes away from the lover that easiness of address with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuousness, seldom procures ultimately either applause or pleasure.

If praise be justly estimated by the character of those from whom it is received, little satisfaction will be given to the spendthrift by the encomiums which he purchases. For who are they that animate him in his pursuits, but young men, thoughtless and abandoned like himself, unacquainted with all on which the wisdom of nations has impressed the stamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profusion praised, but by wretches who consider him as subservient to their purposes; Sirens that entice him to shipwreck, and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man, whose knowledge or whose virtue can give value to his opinion, looks with scorn or pity, neither of which can afford much gratification to pride, on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he sees parcelled out among the different ministers of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by taylor and jockies, vintners and attorneys, who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are secretly triumphing over his weakness, when they present new incitements to his appetites, and heighten his desires by counterfeit applause.

Such

Such is the praise that is purchased by prodigality. Even when it is not yet discovered to be false, it is the praise only of those whom it is reproachful to please, and whose sincerity is corrupted by their interest; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know that whenever their pupil grows wise, they shall lose their power. Yet with such flatteries, if they could last, might the cravings of vanity, which is seldom very delicate, be satisfied; but the time is always hastening forward when this triumph, poor as it is, shall vanish, and when those who now surround them with obsequiousness and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, shall turn upon him with insolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themselves.

And as little pretensions has the man, who squanders his estate by vain or vicious expenses, to greater degrees of pleasure than are obtained by others. To make any happiness sincere, it is necessary that we believe it to be lasting; since, whatever we suppose ourselves in danger of losing, must be enjoyed with solicitude and uneasiness; and the more value we set upon it, the more must the present possession be embittered. How can he then be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conscious that a very short time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more excesses, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetites with more profuseness?

It appears evident that frugality is necessary even to complete the pleasure of expense; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that, in their most jovial expense, there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation and affected lavishment, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it, or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavour at once to spend idly and to save meanly: Having

While the slightest inconveniencies of the great are magnified into calamities, while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure, without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they endure their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness. Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventurous poor every day endure without murmuring.—They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life: While many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history, as follows:—

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"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: There is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: When happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of the peace, I spy'd a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to sling my stick at it:—Well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me; he called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I
would

would give account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, feed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; so I was indicted at the sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

"People may say this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever, so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad was I to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand.—They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier: I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but
one

one wound, through the breast here ; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

" When the peace came on, I was discharged ; and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I lifted for a landman in the East-India Company's service. I have fought the French in six pitched battles ; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money ; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

" The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow : He swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, to be idle ; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea business, and he beat me, without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating ; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

" Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail ; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was sea-soured. One night, as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand : ' Jack,' says he to me, ' will you knock out the French sentry's brains ? ' ' I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, ' if I lend a hand.' ' Then follow me,' says he, ' and I hope we shall do business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the cloaths I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

" Though

" Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time ; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three ; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind ; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

" I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest ; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places ; I lost four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not a-board a privateer, I should have been entitled to cloathing and maintenance during the rest of my life ! But that was not my chance : One man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza !"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content ; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

*Scene between Colonel Rivers and Sir Harry ;
in which the Col. from Principles of Honour,
refuses to give his Daughter to Sir Harry.*

Sir Har. COLONEL, your most obedient ; I am come upon the old business ; for, unless I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all human beings.

Riv. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your proposals.

Sir Har. No, Sir !

Riv. No, Sir : I have promised my daughter to Mr Sidney. Do you know that, Sir ?

Sir Har. I do : But what then ? Engagements of this kind you know——

Riv. So then, you do know I have promised her to Mr Sidney ?

Sir Har. I do—But I also know that matters are not finally settled between Mr Sidney and you ; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine, therefore——

Riv. Sir Harry, let me ask you one question before you make your consequence.

Sir Har. A thousand, if you please, Sir.

Riv. Why then, Sir, let me ask you, what you have ever observed in me, or my conduct, that you desire me so familiarly to break my word ? I thought, Sir, you considered me as a man of honor.

Sir Har. And so I do, Sir—a man of the nicest honor.

Riv. And yet, Sir, you ask me to violate the sanctity of my word ; and tell me directly, that it is my interest to be a rascal ?

Sir Har. I really don't understand you, Colonel ; I thought, when I was talking to you, I was talking to a
man

man who knew the world ; and as you have not yet signed——

Riv. Why this is mending matters, with a witness ! And so you think, because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word ! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honor : They want no bond but the rectitude of their own sentiments ; and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

Sir Har. Well ! But my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, shew some little regard for your daughter.

Riv. I shew the greatest regard for my daughter, by giving her to a man of honor : and I must not be insulted with any further repetition of your proposals.

Sir Har. Insult you, Colonel ! Is the offer of my alliance an insult ? Is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper——

Riv. Sir Harry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult, if it were to be purchased by the violation of my word. Besides, though my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich ; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think her as affluent as if she were mistress of Mexico.

Sir Har. Well, Colonel, I have done ; but I believe——

Riv. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you please, retire to the ladies. I shall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I cannot receive you as a son-in-law ; for a union of interest I look upon as a union of dishonor, and consider a marriage for money at best but a legal prostitution.



The Story of Melissa.

THE father of Melissa was the youngest son of a country gentleman who possessed an estate of about five hundred a year; but as this was to be the inheritance of the elder brother, and as there were three sisters to be provided for, he was at about sixteen taken from Eton school, and apprenticed to a considerable merchant at Bristol. The young gentleman, whose imagination had been fired by the exploits of heroes, the victories gained by magnanimous presumption, and the wonders discovered by daring curiosity, was not disposed to consider the acquisition of wealth as the limit of his ambition, or the repute of honest industry as the total of his fame. He regarded his situation as servile and ignominious, as the degradation of his genius, and the preclusion of his hopes; and longing to go in search of adventures, he neglected his business as unworthy of his attention, heard the remonstrances of his master with a kind of sullen disdain, and, after two years legal slavery, made his escape, and at the next town enlisted himself

a foldier; not doubting but that, by his military merit and the fortune of war, he should return a general officer, to the confusion of those who would have buried him in the obscurity of a compting-house. He found means effectually to elude the inquiries of his friends, and it was of the utmost importance to prevent their officious endeavours to ruin his project and obstruct his advancement.

He was sent with other recruits to London, and soon after quartered with the rest of his company in a part of the country, which was so remote from all with whom he had any connection, that he no longer dreaded a discovery.

It happened that he went one day to the house of a neighbouring gentleman with his comrade, who was become acquainted with the chambermaid, and by her interest admitted into the kitchen. This gentleman, whose age was something more than sixty, had been about two years married to a second wife, a young woman who had been well educated, and lived in the polite world, but had no fortune. By his first wife, who had been dead about ten years, he had several children; the youngest was a daughter, who had just entered her seventeenth year; she was very tall for her age, had a fine complexion, good features, and was well shaped; but her father, whose affection for her was mere instinct, as much as that of a brute for its young, utterly neglected her education. It was impossible for him, he said, to live without her; and as he could not afford to have her attended by a governess and proper masters in a place so remote from London, she was suffered to continue illiterate and unpolished; she knew no entertainment higher than a game at romps with the servants; she became their confidant, and trusted them in return; nor did she think herself happy any where but in the kitchen.

As the capricious fondness of her father had never conciliated her affection, she perceived it abate upon his marriage without regret. She suffered no new restraint

Miss, who had been told by Betty that she expected her sweetheart, and that they were to be merry, stole down stairs, and, without any scruple, made one in a party at blindman's buff. The soldier of fortune was struck with her person, and discovered, or thought he discovered, in the simplicity of nature, some graces which are polished away by the labour of art. However, nothing that had the appearance of an adventure could be indifferent to him; and his vanity was flattered by the hope of carrying off a young lady under the disguise of a common soldier, without revealing his birth, or boasting of his expectations.

The old gentleman, as soon as he was informed that his daughter was missing, made so diligent and scrupulous an inquiry after her, that he learned with whom and which way she was gone: he mounted his horse, and pursued her, not without curses and imprecations; discovering rather the transports of rage than the emotions of tenderness, and resenting her offence rather as the rebellion of a slave than the disobedience of a child. He did not, however, overtake them till the marriage had been consummated; of which, when he was informed by the husband, he turned from him with expressions of brutality and indignation, swearing never to forgive a fault which he had taken no care to prevent.

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presumption were not yet quelled in the young soldier; and he received orders to attend King William; when he went to the siege of Namur, with exultation and transport, believing his elevation to independence and distinction as certain as if he had been going to take possession of a title and estate.—His wife, who had been some months pregnant, as she had no means of subsistence in his absence, procured a passage with him.—When she came on shore and mingled with the crowd that followed the camp, (wretches who, without compunction, wade in human blood to strip the dying and the dead, to whom horror is become familiar and compassion impossible) she was terrified; the discourse of the women, rude and unpolished as she was, covered her with confusion; and the brutal familiarity of the men filled her with indignation and disgust; her maid Betty, who had also attended her husband, was the only person with whom she could converse, and from whom she could hope the assistance of which she was so soon to stand in need.

In the mean time she found it difficult to subsist; but accidentally hearing the name of an officer, whom she remembered to have visited her mother soon after her marriage, she applied to him, told him her name, and requested that he would afford her his protection, and permit her to take care of his linen. With this request the captain complied; her circumstances became less distressed, and her mind more easy: but new calamity suddenly overtook her; she saw her husband march to an engagement in the morning, and saw him brought back desperately wounded at night.—The next day he was removed in a waggon with many others who were in the same condition, to a place of greater safety, where proper care might be taken of their wounds. She intreated the captain to let her go in the waggon with him; but to this he could not consent, because the waggon would be filled with those who neither were able to walk, nor could be left behind. He promised, however, that if she would stay till the
next

next day, he would endeavour to procure her a passage; but she chose rather to follow the waggon on foot, than to be absent from her husband. She could not, however, keep pace with it, and she reached the hospital but just time enough to kneel down by him upon some clean straw, to see him sink under the last agony, and hear the groan that is repeated no more. The fatigue of the journey, and the perturbation of her mind, immediately threw her into labour, and she lived but to be delivered of Melissa, who was thus, in the most helpless state, left without father, mother, or friend, in a foreign country, in circumstances which could afford no hope of reward to the tenderness that should attempt the preservation of her life, and among persons who were become obdurate and insensible, by having been long used to see every species of distress.

It happened that, among those whom accident or distress had brought together at the birth of Melissa, there was a young woman, whose husband had fallen in the late engagement, and who a few days before had lost a little boy that she suckled. This person, rather perhaps to relieve herself from an inconveniency, than in compassion to the orphan, put it to her breast: but whatever was her motive, she believed that the affording sustenance to the living conferred a right to the apparel of the dead, of which she therefore took possession; but in searching her pocket she found only a thimble, the remains of a pocket looking-glass, about the value of a penny in Dutch money, and the certificate of her marriage. The paper, which she could not read, she afterwards gave to the captain, who was touched with pity at the relation which an inquiry after his laundress produced. He commended the woman who had preserved the infant, and put her into the place of its mother. This encouraged her to continue her care of it till the captain returned to England, with whom she also returned, and became his servant.

This gentleman, as soon as he had settled his immediate concerns, sent Melissa, under the care of her nurse,

nurse, to her grandfather; and inclosed the certificate of her mother's marriage in a letter containing an account of her death, and the means by which the infant had been preserved. He knew that those who had been once dear to us, by whatever offence they may have alienated our affection when living, are generally remembered with tenderness when dead; and that after the grave has sheltered them from our resentment, and rendered reconciliation impossible, we often regret as severe that conduct which before we approved as just; he, therefore, hoped, that the parental fondness which an old man had once felt for his daughter, would revive at the sight of her offspring; that the memory of her fault would be lost in the sense of her misfortunes; and that he would endeavour to atone for that inexorable resentment which produced them, by cherishing a life to which she had, as it were, transferred her own. But in these expectations, however reasonable, he was mistaken. The old man, when he was informed by the messenger that the child she held in her arms was his grand-daughter, whom she was come to put under his protection, refused to examine the contents of the letter, and dismissed her with menaces and insult. The knowledge of every uncommon event soon becomes general in a country town. An uncle of Melissa's, who had been rejected by his father for having married his maid, heard this fresh instance of his brutality with grief and indignation; he sent immediately for the child and the letter, and assured the servant that his niece should want nothing which he could bestow; to bestow much, indeed, was not in his power, for his father having obstinately persisted in his resentment, his whole support was a little farm which he rented of the squire; but as he was a good economist, and had no children of his own, he lived decently; nor did he throw away content, because his father had denied him affluence.

Melissa, who was compassionate for her mother's misfortunes, of which her uncle had been particularly informed by her maid Betty, who had returned a widow

dow to her friends in the country, was not less beloved for her own good qualities; she was taught to read and write, and work at her needle, as soon as she was able to learn; and she was taken notice of by all the gentry as the prettiest girl in the place: but her aunt died when she was about eleven years old, and before she was thirteen she lost her uncle.

She was now again thrown back upon the world, still helpless, though her wants were increased, and wretched in proportion as she had known happiness: she looked back with anguish, and forward with distraction; a fit of crying had just afforded her a momentary relief, when the 'squire, who had been informed of the death of his tenant, sent for her to his house. This gentleman had heard her story from her uncle, and was unwilling that a life which had been preserved almost by miracle, should at last be abandoned to misery; he therefore determined to receive her into his family, not as a servant, but as a companion to his daughter, a young lady finely accomplished, and now about fifteen. The old gentleman was touched with her distress, and Miss received her with great tenderness and complacency: she wiped away her tears, and of the intolerable anguish of her mind, nothing remained but a tender remembrance of her uncle, whom she loved and revered as a parent. She had now courage to examine the contents of a little box which he had put into her hand just before he expired; she found in it only the certificate of her mother's marriage, enclosed in the captain's letter, and an account of the events that have been before related, which her uncle had put down as they came to his knowledge: the train of mournful ideas that now rushed upon her mind, raised emotions which, if they could not be suppressed by reason, were soon destroyed by their own violence.

The Story of Melissa continued.

IN this family, which in a few weeks after returned to London, Melissa soon became a favourite: the good 'squire seemed to consider her as his child, and Miss as her sister: she was taught dancing and music, introduced to the best company, elegantly dressed, and allowed such sums as were necessary for trivial expenses. Youth seldom suffers the dread of to-morrow to intrude upon the enjoyment of to-day, but rather regards present felicity as the pledge of future: Melissa was probably as happy as if she had been in the actual possession of a fortune, that, to the ease and splendour which she enjoyed already, would have added stability and independence.

She was now in her eighteenth year, and the only son of her benefactor was just come from the university to spend the winter with his father in town. He was charmed with her person, behaviour, and discourse; and what he could not but admire, he took every opportunity to commend. She soon perceived that he shewed particular marks of respect to her, when he thought they would not be perceived by others; and that he endeavoured to recommend himself by an officious assiduity, and a diligent attention to the most minute circumstances that might contribute to her pleasure. But this behaviour of the young gentleman, however it might gratify her vanity, could not fail to alarm her fear: she foresaw, that if what she had remarked in his conduct should be perceived by his father or sister, the peace of the family would be destroyed; and that she must either be shipwrecked in the storm, or thrown overboard to appease it. She therefore affected not to perceive that more than a general complaisance was intended by her lover; and hoped that he would thus be discouraged from making an explicit declaration: but though he was mortified at her disregard of that which he knew she could not but see, yet he determined to address

address her in such terms as should not leave this provoking neutrality in her power: though he revered her virtue, yet he feared too much the anger of his father to think of making her his wife; and he was too deeply enamoured of her beauty, to relinquish his hopes of possessing her as a mistress. An opportunity for the execution of his purpose was not long wanting: she received his general professions of love with levity and merriment; but when she perceived that his view was to seduce her to prostitution, she burst into tears, and fell back in an agony, unable to speak. He was immediately touched with grief and remorse; his tenderness was alarmed at her distress, and his esteem increased by her virtue; he caught her in his arms, and as an atonement for the insult she had received, he offered her marriage: but as her chastity would not suffer her to become his mistress, neither would her gratitude permit her to become his wife; and as soon as she was sufficiently recollected, she intreated him never more to urge her to violate the obligations she was under either to herself or to her benefactor:—"Would not," said she, "the presence of a wretch whom you had seduced from innocence and peace to remorse and guilt, perpetually upbraid you; and would you not always fear to be betrayed by a wife, whose fidelity no kindness could secure; who had broken all the bands that restrain the generous and the good; and who, by an act of the most flagitious ingratitude, had at once reached the pinnacle of guilt, to which others ascend by imperceptible gradations?"

These objections, though they could neither be obviated nor evaded, had yet no tendency to subdue desire: he loved with greater delicacy, but with more ardour; and as he could not always forbear expostulations, neither could she always silence them in such a manner as might most effectually prevent their being repeated. Such was one morning the situation of the two lovers: he had taken her hand into his, and was speaking with great eagerness; while she regarded him with

with a kind of timorous complacency, and listened to him with an attention which her heart condemned : his father, in this tender moment, in which their powers of perception were mutually engrossed by each other, came near enough to hear that his heir had made proposals of marriage, and retired without their knowledge.

As he did not dream that such a proposal could possibly be rejected by a girl in Melissa's situation, imagining that every woman believed her virtue to be inviolate if her person was not prostituted, he took his measures accordingly. It was near the time in which his family had been used to remove into the country : he, therefore, gave orders, that every thing should be immediately prepared for the journey, and that the coach should be ready at six the next morning, a man and horse being dispatched in the mean time to give notice of their arrival. The young folks were a little surprized at this sudden removal ; but though the 'squire was a good-natured man, yet, as he governed his family with high authority, and as they perceived something had offended him, they did not inquire the reason, nor indeed did they suspect it. Melissa packed up her things as usual ; and in the morning the young gentleman and his sister having by their father's orders got into the coach, he called Melissa into the parlour ; where in a few words, but with great acrimony, he reproached her with having formed a design to marry his son without his consent ; an act of ingratitude which, he said, justified him in upbraiding her with the favours which he had already conferred upon her, and in a resolution he had taken, that a bank bill of fifty pounds, which he then put into her hand, should be the last : adding, that he expected she should within one week leave the house. To this heavy charge she was not in a condition to reply ; nor did he stay to see whether she would attempt it, but hastily got into the coach, which immediately drove from the door.

Thus was Melissa a third time, by a sudden and unexpected desertion, exposed to penury and distress,
with

with this aggravation, that ease and affluence were become habitual; and that though she was not so helpless as at the death of her uncle, she was exposed to yet greater danger; for few that have been used to slumber upon down, and wake to festivity, can resist the allurements of vice, who still offers ease and plenty, when the alternative are a flock bed and a garret, short meals, coarse apparel, and perpetual labour.

Melissa, as soon as she had recovered from the stupor which had seized her upon so astonishing and dreadful a change of fortune, determined not to accept the bounty of a person who imagined her to be unworthy of it; nor to attempt her justification, while it would render her veracity suspected, and appear to proceed only from the hope of being restored to a state of splendid dependence, from which jealousy or caprice might again at any time remove her, without cause and without notice: she had not, indeed, any hope of being ever able to defend herself against her accuser upon equal terms; nor did she know how to subsist a single day, when she had returned his bill and quitted his house: yet such was the dignity of her spirit, that she immediately inclosed it in a blank cover, directed to him at his country seat, and calling up the maid who had been left to take care of the house, sent her immediately with it to the post-office. The tears then burst out, which the agitation of her mind had before restrained; and when the servant returned, she told her all that had happened, and asked her advice what she should do. The girl, after the first emotions of wonder and pity had subsided, told her that she had a sister who lodged in a reputable house, and took in plain-work, to whom she would be welcome, as she could assist her in her business, of which she had often more than she could do; and with whom she might continue till some more eligible situation could be obtained. Melissa listened to this proposal as to the voice of Heaven; her mind was suddenly relieved from the most tormenting perplexity, from the dread of wandering about without money or employment.

employment, exposed to the menaces of a beadle, or the insults of the rabble: she was in haste to secure her good fortune, and felt some degree of pain lest she should lose it by the earlier application of another; she therefore went immediately with the maid to her sister, with whom it was soon agreed that Melissa should work for her board and lodging; for she would not consent to accept as a gift that which she could by any means deserve as a payment.

While Melissa was a journeywoman to a person, who, but a few weeks before, would have regarded her with envy, and approached her with confusion; it happened that a suit of linen was brought from the milliner's, wrapped up in a newspaper: the linen was put into the work-basket, and the paper being thrown carelessly about, Melissa at last caught it up, and was about to read it; but perceiving that it had been published a fortnight, was just going to put it into the fire, when by an accidental glance, she saw her father's name: this immediately engaged her attention, and with great perturbation of mind she read an advertisement, in which her father, said to have left his friends about eighteen years before, and to have entered either into the army or the navy, was directed to apply to a person in Staples-Inn, who could inform him of something greatly to his advantage. To this person Melissa applied with all the ardour of curiosity, and all the tumult of expectation: she was informed that the elder brother of the person mentioned in the advertisement was lately dead, unmarried; that he was possessed of fifteen hundred a-year, five hundred of which had descended to him from his father, and one thousand had been left him by an uncle, which, upon his death, there being no male heir, had been claimed by his sisters; but that a mistress, who had lived with him many years, and who had been treated by the supposed heiresses with too much severity and contempt, had, in the bitterness of her resentment, published the advertisement, having heard in the family that there was a younger brother abroad.

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The conflict of different passions that were at once excited with uncommon violence in the breast of Melissa, deprived her for a time of the power of reflection; and when she became more calm, she knew not by what method to attempt the recovery of her right: her mind was bewildered amidst a thousand possibilities, and distressed by the apprehension that all might prove ineffectual. After much thought and many projects, she recollected that the captain, whose servant brought her to England, could probably afford her more assistance than any other person: as he had been often pointed out to her in public places by the 'squire, to whom her story was well known, she was acquainted with his person, and knew that within a few months he was alive: she soon obtained directions to his house, and being readily admitted to a conference, she told him, with as much presence of mind as she could, that she was the person whom his compassion had contributed to preserve when an infant, in confirmation of which she produced his letter, and the certificate which it inclosed; that by the death of her father's elder brother, whose family she had never known, she was become entitled to a very considerable estate; but that she knew not what evidence would be necessary to support her claim, how such evidence was to be produced, nor with whom to entrust the management of an affair in which wealth and influence would be employed against her. The old captain received her with that easy politeness which is almost peculiar to his profession, and with a warmth of benevolence that is seldom found in any: he congratulated her upon so happy and unexpected an event; and without the parade of ostentatious liberality, without extorting an explicit confession of her indigence, he gave her a letter to his lawyer, in whom he said she might with the utmost security confide, and with whom she would have nothing more to do than to tell her story:—"And do not," said he, "doubt of success, for I will be ready to testify what I know of the affair, whenever I shall be called upon; and the woman who was

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" present

“ present at your birth, and brought you over, still lives
 “ with me, and upon this occasion may do you signal
 “ service.”

Melissa departed, melted with gratitude and elated with hope. The gentleman, to whom the captain's letter was a recommendation, prosecuted her claim with so much skill and assiduity, that within a few months she was put into the possession of her estate.—Her first care was to wait upon the captain, to whom she now owed not only life, but a fortune: he received her acknowledgements with a pleasure which only those who merit it can enjoy; and insisted that she should draw upon him for such sums as she should want before her rents became due. She then took very handsome ready-furnished lodgings, and determined immediately to justify her conduct to the 'squire, whose kindness she still remembered, and whose resentment she had forgiven. With this view she set out in a chariot and six, attended by two servants in livery on horseback, and proceeded to his country-seat, from whence the family was not returned: she had lain at an inn within six miles of the place, and when the chariot drove up to the door, as it was early in the morning, she could perceive the servants run to and fro in a hurry, and the young lady and her brother gazing through the window to see if they knew the livery: she remarked every circumstance which denoted her own importance with exultation; and enjoyed the solicitude which her presence produced among those, from whose society she had so lately been driven with disdain and indignation.

She now increased their wonder, by sending in a servant to acquaint the old gentleman, that a lady desired to speak with him about urgent business, which would not, however, long detain him: he courteously invited the lady to honour him with her commands, hastened into his best parlour, adjusted his wig, and put himself in the best order to receive her: she alighted, and displayed a very rich undress, which corresponded with the elegance of her chariot, and the modish appearance

pearance of her servants. She contrived to hide her face as she went up the walk, that she might not be known too soon; and was immediately introduced to her old friend, to whom she soon discovered herself to his great astonishment, and before he had recovered his presence of mind, she addressed him to this effect,—
 “ You see, Sir, an orphan who is under the greatest
 “ obligations to your bounty, but who has been equal-
 “ ly injured by your suspicions. When I was a de-
 “ pendent upon your liberality, I would not assert my
 “ innocence, because I could not bear to be suspected
 “ of falsehood; but I assert it now I am the possessor of
 “ a paternal estate, because I cannot bear to be suspect-
 “ ed of ingratitude; that your son pressed me to marry
 “ him, is true; but it is also true that I refused him,
 “ because I would not disappoint your hopes and im-
 “ poverish your posterity.” The old gentleman’s con-
 fusion was increased by the wonders that crowded upon
 him: he first made some attempts to apologize for his
 suspicions with awkwardness and hesitation; then, doubt-
 ing the truth of appearance, he broke off abruptly and
 remained silent; then, reproaching himself, he began to
 congratulate her upon her good fortune, and again de-
 sisted before he had finished the compliment. Melissa
 perceived his perplexity, and guessed the cause; she was,
 therefore, about to account more particularly for the
 sudden change of her circumstances, but Miss, whose
 maid had brought her intelligence from the servants, that
 the lady’s name who was with her papa was Melissa,
 and that she was lately come to a great estate by the
 death of her uncle, could no longer restrain the impa-
 tience of her affection and joy: she rushed into the
 room, and fell upon her neck, with a transport that can
 only be felt by friendship, and expressed by tears.—
 When this tender silence was past, the scruples of doubt
 were soon obviated; the reconciliation was reciprocal
 and sincere; the father led out his guest, and presented
 her to his son, with an apology for his conduct to them
 both.

Melissa had bespoke a dinner and beds at the inn, but she was not suffered to return. Within a few weeks she became the daughter of her friend, who gave her hand to his son, with whom she shared many years that happiness which is the reward of virtue.—They had several children, but none survived them; and Melissa, upon the death of her husband, which happened about seven years ago, retired wholly from town to her estate in the country, where she lived beloved, and died in peace.



On Hope.

Exiles, the proverb says, subsist on hope :
 Delusive hope still points to distant good,
 To good that mocks approach.

THERE is no temper so generally indulged as hope; other passions operate by starts, on particular occasions, or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the first power of comparing our actual with our possible state, and attends us through every stage and period, always urging us forward to new acquisitions, and holding out some distant blessing to our view, promising us either relief from pain, or increase of happiness.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of this general blessing; or that life, when the gifts of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.

I was musing on this strange inclination which every man feels to deceive himself, and considering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay prospect of futurity, when, falling asleep, on a sudden I found myself placed in a garden, of which my sight could descry no limits. Every scene about me was gay and gladsome, light with sunshine, and fragrant with per-
 fumes;

fumes; the ground was painted with all the variety of spring, and all the choir of nature was singing in the groves.

At length I saw an innumerable multitude of every age and sex, who seemed all to partake of some general felicity; for every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye sparkled with eagerness; yet each appeared to have some particular and secret pleasure, and very few were willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern beyond themselves.

On enquiring, I was informed that I was then in the garden of HOPE, the daughter of DESIRE, and that all those whom I saw thus tumultuously bustling round me, were inticed by the promises of HOPE, and hastening to seize the gifts which she held in her hand.

I turned my sight upward, and saw a goddess in the bloom of youth, sitting on a throne; around her lay all the gifts of fortune, and all the blessings of life were spread abroad to view; she had a perpetual gaiety of aspect, and every one imagined that her smile, which was impartial and general, was directed to himself, and triumphed in his own superiority to others, who had conceived the same confidence from the same mistake.

I then mounted an eminence, from which I had a more extensive view of the whole place, and could with less perplexity consider the different conduct of the crowds that filled it. From this station I observed, that the entrance into the garden of HOPE was by two gates, one of which was kept by REASON, and the other by FANCY. REASON was furly and scrupulous, and seldom turned the key without many interrogatories, and long hesitation; but FANCY was a kind and gentle portress; she held her gate wide open, and welcomed all equally to the district under her superintendency; so that the passage was crowded by all those who either feared the examination of REASON, or had been rejected by her.

From the gate of REASON there was a way to the throne of HOPE, by a craggy, slippery, and winding path, called the *Strait of Difficulty*, which those who entered

entered with the permission of the guard endeavoured to climb. But though they surveyed the way cheerfully before they began to rise, and marked out the several stages of their progress, they commonly found unexpected obstacles, and were obliged frequently to stop on the sudden, where they imagined the way plain and even. A thousand intricacies embarrassed them, a thousand slips threw them back, and a thousand pitfalls impeded their advance. So formidable were the dangers, and so frequent the miscarriages, that many returned from the first attempt, and many fainted in the midst of the way, and only a very small number were led up to the summit of HOPE by the hand of FORTITUDE. Of these few, the greater part, when they had obtained the gift which HOPE had promised them, regretted the labour which it cost, and felt in their success the regret of disappointment; the rest retired with their prize, and were led by WISDOM to the bowers of CONTENT.

Turning then towards the gate of FANCY, I could find no way to the seat of HOPE; but though she sat full in view, and held out her gifts with an air of invitation, which filled every heart with rapture, the mountain was on that side inaccessiblely steep, but so channelled and shaded, that none perceived the impossibility of ascending it, but each imagined himself to have discovered a way to which the rest were strangers. Many expedients were indeed tried by this industrious tribe, of whom some were making themselves wings, which others were contriving to actuate by the perpetual motion. But, with all their labour, and all their artifices, they never rose above the ground, or quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of HOPE, but continued still to gaze at a distance, and laughed at the slow progress of those whom they saw toiling in the *Strait of Difficulty*.

Part of the favourites of FANCY, when they had entered the garden, without making, like the rest, an attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the vale of IDLENESS, a calm and undisturbed retirement.

ment, from whence they could always have HOPE in prospect, and to which they pleased themselves with believing that she intended speedily to descend. These were indeed scorned by all the rest; but they seemed very little affected by contempt, advice, or reproof, but were resolved to expect at ease the favour of the goddess.

Among this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to answer all my questions, and willing to communicate their mirth; but, turning round, I saw two dreadful monsters entering the vale, one of whom I knew to be AGE, and the other WANT. Sport and revelling were now at an end, and an universal shriek of affright and distress burst out and awaked me.



*An Address to a young Scholar, supposed to be
in the Course of a liberal Education.*

YOUR parents have watched over your helpless infancy, and conducted you, with many a pang, to an age at which your mind is capable of manly improvement. Their solicitude still continues, and no trouble nor expense is spared in giving you all the instructions and accomplishments which may enable you to act your part in life, as a man of polished sense and confirmed virtue. You have, then, already contracted a great debt of gratitude to them. You can pay it by no other method but by using the advantages which their goodness has afforded you.

If your endeavours are deficient, it is in vain that you have tutors, books, and all the external apparatus of literary pursuits. You must love learning, if you intend to possess it. In order to have it, you must feel its delights; in order to feel its delights, you must apply to it, however irksome at first, closely, constantly, and for a considerable time. If you have resolution enough to do this, you cannot but love learning; for the mind always loves that to which it has been long, steadily, and voluntarily attached. Habits are formed, which render what was at first disagreeable, not only pleasant, but necessary.

Pleasant, indeed, are all the paths which lead to polite and elegant literature. Yours, then, is surely a lot particularly happy. Your education is of such a sort, that its principal scope is to prepare you to receive a refined pleasure during your life. Elegance, or delicacy of taste, is one of the first objects of a classical discipline; and it is this fine quality which opens a new world to the scholar's view. Elegance of taste has a connexion with many virtues, and all of them virtues of the most amiable kind. It tends to render you at once good and agreeable. You must therefore be an enemy to your
own

own enjoyments, if you enter on the discipline which leads to the attainment of a classical and liberal education with reluctance. Value duly the opportunities you enjoy, and which are denied to thousands of your fellow-creatures.

Without exemplary diligence, you will make but a contemptible proficiency. You may indeed pass through the forms of schools and universities, but you will bring nothing away from them of real value. The proper sort and degree of diligence you cannot possess, but by the efforts of your own resolution. Your instructor may, indeed, confine you within the walls of a school a certain number of hours; he may place books before you, and compel you to fix your eyes upon them; but no authority can chain down your mind. Your thoughts will escape from every external restraint, and, amidst the most serious lectures, may be ranging in the wild pursuit of trifles or vice. Rules, restraints, commands, and punishments may, indeed, assist in strengthening your resolution; but, without your own voluntary choice, your diligence will not often conduce to your pleasure or advantage. Though this truth is obvious, yet it seems to be a secret to those parents who expect to find their son's improvement increase in proportion to the number of tutors and external assistances, which their opulence has enabled them to provide. These assistances, indeed, are sometimes afforded, chiefly that the young heir to a title or estate may indulge himself in idleness and nominal pleasures. The lesson is construed to him, and the exercise written for him by the private tutor, while the hapless youth is engaged in some ruinous pleasure, which at the same time prevents him from learning any thing desirable, and leads to the formation of destructive habits which can seldom be removed.

But the principal obstacle to improvement at your school, especially if you are too plentifully supplied with money, is a perverse ambition of being distinguished as a boy of spirit in mischievous pranks, in neglecting the tasks and lessons, and for every vice and irregularity which

which the puerile age can admit. You will have sense enough, I hope, to discover, beneath the mask of gaiety and good-nature, that malignant spirit of detraction, which endeavours to render the boy who applies to books, and to all the duties and proper business of the school, ridiculous. You will see, by the light of your reason, that the ridicule is misapplied. You will discover, that the boys who have recourse to ridicule are, for the most part, stupid, unfeeling, ignorant, and vicious. Their noisy folly, their bold confidence, their contempt of learning, and their defiance of authority, are, for the most part, the genuine effects of hardened insensibility. Let not their insults and ill-treatment dispirit you. If you yield to them with a tame and abject submission, they will not fail to triumph over you with additional insolence. Display a fortitude in your pursuits, equal in degree to the obstinacy with which they persist in theirs. Your fortitude will soon overcome theirs, which is seldom any thing more than the audacity of a bully. Indeed you cannot go through a school with ease to yourself, and with success, without a considerable share of courage. I do not mean that sort of courage which leads to battles and contentions, but which enables you to have a will of your own, and to pursue what is right, amidst all the persecutions of surrounding enviers, dunces, and detractors. Ridicule is the weapon made use of at schools, as well as in the world, when the fortresses of virtue are to be assailed. You will effectually repel the attack by a dauntless spirit and unyielding perseverance. Though numbers are against you, yet, with truth and rectitude on your side, you may be *IPSE AGMEN*, though alone, yet equal to an army.

By laying in a store of useful knowledge, adorning your mind with elegant literature, improving and establishing your conduct by virtuous principles, you cannot fail of being a comfort to those friends who have supported you, of being happy within yourself, and of being well received by mankind. Honour and success

in life will probably attend you. Under all circumstances you will have an internal source of consolation,—an entertainment, of which no sublunary vicissitude can deprive you. Time shews how much wiser is your choice than that of your idle companions, who would gladly have drawn you into their association, or rather into their conspiracy, as it has been called, against good manners, and against all that is honourable and useful. While you appear in society as a respectable and valuable member of it, they have sacrificed, at the shrine of vanity, pride, extravagance, and false pleasure, their health and their sense, their fortunes and their characters.

On



On the Advantages derivable from National Adversity.

IT is very certain that national prosperity, as it is comprehended in the idea of numerous fleets and armies, of extensive empire, large revenues, advantageous commerce, and a profusion of money in specie, is a kind of good by no means necessarily connected with moral good, or with the substantial happiness of individuals. It makes a splendid figure in imagination's eye; but to reason it appears in a very questionable shape, and experience is able to evince that it has always diffused profligacy and misery through the walks of private life; and, by introducing luxury, licentiousness, indolence, and corruption, has at once destroyed all that can render human nature dignified and happy, and precipitated the decline and the downfall of empires, while triumphing in fancied glory.

It has been observed, that the bodies politic and natural bear to each other a remarkable analogy. A human form, pampered, bloated, and plethoric, will often have the appearance of strength, as well as magnitude; though no state of it can be less adapted to facilitate the animal movements, or in greater danger of a hasty dissolution. The body politic also loses in muscular force, as much as it acquires of unwieldy size, till, by the gradual decrease of vigour, and augmentation of weight, it totters on its baseless supports, and, at last, lies level with the dust, with Babylon and ancient Rome. Luxury, the inevitable consequence of what is falsely called national prosperity, becomes the grave of empires, and of all that could adorn them, or render their long duration a rational object of desire.

There is, undoubtedly, a certain degree of magnitude at which when a state is arrived, it must of necessity undergo the alternative, of being purged of its peccant humours, or falling into a nerveless languor and consequent

sequent decline. Perhaps our own country has already arrived at that degree, and is now, under the operation of Divine Providence, suffering the amputation of its morbid excrescences for the salvation of its health and existence. It may lose some of its revenues; but it will save and meliorate its morals and its liberty.—Ministers may be shaken from their seats, pensioners and placemen may be reduced to despair, funds may be annihilated, and estates brought down to their natural value; but freedom, but virtue, but industry, but the British constitution, but human nature, shall survive the wreck, and emerge, like silver and gold when tried by the fire, with new value and additional lustre. After a state of political adversity, something may take place in society similar to the expected renovation of all things, after the general conflagration of the universe.

Distress and difficulty are known to operate in private life as the spurs of diligence. Powers which would for ever have lain dormant in the halcyon days of ease and plenty, have been called forth by adversity, and have advanced their possessor to the most enviable heights of virtue, happiness, and glory. Man is naturally indolent, and when undisturbed will bask and sleep in the sunshine till the sleep of death; but, when roused by the blast and the thunder, he rises, strains every sinew, and marches on to enterprize. Success will almost infallibly attend great exertions, uniformly and resolutely continued; so that what begun in misery ends in triumph, as the sun which rose in a mist descends with serenity, and paints the whole horizon with gold and purple.

Public industry may be excited in the same manner, and in the same degree, by public misfortunes. The nation is impoverished, or, in other words, its superfluities are retrenched. It is an event devoutly to be wished. Luxury, with ten thousand evils in her train, is obliged to withdraw, and the humble virtues, whom she had driven by her insolence into exile, cheerfully advance from their concealment. Industry and frugality take the lead; but to what a degree of vigour must every

every muscle of the body politic be braced, when every member is, in some measure, actuated by industry and frugality! No man ever yet exerted himself to the utmost of his strength; nor is it on record, that any state was ever yet so exhausted, but that, while it enjoyed liberty, it might draw new resources from its own vitals. Though the tree is lopped, yet, so long as the root remains unhurt, it will throw out a greater luxuriance of branches, produce fruits of better flavour, and derive fresh vigour from the axe. If one has accidentally disturbed an ant-hill, or broken the fabric of the hive, though the little animals appeared before to have exerted their utmost efforts, yet it is amazing with what additional diligence they apply themselves to repair the depredation. Not a moment is allowed for despondency. The earth and the air glow with motion, and the misfortune seems immediately to add to their spirits, and, ultimately, both to their store and security.

The beautiful description which Virgil has given us of the busy scene in which the Tyrians are engaged in building Carthage, represents, in a most lively manner, the alacrity with which human creatures are found to exert themselves when instigated by the stimulus of necessity. An emulation of labour seizes every bosom. No murmurings, no complainings in the street, but every one feels himself happy in proportion as he renders himself useful. Men's abilities rise with the occasion; and political evil, like other evil, under the conduct of a merciful Deity, has produced extensive good, by calling forth some of the noblest exertions and most perfect characters which have adorned the records of human nature.

There is one beneficial effect of national adversity, of greater importance than any which I have enumerated. It subdues the haughty soul elevated with riches and inebriated with excess, and turns the attention to the King of kings, the Lord of lords, the only Ruler of princes, who from his throne beholds all nations, and bids the sceptre to depart from the wicked to the

righteous. It teaches us to rely less upon our German auxiliaries, our muskets, our mortars, our cannon, our copper-bottomed men of war, our generals, and our admirals, than on the Lord of Hosts.

When he fights for us, we shall conquer. Without him, we shall in vain put our trust in a York, a Nelson, a St Vincent, or a Cornwallis; but "the ball of empire" shall continue to roll on westward as it has ever yet done, till it stops in America, a world unknown to the ancients, and which may save the tears of some future Alexander."

If Providence shall have decreed the downfall of British supremacy, happy should I be to have suggested one idea which may stimulate the exertions of my countrymen, once more to raise the noble column on the basis of liberty and virtue, or which may console them on its ruins; and teach them, while they sit by the waters of bitterness, and hang their harps on the willows, to think of Him who can make rivers of comfort to flow in the dreary desert.

A





A remarkable Instance of filial Duty.

THE prætor had given up to the triumvir a woman of some rank, condemned for a capital crime, to be executed in the prison. He who had the charge of her execution, in consideration of her birth, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have access to her in prison; carefully searching her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry with her any sustenance; concluding, that, in a few days, the mother must of course perish for want, and that the severity of putting a woman of family to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner, might thus be avoided. Some days passing in this manner, the triumvir began to wonder that the daughter still came to visit the mother, and could by no means comprehend how the latter should live so long. Watching, therefore, carefully, what passed in the interview between them, he found, to his great astonishment, that the life of the mother had been, all this while, supported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the prison every day to give her mother her breasts to suck.

The strange contrivance between them was represented to the judges, and procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so dutiful a daughter the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a pension settled on them for life. And the ground upon which the prison stood was consecrated, and a temple to filial piety built upon it.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run, if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the peril of her own life, to maintain her imprisoned and condemned mother in so unusual a manner! For what was ever heard of more strange, than a mother sucking the breasts of her own daughter? It might even seem so unnatural, as to render it doubtful whether it might not be, in some sort, wrong, if it were not that duty to parents is the first law of nature.

On



On the Importance of governing the Temper.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many complaints of the calamities of human life, it is certain that more constant uneasiness arises from ill temper than from ill fortune. In vain has Providence bestowed every external blessing, if care has not been taken by ourselves to smooth the asperities of the temper. A bad temper embitters every sweet, and converts a paradise into a place of torment.

The government of the temper then, on which the happiness of the human race so greatly depends, can never be too frequently or too forcibly recommended. But as it was found by some of the ancients one of the most efficacious methods of deterring young persons from any disagreeable or vicious conduct, to point out a living character in which it appeared in all its deformity, I shall exhibit a picture, in which I hope a bad temper will appear, as it really is, a most unamiable object.

It is by no means uncommon to observe those, who have been flattered for superficial qualities at a very early age, and engaged in so constant a series of dissipating pleasure as to leave no time for the culture of the mind, becoming, in the middle and advanced periods of life, melancholy instances of the miserable effects resulting from an ungoverned temper. A certain lady, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Hispulla, was celebrated from her infancy for a fine complexion. She had, indeed, no very amiable expression in her eyes, but the vermilion of her cheeks did not fail to attract admiration, and she was convinced by her glass, and by the asseverations of the young men, that she was another and a fairer Helen. She had every opportunity of improving her mind; but as we naturally bestow our first care on the quality which we most value, she could never give her attention either to books or to oral instruction,

struction, and at the age of fifteen or sixteen could scarcely write her name legibly, or read a sentence without hesitation. Her personal charms were, however, powerful enough to captivate the heart of a thoughtless heir, very little older than herself. Her vanity, rather than her love, was gratified by the alliance; and when she found the assiduities of promiscuous suitors at an end, she found herself gradually sinking in the dead calm of insipidity. When love was no more, other passions sprung up with all the luxuriancy of rank weeds, in a soil where no salutary herb had been planted in the vernal season. Pride, that fruitful plant, which bears every kind of odious quality in abundance, took root in her heart, and flourished like the nettle or the hemlock on the banks of the stagnant pool.

Her husband was the first to feel its baneful effects. Though the match was greatly to her advantage, she persuaded herself that she might have done better; and that her good fortune was by no means adequate to the prize which her beauty and merit might have justly claimed. With this conviction, and without any habits or abilities which might lead her to seek amusement in books, she found no diversion so congenial to her heart, as the tormenting a good-natured, young, and agreeable husband, who, by marrying, had excluded her from the probability of a title. As a small compensation for the injury received, she assumed an absolute dominion over him, his fortune, and his family. He durst not differ in opinion from her; for on the slightest opposition, her eyes dart fire, her cheeks glow with indignation, and her tongue utters every bitter word which rage and malice can dictate. The comfort of every meal is poisoned by a quarrel; and an angry vociferation is echoed from the parlour to the kitchen, from the cellar to the garret, by night and by day, except in the awful and ominous pause of a sullen silence.

The poor husband, who, with every amiable disposition, possessed also the virtue of patience, bore the evil as long as human nature could bear it; but as years advanced,

advanced, and her fury increased, he sought a refuge at the tavern, and in the composing juice of the grape.—Excess and vexation soon laid him in the only secure asylum from the stings and arrows of an outrageous temper, the silent tomb.

The children, after suffering every species of persecution which an angry though foolishly fond mother could inflict, no sooner arrived at maturity, than they began to look for happiness in an escape from home, where neither peace nor ease could find a place. The daughters married meanly, unworthily, and wretchedly, contented to take refuge from the rage of a furious mother in the arms of footmen and hair-dressers; the sons ran away, and became vagrant and wretched debauchees; till, in mere despair, one of them entered as a soldier in the East-India service, and the other put an end to his own existence.

The mother, after shedding a few natural tears, and wiping them soon, began to feel her pride and passion amply gratified in an absolute dominion over an estate, a mansion-house, and a tribe of servants, whose dependent situation made them bear her fury with little resistance. But she enjoyed her reign but a short time, for as her mind was incapable of resting on itself for support, she sought relief from the bottle of cordial; and, heated one day with a large draught, and a violent passion with one of the maids, she burst a blood-vessel, and expired in a scolding fit, her tongue still quivering after her heart had ceased its pulsation.

I believe the originals of such a picture as this are much less common in the present age than they were in the last century. Ladies were then secluded from the world till marriage, and as they were very superficially educated in every thing but potting and preserving, it is no wonder if they became termagants, shrews, or viragos. They had no right ideas of themselves or the world around them, and yielded, without opposition, to those violent emotions, which arise perhaps in every mind when it is totally uncultivated.

Culture

Culture of the understanding is, indeed, one of the best methods of subduing the heart to softness, and redeeming it from that savage state in which it too often comes from the hands of nature. The more our reason is strengthened, the better she is enabled to keep her seat on the throne, and to govern those passions which were appointed to be her subjects; but which too often rebel, and succeed in their unnatural revolt. But besides the effect of mental culture, in calling forth and increasing the powers of the reasoning faculty, it seems to possess an influence in humanizing the feelings, and meliorating the native disposition. Music, painting, and poetry, teach the mind to select the agreeable parts of those objects which surround us, and by habituating it to a pure and permanent delight, gradually superinduce an habitual good-humour. It is of infinite importance to happiness, that the mind should be accustomed from infancy to turn from deformed and painful scenes, and to contemplate whatever can be found of moral and natural beauty. The spirits under this benign management, contract a milkiness, and learn to flow all cheerily in their smooth and yielding channels; while, on the contrary, if the young mind is teased, fretted, and neglected, the passages of the spirits become rugged, abrupt, exasperated, and the whole nervous system seems to acquire an excessive irritability. The ill treatment of children has not only made them wretched at the time, but wretched for life; tearing the fine texture of their nerves, and roughening, by example, and by some secret and internal influence, the very constitution of their tempers.

So much of the happiness of private life, and the virtues of mothers and daughters in particular, depend on the government of the temper, that the temper ought to be a principal object of regard in a well-conducted education. The suffering of children to tyrannise, without controul, over servants and inferiors, is, I am convinced, the ruin of many an amiable disposition. The virtues of humanity, benevolence, humility, cannot
be

be too early enforced ; at the same time care should be taken that an infant of two or three years old should never be beaten or spoken to harshly for any offence which it can possibly commit. In short, let every method be used which reason, religion, prudence, and experience can suggest, to accomplish the purpose of sweetening the temper, and banishing the furies from society. May the endeavour be successful : and may we only read, that there have indeed been such animals as shrews and viragos, but that the breed is extinct in England, like the breed of wolves !

The



The Impression of Truth on the Mind when suggested by striking Analogy.

WHEN Charles the 5th had resigned the sceptre of Spain and the imperial crown of Germany, he retired to the monastery of St Justus, near the city of Placentia, in Estremadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Here he cultivated, with his own hands, the plants in his garden; and sometimes he rode out to a neighbouring wood, on a little horse, attended only by a single servant on foot. When his infirmities confined him to his apartment, and deprived him of these more active recreations, he either admitted a few gentlemen, who resided near the monastery, to visit him, and entertained them familiarly at his own table; or, he employed himself in studying mechanical principles, and in forming works of mechanism, of which he had always been remarkably fond, and to which his genius was peculiarly turned. He was extremely curious with regard to the construction of clocks and watches; and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go exactly alike, he reflected, with a mixture of surprize as well as regret, on his own folly (as he might also on his cruelty and injustice) in having exerted himself, with so much zeal and perseverance, in the more vain attempt of bringing mankind to an uniformity of sentiment concerning the doctrines of religion.* Happy would it have been for Europe if this just and striking analogy had occurred to the monarch during the plenitude of his power! And happy might it now prove, if allowed to operate against the spirit of bigotry and persecution, which still actuates many individuals, and even large communities!

* See Robertson's History of Charles V.

The Story of Abbas.

THE sun appearing above the horizon, Solyman prostrated himself in the profoundest adoration. When he arose from his devotions, he advanced towards the English merchant, his fellow-traveller, with a look of kindness mixed with pity and concern. The merchant understood him: but as he was unwilling to controvert the principles of his religion, he made no apology for his conduct during the devotions of Solyman.

The mild morning light which was diffused over the vallies and streams, the various beauty of the meadows, the regular disposition of blossomed hedge-rows, the soothing murmur of bees at their early labour, and the full concert of the feathered creation, drew their conversation on the universal beneficence of nature.—‘I feel,’ said Solyman, ‘a delight, which I can neither account for nor describe. These mountains gilded with the rays of the orient sun, those painted vallies that shew the rich carpets of Persia, yon distant waters which gleam with the shifting effulgence of light, the general busy voice of joy and activity in the animal creation, conspire to fill my heart with inexpressible pleasure.’

—‘That pleasure,’ replied the merchant, ‘I believe proceeds from sympathy: it is scarce possible, unless you have some peculiar cause of misery, not to be pleased when you see every thing around you happy. On the contrary, if you go into the mansions of sorrow, it will be impossible to withstand the infection of it.—The God of nature seems to have given us these sympathetic feelings, to link our affections in the great chain of society: hence, social virtue is not left to depend solely on the moral will, but is founded on the principles of our nature.

—‘But the object of your adoration is so profuse of his favours, that I should now be glad to find some convenient shade. I think I discover a cave on the southern

declivity of the mountain; let us retire to it during the heat of the day.'

As they were advancing towards the cave, they perceived a beaten path, leading directly from it to a distant rivulet. This made them apprehensive that it might be the habitation of some wild beast, that had worn the path by constantly going to drink at the stream: but their fears were soon removed upon the appearance of an aged hermit, advancing slowly towards the rivulet with an earthen pitcher. At sight of the travellers, he hasted to his abode with all the feeble precipitancy of age. They agreed not to disturb him, and only took the advantage of the rock which projected over his cell to shelter themselves from the sun: but they had not long continued in this situation before the hermit, perceiving them to be inoffensive travellers, invited them into his cave.

'You will excuse,' said the hoary sage, 'the caution of years: these mountains are not secure from the ravage of human ferocity; and these grey hairs would be no defence from the wanton cruelty of man. I have suffered so much from my own species, that I have at last forsaken their society: I thought it better to give up the conveniences of it, than to bear the evils; and I have long lived in this solitary cave on nothing more than what uncultivated nature would afford me:—'Those sufferings,' said Solyman, 'must, indeed, have been extraordinary, that could make you give up one of the greatest advantages of life, the social intercourse of your fellow-creatures.'—'The narratives of age,' replied the hermit, 'are seldom agreeable to youth; but as instruction can be gained only from experience, you will do wisely to learn it from the misfortunes of Abbas.'

'I was born to a competent fortune in the province of Lurestan: but being early left an orphan, my affairs came under the cognizance of a judiciary court, which the members of it call the court of equity; but so equitable were they with regard to me, that they claimed two parts of my little fortune for their case of the third.'

third.—‘Would to God that were never the case in Great Britain!’ interrupted the merchant. ‘But proceed.’—‘Though I had such an early and convincing proof of the treachery and rapacity of mankind; yet, as I had always exercised the benevolent virtues myself, I could not think others totally devoid of them; and at my three and twentieth year being inclined to travel, I without scruple entrusted the remains of my fortune with a person whom I had long known and respected; a person, Holy Allah! who lifted his hands to thee; but I had not been absent from Lurestan more than three moons, when he pretended a commission to dispose of my effects, and immediately left the place. Upon my return, therefore, to the province I found neither friend nor fortune; and being bred to no business, I was reduced to the most distressful state of indigence. I applied, however, not without hopes of redress or relief, to a person of power and eminence, whom I had often heard speak of his friendship with my father. After long and frequent attendance, I was admitted to an interview. I laid open my distress to him with that kind of eloquence which the miseries we suffer from the treachery of others always suggests; and which, however unaffecting it may be to indifferent persons, utters its complaints with dignity and resentment. I was heard half-way through my story, and dismissed with the following reply: “It is not necessary, young man, to proceed with your complaints; I perceive you have been abused, and I am sorry for you. But that shall not be the only proof of my regard for you; I will give you a little advice: you should never depend so much on the benevolence or integrity of any human being, as to trust him with your fortune or your life.” ‘Thus ended my hopes from the friend of my father; whose benevolence extended no farther, than to instruct me how to secure the fortune that was stolen, and to preserve the life which I wished to lose.

‘I had now no choice but to enter, as a common soldier, into the army of the Sophi. I had always de-

lighted in martial exercises, and was expert in the use of arms: my dexterity and address drew upon me the attention of my officers; and, in a short time, I obtained a small commission. I had now almost forgot my miseries, and embraced my new situation with cheerfulness and hope: but Fortune, who had for a while ceased to persecute me as below her notice, as if she had been indignant at my satisfaction, and jealous of my prospects, now renewed and redoubled her severity.

‘ My commanding officer had a daughter of extraordinary beauty, and an uncommon capacity. Zara was the object of universal admiration; but she had set her heart on the unfortunate Abbas. The first moment I beheld her, I discovered in her looks the most tender and affectionate regard for me, which I imputed to her compassion for my misfortunes; though at the same time I wished, without knowing why, that it might proceed from another cause. She asked me for the story of my life; I told it in the plainest and most pathetic manner; yet, when I had finished, she desired me to repeat it. From this moment I had done with peace; her infectious tenderness had such an influence upon my heart, that I could think of nothing but Zara; without Zara, I was miserable. A thousand times did I flatter myself, that there was something more than mere compassion in her look and manner; and not many days had passed, before I was convinced of the dear fatal truth from this letter:—

To Abbas.

“ YOUR merit and your sufferings have a claim to something more than compassion: To espouse the cause of Abbas, is to discharge a duty which virtue cannot dispense with. Meet me on the parade this evening, and you shall know more of the sentiments of

ZARA.”

‘ The

‘ The emotions I felt on the receipt of this letter, can only be conceived by those who, in the midst of despairing love, have beheld a gleam of hope. The tumult of my heart hurried me to the place appointed, long before the time: I walked backward and forward in the utmost confusion; totally regardless of every object about me; sometimes raising my hands and eyes in the sudden effusions of transport, and sometimes smiling with the complacency of delight.

‘ At length the day departed, and Zara came. My heart bounded at her sight: I was unable to speak, and threw myself at her feet. She was alarmed at my excessive earnestness and confusion; but, commanding me to rise, “ Abbas,” said she, “ if your confusion proceeds from your modest gratitude, restrain it, till you find whether I am able to serve you; if it arise from any other cause, I must leave you this moment.” ‘ I entreated she would tell me to what I was indebted for the happiness of this interview, and I would be calm and attentive.’ “ My regard for your merit, and my compassion for your sufferings,” said she, “ make me wish to serve you. Tell me, Abbas, can I assist you through the interest of my father?” I faltered out my acknowledgments; telling her, that to her I must owe all my hopes of future happiness.

‘ She left me immediately without reply. The singularity of my behaviour on the parade before the coming of Zara, had drawn upon me the attention of an officer who was secretly her admirer, and who, either through curiosity or suspicion, though unobserved by me, had waited at a convenient distance to watch my motions. No sooner did he perceive the approach of Zara, than, as well to gratify his revenge, as to ingratiate himself with her father, he immediately told him of our interview.

‘ Zara, ignorant of what had passed, with her usual freedom and good-nature, began to express her compassion for the misfortunes of Abbas, talked of his merits, and wished to see him preferred. The old general,

who was naturally jealous and impetuous, exclaimed, with a burst of indignation, "Yes, I shall prefer him!" Early the next morning he sent me my discharge; and while I was gazing in stupid astonishment upon my general's letter, a youth, masked, brought me a small casket, with a letter from Zara; which, to the best of my remembrance, was as follows:—

"*To* ABBAS.

"By some unlucky circumstance, which I do not now understand, instead of promoting you, I have been the cause of your dismissal. The bearer, who brings you a small casket of jewels for your support, has my commands to conduct you the shortest way over the mountains: Follow him immediately, lest the rage of jealousy meditate new persecutions. He wears a mask, that he may not be taken notice of as one of the general's domestics: His attachment to me will make him faithful to you. Time may bring about happier events. Adieu, adieu!

ZARA."

"In the anguish and confusion of my heart, I followed my guide, without knowing whither he was leading me, or what I was about to do. I vented my grief in broken ejaculations, frequently calling upon the name of Zara, but not once addressing myself to my attendant. By the evening of the second day, we had advanced forty miles southward from the province of Lurestan; when—how shall I relate the last horrid scene of my miseries!—pardon me!—these aged eyes have yet a tear left, yet a tear for the memory of Zara!—we were attacked by a band of robbers. My guide was Zara! in her fright she threw off her mask, and cried, "Zara!" Love, rage, fear, and vengeance, gave me supernatural strength: Three of the villains fell by my sabre; a fourth disarmed me; and the rest of the gang carried off Zara."

At

At this crisis of his story, the spirits of the aged hermit were exhausted by their own violence; and it was some time before he could proceed.

‘You have now,’ continued he, ‘heard the completion of my misfortunes. When I was recovered of the wounds I had received, I spent some months in a fruitless search of Zara: At last, despairing to gain any intelligence of her, I transmitted an account of the affair to her father; not without hope, that his power, or his wealth, might be a means of finding her out, and redeeming her: But I was deceived; and had soon the mortification to hear, that the unnatural wretch exulted in our misfortunes, and uttered the most dreadful imprecations on his only child.

‘Deprived of hope, and dejected with melancholy, I could no longer bear the society of mankind: I therefore betook myself to these solitary mountains, where this cell has been my habitation for years, that have passed away in unvaried sorrow; and where you are the first of human beings that have heard me tell my tale.’

Solyman expatiated on the sufferings of Abbas with the most tender sensibility, and inveighed against the baseness of mankind with all the rage of honest resentment. ‘Surely,’ said he to the merchant, ‘man is the vilest of all creatures! In proportion as he excels them in reason, he exceeds them in the ability to do mischief; and being equally cruel, the mischief he does renders him more detestable. Sacred Mithra! why dost thou lend thy light to the villain and the tyrant? Were it not for the enjoyment of your company, my friend, I should have few inducements to go farther from the valley of Irwan; for possibly to see more of human life, is only to know more of its crimes and miseries.’

‘From the complicated distresses of one person,’ replied the merchant, ‘you draw a partial image of the life of man. But the day declines: let us hasten over these mountains, that we may repose at night in some village of the valley.’

On the Importance of a good Character, considered only with Respect to Interest.

AS the minds of men are infinitely various, and as they are therefore influenced in the choice of a conduct by different inducements, the moralist must omit no motive, however subordinate in its nature, while it appears likely to lead some among mankind to a laudable, or even a blameless behaviour. A regard to ease, to interest, and to success, in the usual pursuits of wealth and ambition, may induce many to pursue an honest and honourable conduct, who would not have been influenced by purer motives; but who, after they have once perceived the intrinsic excellence and beauty of such a conduct, will probably persevere in it for its own sake, and upon higher considerations.

To those who are to make their own way either to wealth or honours, a good character is usually no less necessary than address and abilities. Though human nature is degenerate, and corrupts itself still more by its own inventions, yet it usually retains to the last an esteem for excellence. But even if we are arrived at such an extreme degree of depravity as to have lost our native reverence for virtue; yet a regard to our own interest and safety, which we seldom lose, will lead us to apply for aid, in all important transactions, to men whose integrity is unimpeached. When we chuse an assistant, a partner, or a servant, our first enquiry is concerning his character. When we have occasion for a counsellor or attorney, a physician or apothecary, whatever we may be ourselves, we always chuse to trust our property and persons to men of the best character. When we fix on the tradesmen who are to supply us with necessaries, we are not determined by the sign of the lamb, or the wolf, or the sun; nor by a shop fitted up in the most elegant taste, but by the fairest reputation. Look into a daily newspaper, and you will see,
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from the highest to the lowest rank, how important the characters of the employed appear to the employers. After the advertisement has enumerated the qualities required in the person wanted, there constantly follows, that none need apply who cannot bring an undeniable character. Offer yourself as a candidate for a seat in parliament, be promoted to honour and emolument, or in any respect attract the attention of mankind upon yourself, and, if you are vulnerable in your character, you will be deeply wounded. This is a general testimony in favour of honesty, which no writings and no practices can possibly refute.

Young men, therefore, whose characters are yet unfixed, and who consequently may render them just such as they wish, ought to pay great attention to the first steps which they take on their entrance into life. They are usually careless and inattentive to this object. They pursue their own plans with ardour, and neglect the opinions which others entertain of them. By some thoughtless action or expression, they suffer a mark to be impressed upon them, which scarcely any subsequent merit can entirely erase. Every man will find some persons, who, though they are not professed enemies, yet view him with an envious or jealous eye; and who will gladly revive any tale to which truth has given the slightest foundation.

Indeed, all men are so much inclined to flatter their own pride by detracting from the reputation of others, that even if we are able to maintain an immaculate conduct, it would still be difficult to preserve an immaculate character. But yet it is wisdom not to furnish this detracting spirit with real subjects for the exercise of his activity. While calumny is supported only by imagination or by malice, we may sometimes remove it by contradicting it; but wherever folly or vice have supplied facts, we can seldom do more than aggravate the evil, by giving it an apparent attention. The malignity of some among the various dispositions of which mankind

mankind are composed, is often highly gratified at the view of injured sensibility.

In this turbulent and confused scene, where our words and actions are often misunderstood and often misrepresented, it is indeed difficult even for innocence and integrity to avoid reproach, abuse, contempt, and hatred. These not only hurt our interest and impede our advancement in life, but sorely afflict the feelings of a tender and delicate mind. It is then the part of wisdom first to do every thing in our power to preserve an irreproachable character, and then to let our happiness depend chiefly on the approbation of our own consciences, and on the advancement of our interest in a world where liars shall not be believed, and where slanderers shall receive countenance from none but him who, in Greek, is called, by way of eminence, *Diabolus*, or the Calumniator.

God.



Good-natured Credulity.

A Chaldean peasant was conducting a goat to the city of Bagdat. He was mounted on an ass; and the goat followed him, with a bell suspended from his neck. "I shall sell these animals," said he to himself, "for thirty pieces of silver; and with this money I can purchase a new turban, and a rich vestment of taffety, which I will tie with a sash of purple silk. The young ladies will then smile more favourably upon me; and I shall be the finest man at the Mosque."—Whilst the peasant was thus anticipating, in idea, his future enjoyment, three artful rogues concerted a stratagem to plunder him of his present treasures. As he moved slowly along, one of them slipped off the bell from the neck of the goat; and fastening it, without being perceived, to the tail of the ass, carried away his booty. The man, riding upon the ass, and hearing the sound of the bell, continued to muse, without the least suspicion of the loss which he had sustained. Happening, however, a short while afterwards, to turn about his head, he discovered, with grief and astonishment, that the animal was gone which constituted so considerable a part of his riches; and he enquired, with the utmost anxiety, after his goat, of every traveller whom he met.

The second rogue now accosted him, and said, "I have just seen, in yonder fields, a man in great haste, dragging along with him a goat." The peasant dismounted with precipitation, and requested the obliging stranger to hold his ass, that he might lose no time in overtaking the thief. He instantly began the pursuit; and, having traversed in vain the course that was pointed out to him, he came back fatigued and breathless to the place from whence he set out; where he neither found his ass nor the deceitful informer, to whose care he had entrusted him.

As he walked pensively onwards, overwhelmed with shame, vexation, and disappointment, his attention was
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roused by the loud complaints and lamentations of a poor man, who sat by the side of a well. He turned out of the way to sympathize with a brother in affliction, recounted his own misfortunes, and enquired the cause of that violent sorrow, which seemed to oppress him. Alas ! said the poor man, in the most piteous tone of voice, as I was resting here to drink, I dropped into the water a casket full of diamonds, which I was employed to carry to the Caliph at Bagdat ; and I shall be put to death, on the suspicion of having secreted so valuable a treasure. Why do not you jump into the well in search of the casket, cried the peasant, astonished at the stupidity of his new acquaintance ? Because it is deep, replied the man, and I can neither dive nor swim. But will you undertake this kind office for me, and I will reward you with thirty pieces of silver ?—The peasant accepted the offer with exultation ; and, whilst he was putting off his cassock, vest, and slippers, poured out his soul in thanksgivings to the holy prophet, for this providential succour. But the moment he plunged into the water, in search of the pretended casket, the man (who was one of the three rogues that had concerted the plan of robbing him) seized upon his garments, and bore them off in security to his comrades.

Thus, through inattention, simplicity, and credulity, was the unfortunate Chaldean duped of all his little possessions ; and he hastened back to his cottage, with no other covering for his nakedness, than a tattered garment which he borrowed on the road.



The History of the Empress Catherina.

CATHERINA Alexowna, born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents.—Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother, in their cottage covered with straw; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands, she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While Catherina spun, the old woman would sit by, and read some book of devotion; thus when the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by their fire-side, and enjoy the frugal meal with vacant festivity.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind; her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready, but a solid turn of thought; not only
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with a strong, but a right, understanding. Such truly female accomplishments procured her several solicitations of marriage from the peasants of the country; but their offers were refused; for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation.

Catherina was fifteen when her mother died; she now therefore left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided in quality of governess to his children; at once reconciling in her character unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and music by the masters who attended the rest of his family; thus she continued to improve till he died, by which accident she was once more reduced to pristine poverty.—The country of Livonia was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore Catherina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence.—Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe, packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot: she was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion: but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way side, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, who insisted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, *to follow the camp*. They might, probably, have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come in to her assistance: upon his

his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend.

This was an happy interview for Catherina: the little stock of money she had brought from home was, by this time, quite exhausted; her cloaths were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses; her generous countryman, therefore, parted with what he could spare, to buy her cloaths, furnished her with an horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr Glück, a faithful friend of his father's, and Superintendant of Marienburgh.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear to be well received; she was immediately admitted into the Superintendant's family as governess to his two daughters; and though yet but seventeen, shewed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue, but politeness. Such was her good sense and beauty, that her master himself in a short time offered her his hand, which, to his great surprise, she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, even though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds in the service.

In order, therefore, to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she offered him her person, which he accepted with transport, and their nuptials were solemnized as usual. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking: the very day on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburgh; the unhappy soldier had now no time to enjoy the well-earned pleasures of matrimony; he was called off before consummation to an attack, from which he was never after seen to return.

In the mean time the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge.

This war between the two northern powers at that time was truly barbarous: the innocent peasant and the harmless virgin often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the sword; at length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catherina was found hid in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor, but still was free; she was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave: in this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was chearful. The fame of her merit and resignation reached even Prince Menzikoff, the Russian General; he desired to see her, was struck with her beauty, bought her from the soldier her master, and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great, paying the Prince a visit, Catherina happened to come in with some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found her understanding even more perfect than her person.

He had been forced, when young, to marry from motives of interest, he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately enquired the history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design; their nuptials were solemnized in private: the prince assuring his courtiers, that virtue alone was the properest ladder to a throne.

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We now see Catherina, from the low mud-walled cottage, empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smile. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her fortune she owed a part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues more.

She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne; and while the extraordinary prince, her husband, laboured for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied in her turn the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses, introduced mixed assemblies, instituted an order of female knighthood, and, at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret;—regretted by all.

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 e," says he, "is nothing but breath or air, and air
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 It is wonderful to observe what airs of superiority fools
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 those of the greatest merit in poverty. Nor do the men
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 make them diffident of their judgment, and cause them
 to examine every thing with the greatest accuracy: as,
 on the other hand, the delicacy of their sentiments
 makes them timorous lest they commit faults, and lose,
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 which they are so jealous. To make wisdom agree
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 of Impudence and Modesty; and I
 will not be displeased to see them
 following allegory:—

At the beginning, joined VIRTUE, WISDOM,
 together; and VICE, FOLLY, and
 I in that society set them upon the
 path he thought he had matched them
 out, and said, that Confidence was the
 son of Virtue, and that Vice deserved to
 be Diffident; they had not gone far be-
 fore they rose among them. Wisdom, who was
 not of the company, was always accustomed,
 to stand upon any road, however beaten, to
 stop; to enquire whither it led; what
 dangers,

On Impudence and Modesty.

I Have always been of opinion, that the complaints against Providence have been ill-grounded, and that the good or bad qualities of men are the causes of their good or bad fortune, more than what is generally imagined. There are, no doubt, instances to the contrary, and pretty numerous ones too; but few in comparison of the instances we have of a right distribution of prosperity and adversity; nor indeed could it be otherwise, from the common course of human affairs. To be endowed with a benevolent disposition, and to love others, will almost infallibly procure love and esteem; which is the chief circumstance in life, and facilitates every enterprise and undertaking; besides the satisfaction which immediately results from it. The case is much the same with the other virtues. Prosperity is naturally, tho' not necessarily, attached to virtue and merit; and adversity, in like manner, to vice and folly.

I must, however, confess, that this rule admits of an exception with regard to one moral quality; and that Modesty has a natural tendency to conceal a man's talents, as Impudence displays them to the utmost, and has been the only cause why many have risen in the world, under all the disadvantages of low birth and little merit. Such indolence and incapacity is there in the generality of mankind, that they are apt to receive a man for whatever he has a mind to put himself off for, and admit his overbearing airs as proofs of that merit which he assumes to himself. A decent assurance seems to be the natural attendant of virtue; and few men can distinguish impudence from it: as, on the other hand, diffidence being the natural result of vice and folly, has drawn disgrace upon modesty, which in outward appearance so nearly resembles it.

I was lately lamenting to a friend of mine, that popular applause should be bestowed with so little judgment, and that so many empty forward coxcombs should
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rise up to a figure in the world : upon which he said there was nothing surprising in the case. " Popular fame," says he, " is nothing but breath or air, and so very naturally presses into a vacuum."

If any thing can give a modest man more assurance, it must be some advantages of fortune which chance procures to him. Riches naturally gain a man a favourable reception in the world, and give merit a double lustre, when a person is endowed with it; and supply its place, in a great measure, when it is absent.—'Tis wonderful to observe what airs of superiority fools and knaves, with large possessions, give themselves above men of the greatest merit in poverty. Nor do the men of merit make any strong opposition to these usurpations; but rather seem to favour them by the modesty of their behaviour. Their good sense and experience make them diffident of their judgment, and cause them to examine every thing with the greatest accuracy: as, on the other hand, the delicacy of their sentiments makes them timorous lest they commit faults; and lose, in the practice of the world, that integrity of virtue of which they are so jealous. To make wisdom agree with confidence, is as difficult as to reconcile vice to modesty.

These are the reflections that have occurred to me upon this subject of Impudence and Modesty; and I hope the reader will not be displeased to see them wrought into the following allegory:—

JUPITER, in the beginning, joined VIRTUE, WISDOM, and CONFIDENCE together; and VICE, FOLLY, and DIFFIDENCE: and in that society set them upon the earth. But though he thought he had matched them with great judgment, and said, that Confidence was the natural companion of Virtue, and that Vice deserved to be attended with Diffidence; they had not gone far before dissension arose among them. Wisdom, who was the guide of the one company, was always accustomed, before she ventured upon any road, however beaten, to examine it carefully; to enquire whither it led; what dangers,

dangers, difficulties, and hindrances, might possibly or probably occur in it. In these deliberations she usually consumed some time; which delay was very displeasing to Confidence, who was always inclined to hurry on, without much forethought or deliberation, in the first road he met. Wisdom and Virtue were inseparable; but Confidence one day, following his impetuous nature, advanced a considerable way before his guides and companions; and not feeling any want of their company, he never enquired after them, nor ever met with them more. In like manner, the other society, tho' joined by Jupiter, disagreed and separated. As Folly saw a very little way before her, she had nothing to determine concerning the goodness of roads, nor could give the preference to one above another; and this want of resolution was increased by Diffidence, who, with her doubts and scruples, always retarded the journey. This was a great annoyance to Vice, who loved not to hear of difficulties and delays, and was never satisfied without his full career, in whatever his inclination led him to. Folly, he knew, tho' she hearkened to Diffidence, would be easily managed when alone; and therefore, as a vicious horse throws his rider, he openly beat away this controller of all his pleasures, and proceeded in his journey with Folly, from whom he is inseparable.—Confidence and Diffidence being, after this manner, both thrown loose from their respective companies, wandered for some time; till at last chance led them at the same time to one village. Confidence went directly up to the great house, which belonged to WEALTH, the lord of the village; and without staying for a porter, intruded himself immediately into the innermost apartments, where he found Vice and Folly well received before him. He joined the train; recommended himself very quickly to his landlord; and entered into such familiarity with Vice, that he was enlisted in the same company along with Folly. They were frequent guests of Wealth, and from that moment inseparable. Diffidence, in the mean time, not daring to approach the great

great house, accepted of an invitation from **POVERTY**, one of the tenants, and entering the cottage, found **Wisdom** and **Virtue**, who, being repulsed by the landlord, had retired thither. **Virtue** took compassion of her, and **Wisdom** found from her temper that she would easily improve: so they admitted her into their society. Accordingly, by their means, she altered in a little time somewhat of her manner, and becoming much more amiable and engaging, was now called by the name of **MODESTY**. As ill company has a greater effect than good, **Confidence**, tho' more refractory to counsel and example, degenerated so far by the society of **Vice** and **Folly**, as to pass by the name of **IMPUDENCE**. Mankind, who saw these societies as **Jupiter** first joined them, and knowing nothing of these mutual defections, are led into strange mistakes by those means; and wherever they see **Impudence**, make account of **Virtue** and **Wisdom**; and wherever they observe **Modesty**, call her attendants **Vice** and **Folly**.

Filial



Filial Affection.

CINNA, the Roman Consul, who scrupled no attempt, how villainous soever, which could serve his purpose, undertook to get Pomponius Strabo murdered in his tent; but his son saved his life, which was the first remarkable action of Pompey the Great. The treacherous Cinna, by many alluring promises, had gained over one Terentius, a confidante of Pompey's, to his interest, and prevailed on him to assassinate the general, and seduce his troops. Young Pompey being informed of this design a few hours before it was to be put in execution, placed a faithful guard round the prætorium; so that none of the conspirators could come near it. He then watched all the motions of the camp, and endeavoured to appease the fury of the soldiers, who hated the general his father, by such acts of prudence, as were worthy of the oldest commanders.—However, some of the mutineers having forced open one of the gates of the camp, in order to desert to Cinna, the general's son threw himself flat on his back in their way, crying out, that they should not break their oath, and desert their commander, without treading his body to death. By this means he put a stop to their desertion, and afterwards wrought so effectually upon them by his affecting speeches and engaging carriage, that he reconciled them to his father.

On the Folly and Wickedness of War.

THE calamities attendant on a state of war seem to have prevented the mind of man from viewing it in the light of an absurdity, and an object of ridicule as well as pity. But if we could suppose a superior Being capable of beholding us, miserable mortals, without compassion, there is, I think, very little doubt but the variety of military manœuvres and formalities, the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war, and all the ingenious contrivances for the glorious purposes of mutual destruction, which seem to constitute the business of many whole kingdoms, would furnish him with an entertainment like that which is received by us from the exhibition of a farce or puppet-show. But, notwithstanding the ridiculousness of all these solemnities, we alas! are doomed to feel that they are no farce, but the concomitant circumstances of a most woeful tragedy.

The causes of war are for the most part such as must disgrace an animal pretending to rationality. Two poor mortals, elevated with the distinction of a golden bauble on their heads called a crown, take offence at each other, without any reason, or with the very bad one of wishing for an opportunity of aggrandizing themselves, by making reciprocal depredations. The creatures of the court, and the leading men of the nation, who are usually under the influence of the court, resolve (for it is their interest) to support their royal master, and are never at a loss to invent some colourable pretence for engaging the nation in the horrors of war. Taxes of the most burthenfome kind are levied, soldiers are collected so as to leave a paucity of husbandmen, reviews and encampments succeed, and at last fifteen or twenty thousand men meet on a plain, and coolly shed each others blood, without the smallest personal animosity, or the shadow of a provocation. The kings, in the mean time, and the grandees, who have employed these poor
innocent

innocent victims to shoot bullets at each other's heads, remain quietly at home, and amuse themselves, in the intervals of balls, hunting schemes, and pleasures of every species, with reading at the fire side, over a cup of chocolate, the dispatches from the army, and the news in the Extraordinary Gazette. Old Horace very truly observes, that whatever mad frolics enter into the heads of kings, it is the common people, that is, the honest artisan, and the industrious tribes in the middle ranks, *unoffended* and *unoffending*, who chiefly suffer in the evil consequences. If the king of Prussia were not at the head of some of the best troops in the universe, he would be judged more worthy of being tried, cast, and condemned at the Old Bailey, than any shedder of blood who ever died by a halter. But he is a king; but he is a hero;—those names fascinate us, and we enrol the butcher of mankind among their benefactors.

When one considers the dreadful circumstances that attend even victories, one cannot help being a little shocked at the exultation which they occasion. I have often thought it a laughable scene, if there were not a little too much of the melancholy in it, when a circle of eager politicians have met to congratulate each other on what is called a piece of good news just arrived.—Every eye sparkles with delight; every voice is raised in announcing the happy event. And what is the cause of all this joy? and for what are our windows illuminated, bonfires kindled, bells rung, and feasts celebrated? We have had a successful engagement. We have left a thousand of the enemy dead on the field of battle, and only nine hundred of our countrymen. ~~Charming~~ news! it was a glorious battle! But before you give loose to your raptures, pause a while; and consider, that to every one of these nineteen hundred, life was no less sweet than it is to you; that to the far greater part of them there probably were wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, sisters, brothers, and friends, all of whom are at this moment bewailing that event which occasions your foolish and brutal triumph.

The

The whole time of war ought to be a time of general mourning, a mourning in the heart, a mourning much more sincere than on the death of one of those princes whose cursed ambition is often the sole cause of war. Indeed that a whole people should tamely submit to the evils of war, because it is the will of a few vain, selfish, ignorant, though exalted, individuals, is a phenomenon almost unaccountable. But they are led away by false glory, by their passions, by their vices. They reflect not; and indeed, if they did reflect, and oppose, what would avail the opposition of unarmed myriads to the mandate of a government supported by a standing army? Many of the European nations are entirely military; war is their trade; and when they have no employment at home, or near it, they blush not to let themselves out to shed any blood, in any cause of the best paymaster. Ye beasts of the forest, no longer allow that man is your superior, while there is found on the face of the earth such degeneracy!

Morality and religion forbid war in its motives, conduct, and consequences; but to many rulers and potentates, morality and religion appear as the inventions of politicians to facilitate subordination. The principal objects of crowned heads, and their minions, are the extension of empire, the augmentation of a revenue, or the annihilation of their subjects' liberty. Their restraints in the pursuit of these objects are not those of morality and religion; but solely reasons of state, and political caution. Plausible words are used, but they are only used to hide the deformity of the real principles. Wherever war is deemed desirable in an interested view, a specious pretext never yet remained un-found. Morality is as little considered in the beginning, as in the prosecution of war. The most solemn treaties and engagements are violated by the governing part of the nation, with no more scruple than oaths and bonds are broken by a cheat and a villain in the walks of private life. Does the difference of rank and situation make any difference in the atrocity of crimes? If

any, it renders a thousand times more criminal than that of a thief, the villainy of them, who, by violating every sacred obligation between nation and nation, give rise to miseries and mischiefs most dreadful in their nature, and to which no human power can say, Thus far shall ye proceed, and no farther. Are not the natural and moral evils of life sufficient, but they must be rendered more acute, more numerous, and more embittered by artificial means? My heart bleeds over those complicated scenes of woe, for which no epithet can be found sufficiently descriptive. Language fails in labouring to express the horrors of war amid private families, who are so unfortunate as to be situated on the seat of it.

War, however, it will be said, has always been permitted by Providence. This is indeed true; but it has been only permitted as a scourge. Let a spirit and activity be exerted in regulating the morals of a nation, equal to that with which war, and all its apparatus, are attended to, and mankind will no longer be scourged, neither will it be necessary to evacuate an empire of its members, for none will be superfluous. Let us, according to the advice of a pious divine of the present age, think less of our fleets and armies, and more of our faith and practice. While we are warriors, with all our pretensions to civilization, we are savages.

On the Beauty and Happiness of an open Behaviour and an ingenuous Disposition.

A Great part of mankind, if they cannot furnish themselves with the courage and generosity of the lion, think themselves equally happy, and much wiser, with the pitiful cunning of the fox. Every word they speak, however trivial the subject, is weighed before it is uttered. A disgustful silence is observed till somebody of authority has advanced an opinion, and then, with a civil leer, a doubtful and hesitating assent is given, such as may not preclude the opportunity of a subsequent retraction. If the conversation turn only on the common topics of the weather, the news, the play, the opera, they are no less reserved in uttering their opinion, than if their lives and fortunes depended on the sentiment they should at last venture to advance, with oracular dignity. Whatever may be their real idea on the subject, as truth is a trifle compared to the object of pleasing those with whom they converse, they generally contrive gently to agree with you; unless it should appear to them, on mature consideration, that their opinion (if contingencies to the number of at least ten thousand should take place) may, at the distance of half a century, involve them in some small danger of giving a little offence, or of incurring a small embarrassment. They wear a constant smile on their countenance, and are all goodness and benevolence, if you will believe their professions: but beware; for their hearts are as dark as the abysses which constitute the abode of the evil spirit. A man of this character, as Horace says, is black, and thou, who justly claimest the title of an honest Englishman, be upon thy guard when thine ill fortune introduces thee into his company.

These crafty animals are even more reserved, cautious, timid, and serpentine, in action than in conversation. They lay the deepest schemes, and no conclave

of cardinals, no combination of conspirators, no confederacy of thieves, ever deliberated with more impene-
trable secrecy. Connections are sought with the most
painful solicitude. No arts and no assiduities are ne-
glected to obtain the favour of the great. Their hearts
pant with the utmost anxiety to be introduced to a fa-
mily of distinction and opulence, not only because the
connection gratifies their pride, but also because, in the
wonderful complications and vicissitudes of human af-
fairs, it may one day promote their interest. Alas!
before that day arrives, their perpetual uneasiness has
often put a period to their ambition, by terminating
their existence. But even if they gain their ends, after
a youth and a manhood consumed in constant care and
servitude, yet the pleasure is not adequate to the pain,
nor the advantage to the labour. Every one is ready
to complain of the shortness of life; to spend, there-
fore, the greatest part of it in perpetual fear, caution,
suspense, and solicitude, merely to accomplish an object
of worldly ambition or avarice; what is it but the pro-
verbial folly of him who loses a pound to save a penny?
Give me, O ye powers! an ingenuous man would ex-
claim, give me health and liberty, with a competence,
and I will compassionate the man of a timid and servile
soul, who has at last crept on hands and knees, through
thick and thin, into a stall, and seated his limbs, after
they have been palsied with care, on the bench of jud-
ges or of bishops!

Indeed, the perpetual agitation of spirits, the tor-
menting fears, and the ardent hopes, which alternately
disorder the bosom of the subtle and suspicious world-
ling, are more than a counterbalance to all the riches
and titular honours which successful cunning can ob-
tain. What avail croziers, coronets, fortunes, mansion-
houses, parks, and equipages, when the poor possessor of
them has worn out his sensibility, ruined his nerves, lost
his eyes, and perhaps stained his honour and wounded
his conscience, in the toilsome drudgery of the most ab-
ject servitude, from his youth up even to the hoary age
of

of feebleness and decrepitude ? When a man has a numerous offspring, it may, indeed, be generous to sacrifice his own ease and happiness to their advancement. He may feel a virtuous pleasure in his conduct, which may soothe him under every circumstance of disagreeable toil or painful submission. But it is obvious to observe, that the most artful of men, and the greatest slaves to interest and ambition, are frequently unmarried men ; and that they were unmarried, because their caution and timidity would never permit them to take a step which could never be revoked : themselves, however unamiable, have been the only objects of their love ; and the rest of mankind have been made use of merely as the instruments of their mean purposes and selfish gratifications. But the rest of mankind need not envy them, for they inflict on themselves the punishments they deserve. They are always craving, and never satisfied ; they suffer a torment which is justly represented as infernal ; that of being perpetually reaching after blessings which they can never grasp, of being prohibited to taste the fruit, whose colour appears so charming to the eye, and whose flavour so delicious to the imagination.

How lovely and how happy, on the other hand, an open and ingenuous behaviour ! An honest, unsuspicious heart diffuses a serenity over life like that of a fine day, when no cloud conceals the blue æther, nor a blast ruffles the stillness of the air ;—but a crafty and designing bosom is all tumult and darkness, and may be said to resemble a misty and disordered atmosphere in the comfortless climate of the poor Highlander. The one raises a man almost to the rank of an angel of light ; the other sinks him to a level with the powers of darkness. The one constitutes a terrestrial heaven in the breast, the other deforms and debases it till it becomes another hell.

An open and ingenuous disposition is not only beautiful and most conducive to private happiness, but productive of many virtues essential to the welfare of society. What is society without confidence ? But if the

selfish and mean system, which is established and recommended among many whose advice and example have weight, should universally prevail, in whom and in what shall we be able to confide?—It is already shocking to a liberal mind to observe what a multitude of papers, parchments, oaths, and solemn engagements is required, even in a trivial negotiation. On the contrary, how comfortable and how honourable to human nature, if promises were bonds, and assertions affidavits! What pleasure and what improvement would be derived from conversation, if every one would dare to speak his real sentiments, with modesty and decorum indeed, but without any unmanly fear of offending, or servile desire to please for the sake of interest! To please by honest means, and from the pure motives of friendship and philanthropy, is a duty; but they who study the art of pleasing merely for their own sakes, are, of all characters, those which ought least to please, and which appear, when the mask is removed, the most disgusting. Truth and simplicity of manners are not only essential to virtue and happiness, but, as objects of taste, truly beautiful. Good minds will always be pleased with them, and bad minds we need not wish to please.

Since cunning and deceit are thus odious in themselves, and incompatible with real happiness and dignity, I cannot help thinking, that those instructors of the rising generation, who have insisted on simulation and dissimulation, on the thousand tricks of worldly wisdom, are no less mistaken in their ideas, than mean, contracted, and illiberal. Listen not, ye generous young men, whose hearts are yet untainted, listen not to the delusive advice of men so deluded or so base. Have courage enough to avow the sentiments of your souls, and let your countenance and your tongue be the heralds of your hearts. Please, consistently with truth and honour, or be contented not to please. Let justice and benevolence fill your bosom, and they will shine spontaneously, like the real gem, without the aid of a foil, and with the most durable and captivating brilliancy.

A Remedy

A Remedy for Discontent.

COMPLAINTS and murmurs are often loudest and most frequent among those who possess all the external means of temporal enjoyment. Something is still wanting, however high and opulent their condition, fully to complete their satisfaction. Suppose an indulgent Providence to accomplish every desire; are they now at last contented? Alas! no; their uneasiness seems for ever to increase, in proportion as their real necessities are diminished. It is in vain then to endeavour to make them happy by adding to their store, or aggrandizing their honours. Their appetite is no less insatiable than their taste fastidious.

But there yet may remain a remedy. Let those who are miserable among riches and grandeur, leave, for a moment, their elevated rank, and descend from their palaces to the humble habitations of real and unaffected woe. If their hearts are not destitute of feeling, they will return from the sad scenes to their closets, and on their knees pour forth the ejaculations of gratitude to that universal Parent, who has given them abundance, and exempted them from the thousand ills, under the pressure of which the greater part of his children drag the load of life. Instead of spending their hours in brooding over their own imaginary evils, they will devote them to the alleviation of real misery among the destitute sons of indigence, in the neglected walks of vulgar life.

That one half of the world knows not how the other half lives, is a common and just observation. A fine lady, surrounded with every means of accommodation and luxury, complains, in a moment of dejection, that surely no mortal is so wretched as herself. Her sufferings are too great for her acute sensibility. She expects pity from all her acquaintance, and pleases herself with the idea that she is an example of singular misfortune
and

and remarkable patience. Physicians attend, and with affected solicitude feel the healthy pulse, which, however, they dare not pronounce healthy, lest they should give offence by attempting to spoil the refined luxury of fancied woe. To be supposed always ill, and consequently to be always exciting the tender attention and enquiries of all around, is a state so charming in the ideas of the weak, luxurious, and indolent minds of some fashionable ladies, that many spend their lives in a perpetual state of imaginary convalescence. There is something so indelicate in being hale, hearty, and stout, like a rosy milk-maid, that a very fine and very high-bred lady is almost ready to faint at the idea. From excessive indulgence, she becomes at last in reality, what she at first only fancied herself, a perpetual invalid.—By a just retribution, she is really punished with that wretchedness of which she ungratefully and unreasonably complained in the midst of health, ease, and opulence.

One might ask all the sisterhood and fraternity of rich and healthy murmurers, Have you compared your situation and circumstances with that of those of your fellow creatures who are condemned to labour in the gold mines of Peru? Have you compared your situation with that of those of your own country, who have hardly ever seen the sun, but live confined in tin mines, lead mines, stone quarries, and coal pits? Before you call yourself wretched, take a survey of the gaols, in which unfortunate and honest debtors are doomed to pine for life; walk through the wards of an hospital; think of the hardships of a common soldier or sailor; think of the galley-slave, the day-labourer; nay, the common-servant in your own house; think of your poor neighbour at the next door; and if there were not danger of its being called unpolite and methodistical, I would add, think of Him who, for your sake, sweated, as it were, drops of blood on Calvary.

It is, indeed, a duty to consider the evils of those who are placed beneath us; for the chief purpose of
Christianity

Christianity is, to alleviate the miseries of that part of mankind, whom, indeed, the world despises, but whom He who made them pities, like as a father pitieth his own children. Their miseries are not fanciful; their complaints are not exaggerated. The clergy, when they are called upon to visit the sick, or to baptize newborn infants, are often spectators of such scenes as would cure the discontented of every malady. The following representation is but too real, and may be paralleled in many of its circumstances in almost every parish throughout the kingdom.

The minister of a country village was called upon to baptize an infant just born. The cottage was situated on a lonely common, and as it was in the midst of the winter, and the floods were out, it was absolutely necessary to wade in water through the lower room to a ladder, which served instead of stairs. The chamber (and it was the only one) was so low, that you could not stand upright in it; there was one window which admitted air as freely as light, for the rags which had been stuffed into the broken panes were now taken out to contribute to the covering of the infant. In a dark corner of the room stood a small bedstead without furniture, and on it lay the dead mother, who had just expired in labour for want of assistance. The father was sitting on a little stool by the fire-place, though there was no fire, and endeavouring to keep the infant warm in his bosom. Five of the seven children, half naked, were asking their father for a piece of bread, while a fine boy, of about three years old, was standing by his mother at the bed-side, and crying as he was wont to do, "Take me, take me, mammy?"—"Mammy is asleep," said one of his sisters, with two tears standing on her cheeks; "mammy is asleep, Johnny, go play with the baby on daddy's knee." The father took him up on his knees; and his grief, which had hitherto kept him dumb, and in a state of temporary insensibility, burst out in a torrent of tears, and relieved his heart, which seemed ready to break. "Don't cry, pray don't
cry."

cry," said the eldest boy, "the nurse is coming up stairs with a two-penny loaf in her hand, and mammy will wake presently, and I will carry her the largest piece." Upon this, an old woman, crooked with age, and clothed in tatters, came hobbling on her little stick in the room, and, after heaving a groan, calmly sat down, dressed the child in its rags, then divided the loaf as far as it would go, and informed the poor man that the church-wardens, to whom she had gone, would send some relief, as soon as they had dispatched a naughty baggage to her own parish, who had delivered herself of twins in the 'squire's hovel. Relief indeed was sent, and a little contribution afterwards raised by the interposition of the minister. If he had not seen the case, it would have passed on as a common affair, and a thing of course.

Ministers and medical practitioners are often witnesses to scenes even more wretched than this; where, to poverty, cold, nakedness, and death, are added the languors of lingering and loathsome diseases, and the torments of excruciating pain. A feeling heart, among the rich and the great, who are at the same time querulous without cause, would learn a lesson in many a garret of Broad St Giles's or Shoreditch, more efficacious than all the lectures of the moral or divine philosopher.

The Resignation of the Emperor Charles V.

CHARLES resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son, with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction; and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his subjects, but of his successor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peevish temper of his queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low Countries, at Brussels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thousand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles seated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands; with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdictions, and authority in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience, and, from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he
had

had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that, from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure: That, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea: That, while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: That now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy: That, instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth all the attention and sagacity of maturer years: That if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness: That, for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and, in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then, turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, and kissed his father's hand, "If," says he, "I had left

left you, by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account : but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I might still have retained, I may well expect the warmest expressions of thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense ; and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your subjects, and your love of them, as the best and most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I this day give of my paternal affection ; and to demonstrate that you are worthy of the confidence which I repose in you, preserve an inviolable regard for religion ; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity ; let the laws of your country be sacred in your eyes ; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people : and, if the time shall ever come, when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities, that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you !”

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects and to their new sovereign, he sunk into the chair exhausted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During his discourse, the whole audience melted into tears ; some, from admiration of his magnanimity ; others, softened by the expressions of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people ; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow, at losing a sovereign, who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all these vast possessions he reserved nothing to himself, but an annual pension of a

hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had chosen for his retreat, was the monastery of St Justus, in the province of Estremadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain.—Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders, that the style of building should be such as suited his present situation rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms; four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one side, into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other side, they communicated with the chapel of the monastery in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power.

*The Whistle: A true Story. Written by Dr
Benjamin Franklin.*

WHEN I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle*; and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the *whistle*.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favours, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle*.

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect: *He pays, indeed, says I, too much for his whistle*.

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth; *Poor man, says I, you do indeed pay too much for your whistle.*

When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations: *Mistaken man, says I, you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure: you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison: *Alas, says I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a husband: *What a pity is it, says I, that she has paid so much for a whistle!*

In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

THE



THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES ARE EXTRACTED FROM THE
WORKS OF THE LATE LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Good-breeding.

GOOD-BREEDING has been very justly defined to be, "The result of much good sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them."

Good-breeding alone can prepossess people in our favour at first sight; more time being necessary to discover greater talents. Good-breeding, however, does not consist in low bows and formal ceremony, but in an easy, civil, and respectable behaviour.

Indeed, good sense, in many cases, must determine good-breeding; for what would be civil at one time, and to one person, would be rude at another time, and to another person; there are, however, some general rules of good-breeding. As for example: to answer only yes, or no, to any person, without adding, Sir, My Lord, or Madam (as it may happen) is always extremely rude; and it is equally so not to give proper attention and a civil answer, when spoken to: such behaviour convinces the person who is speaking to us, that we despise him, and do not think him worthy of our attention, or an answer.

A well-bred person will take care to answer with complaisance when he is spoken to; will place himself at the lower end of the table, unless bid to go higher; will first drink to the lady of the house, and then to the master; he will not eat awkwardly or dirtily, nor sit when others stand; and he will do all this with an air of complaisance, and not with a grave ill-natured look, as if he did it all unwillingly.

There is nothing more difficult to attain, or so necessary to possess, as perfect good-breeding; which is equally inconsistent with a stiff formality, an impertinent

forwardness, and an awkward bashfulness. A little ceremony is sometimes necessary, a certain degree of firmness is absolutely so; and an awkward modesty is extremely unbecoming.

Virtue and learning, like gold, have their intrinsic value; but, if they are not polished, they certainly lose a great deal of their lustre: and even polished brags will pass upon more people than rough gold. What a number of sins does the cheerful, easy, good-breeding of the French frequently cover?

My Lord Bacon says, "That a pleasing figure is a perpetual letter of recommendation." It is certainly an agreeable forerunner of merit, and smooths the way for it.

A man of good-breeding should be acquainted with the forms and particular customs of Courts. At Vienna, men always make courtesies, instead of bows, to the emperor; in France, nobody bows to the king, or kisses his hand; but in Spain and England, bows are made, and hands are kissed. Thus every Court has some peculiarity, which those who visit them ought previously to inform themselves of, to avoid blunders and awkwardnesses.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should shew to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors. The man of fashion, and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent; but naturally, easily, and without concern; whereas a man, who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly: one sees that he is not used to, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to shew that respect, which every body means to shew, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be
upon

upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good-breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good-breeding from men.

The third sort of good-breeding is local, and is variously modified, in not only different countries, but in different towns of the same country. But it must be founded upon the two former sorts; they are the matter; in which, in this case, Fashion and Custom only give the different shapes and impressions. Whoever has the two first sorts, will easily acquire this third sort of good-breeding, which depends singly upon attention and observation. It is properly the polish, the lustre, the last finishing stroke of good-breeding. A man of sense, therefore, carefully attends to the local manners of the respective places where he is, and takes for his models those persons whom he observes to be at the head of the fashion and good-breeding. He watches how they address themselves to their superiors, how they accost their equals, and how they treat their inferiors; and lets none of those little niceties escape him, which are to good-breeding what the last delicate and masterly touches are to a good picture; and which the vulgar have no notion of, but by which good judges distinguish the master. He attends even to their air, dress, and motions, and imitates them liberally, and not servilely; he copies but does not mimic. These personal graces are of very great consequence. They anticipate the sentiments, before merit engages the understanding; they captivate the heart, and give rise, I believe, to the extravagant notions of Charms and Philters. Their effects

thence is thought, (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Reta very sagaciously marked our Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment that he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions, gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shews that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.

To conclude : A man who has patiently been kicked, may as well pretend to courage, as a man, blasted by vices and crimes, may to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners, will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be. Of such consequence is *decorum*, even though affected and put on.

Lying.

NOTHING is more criminal, mean, or ridiculous than lying. It is the production either of malice, or cowardice, or vanity ; but it generally misses of its aim in every one of these views ; for lies are always detected sooner or later. If we advance a malicious lie, in order to affect any man's fortune or character, we may, indeed, injure him for some time ; but we shall certainly be the greatest sufferers in the end : for, as soon as we are detected, we are blasted for the infamous attempt : and whatever is said afterwards to the disadvantage of that person, however true, passes for calumny. To lie, or to equivocate, (which is the same thing) to excuse ourselves for what we have said or done, and to avoid the danger of the shame that we apprehend from it, we discover our fear as well as our falsehood ; and only increase

crease instead of avoiding, the danger and the shame ; we shew ourselves to be the lowest and meanest of mankind, and are sure to be always treated as such. If we have the misfortune to be in the wrong, there is something noble in frankly owning it ; it is the only way of atoning for it, and the only way to be forgiven. To remove a present danger by equivocating, evading, or ~~struggling~~, is something so despicable, and betrays so much fear, that whoever practises them deserves to be chastised.

There are people who indulge themselves in another sort of lying, which they reckon innocent, and which in one sense is so, for it hurts nobody but themselves. This sort of lying is the spurious offspring of Vanity, begotten upon Folly : these people deal in the marvellous ; they have seen some things that never existed ; they have seen other things which they never really saw, though they did exist, only because they were thought worth seeing : has any thing remarkable been said or done in any place, or in any company, they immediately present and declare themselves eye or ear witness of it. They have done feats themselves, unattempted, or at least unperformed, by others. They are always the heroes of their own fables ; and think that they gain consideration, or at least present attention, by it. Whereas, in truth, all that they get is ridicule and contempt, not without a good degree of distrust : for one must naturally conclude, that he who will tell any lie from idle vanity, will not scruple to tell a greater for interest. Had I really seen any thing so very extraordinary as to be almost incredible, I would keep it to myself, rather than by telling it, give any one body room to doubt for one minute of my veracity.

Nothing but truth can carry us through the world, with either our conscience or our honour unwounded. It is not only our duty, but our interest ; as a proof of which, it may be observed, that the greatest fools are the greatest liars. We may safely judge of a man's truth by his degree of understanding.

*Gentleness of Manners, with Firmness or
Resolution of Mind.*

I do not know any one rule so unexceptionably useful and necessary in every part of life, as to unite *gentleness of manners* with *firmness of mind*. The first alone would degenerate and sink into a mean, timid complaisance, and passiveness, if not supported and dignified by the latter, which would also deviate into impetuosity and brutality, if not tempered and softened by the other; however they are seldom united. The warm, choleric man, with strong animal spirits, despises the first, and thinks to carry all before him by the last. He may, possibly, by great accident, now and then succeed, when he has only the weak and timid to deal with; but his general fate will be, to shock, offend, be hated, and fail. On the other hand, the cunning, crafty man, thinks to gain all his ends by gentleness of manners only: *he becomes all things to all men*: he seems to have no opinion of his own, and servilely adopts the present opinion of the present person; he insinuates himself only into the esteem of fools, but is soon detected, and surely despised by every body else. The wise man (who differs as much from the cunning as from the choleric man) alone joins softness of manners with firmness of mind.

The advantages arising from an union of these qualities, are equally striking and obvious. For example, If you are in authority, and have a right to command, your commands delivered with mildness and gentleness, will be willingly, cheerfully, and consequently well obeyed: whereas, if given brutally, they will rather be interrupted than executed. For a cool steady resolution should shew that where you have a right to command, you will be obeyed: but at the same time, a gentleness in the manner of enforcing that obedience, should make it a cheerful one, and soften, as much as possible, the mortifying consciousness of inferiority.

If

If you are to ask a favour, or even to solicit your due, you must do it with a *grace*, or you will give those who have a mind to refuse you either, a pretence to do it, by resenting the manner; but on the other hand you must, by a steady perseverance and decent tenaciousness, shew firmness and resolution.

If you find that you have a hastiness in your temper, which unguardedly breaks out into indiscreet sallies, or rough expressions, to either your superiors, your equals, or your inferiors, watch it narrowly, check it carefully, and call the Graces to your assistance: at the first impulse of passion, be silent till you can be soft. Labour even to get the command of your countenance so well, that those emotions may not be read in it: a most unspeakable advantage in business! on the other hand, let no complaisance, no gentleness of temper, no weak desire of pleasing on your part, no wheedling, coaxing, nor flattery on other people's, make you recede one jot from any point that reason and prudence have bid you pursue; but return to the charge, persist, persevere, and you will find most things attainable that are possible. A yielding, timid meekness is always abused and insulted by the unjust and the unfeeling; but when sustained by firmness and resolution, is always respected, commonly successful.

In your friendships and connections, as well as in your enmities, this rule is particularly useful: let your firmness and vigour preserve and invite attachments to you; but at the same time, let your manner hinder the enemies of your friends and dependants from becoming yours: let your enemies be disarmed by the gentleness of your manner; but let them feel at the same time, the steadiness of your just resentment; for there is great difference between bearing malice, which is always ungenerous, and a resolute self-defence, which is always prudent and justifiable.

Some people cannot gain upon themselves to be easy and civil to those who are either their rivals, competi-

tors, or opposers, though independently of those accidental circumstances, they would like and esteem them. They betray a shyness and an awkwardness in company with them, and catch at any little thing to expose them; and so from temporary and only occasional opponents, make them their personal enemies. This is exceedingly weak and detrimental, as indeed is all humour in business; which can only be carried on successfully by unadulterated good policy and right reasoning. In such situations I would be more particularly civil, easy, and frank, with the man whose designs I traversed: this is commonly called *generosity* and *magnanimity*; but is in truth good sense and policy. The manner is as important as the matter, sometimes more so; a favour may make an enemy, and an injury may make a friend, according to the different manner in which they are severally done. ~~In fact,~~ gentleness of manners, with firmness of mind, is a short, but full description of human perfection on this side of religious and moral duties.

On the Moral Character.

THE Moral Character of a man should be not only pure, but, like Cæsar's wife, unsuspected. The least speck or blemish upon it is fatal. Nothing degrades and vilifies more, for it excites and unites detestation and contempt. There are, however, wretches in the world profligate enough to explode all notions of moral good and evil; to maintain that they are merely local, and depend entirely upon the customs and fashions of different countries: nay, there are still, if possible, more unaccountable wretches; I mean those who affect to preach and propagate such absurd and infamous notions, without believing them themselves. Avoid, as much as possible, the company of such people, who reflect a degree

degree of discredit and infamy upon all who converse with them. But as you may sometimes, by accident, fall into such a company, take great care that no complaisance, no good-humour, no warmth of festal mirth, ever make you seem even to acquiesce, much less approve or applaud, such infamous doctrines. On the other hand, do not debate, nor enter into serious argument, upon a subject so much below it; but content yourself with telling them, that you know they are not serious; that you have a much better opinion of them, than they would have you have; and that you are very sure they would not practise the doctrine they preach. But put your private mark upon them, and shun them for ever afterwards.

There is nothing so delicate as a man's moral character, and nothing which it is his interest so much to preserve pure. Should he be suspected of injustice, malignity, perfidy, lying, &c. all the parts and knowledge in the world will never procure him esteem, friendship, or respect. I therefore recommend to you a most scrupulous tenderness for your moral character, and the utmost care not to say or do the least thing that may, ever so slightly, taint it. Show yourself, upon all occasions, the friend, but not the bully of virtue. Even Colonel Charteris (who was the most notorious blasted rascal in the world, and who had, by all sorts of crimes, amassed immense wealth) sensible of the disadvantage of a bad character, was once heard to say, that, "though he would not give one farthing for virtue, " he would give ten thousand pounds for a character; " because he should get an hundred thousand pounds " by it." Is it possible, then, that an honest man can neglect what a wise rogue would purchase so dear?

There is one of the vices above mentioned into which people of good education, and, in the main, of good principles, sometimes fall, from mistaken notions of skill, dexterity, and self-defence; I mean lying; though it is inseparably attended with more infamy and

less than any other. But I have before given you my sentiments very freely on this subject; I shall, therefore, conclude this head with intreating you to be scrupulously jealous of the purity of your moral character, keep it immaculate, unblemished, unsullied; and it will be unsuspected. Defamation and calumny never attack where there is no weak place; they magnify, but they do not create.

POETRY.



P O E T R Y.

Messiah.—A sacred Eclogue.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
 Delight no more—Oh Thou my voice inspire
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !
 Rapt into future times, the Bard begun :
 A Virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a Son !
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies ;
 Th' æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descend the mystic Dove.
 Ye heav'n's ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive-wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe ! be born.
 See Nature, hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing Spring :
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfume the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
 Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.

Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
 Sink down, ye mountains ! and ye vallies, rise !
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay !
 Be smooth, ye rocks ! ye rapid floods, give way !
 Thé Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold :
 Hear him, ye deaf ; and all ye blind, behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the fightless eye-ball pour the day :
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In adamantime chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plowshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire began ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,

The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorns,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ry palms succeed,
 And od'rous myrtles to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead ;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of their scales survey,
 And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes !
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !
 For thee Idumea's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See Heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day !
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts, the light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains ;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns !

POPE.



The Northumberland Life-Boat.

ADDRESSED TO HENRY GREATHEAD, ESQ. THE INGENUOUS INVENTOR.

'TIS night, and hark ! the eastern blast
With fury blows upon the shore ;
The thunder rolls,—the rain pours fast,—
And angry billows madly roar !
Now for poor failors' fate falls many a tear,
And many a bosom's fill'd with anxious fear.

The morn returns—still thunders roar—
Loud blows the wind—the billows foam—
Shall failors greet their friends on shore,
Or see again their much lov'd home ?
Alas ! so dire, so ruthless is the storm,
No chance of safety Hope herself can form !

A *brick* now mingles with the blast ;
Each sad foreboding proves too true ;

See, on the rocks a ship is cast,
 See, to the rigging clings the crew!
 Ah! who the fury of the surge can brave,
 And snatch the sufferers from a watery grave?

Thy sacred claims now, Pity, urge,
 Now prompt to bold exploit the brave:
 'Tis done—the *Life-Boat* cleaves the surge,
 Intent the hapless crew to save;
 The wreck's approach'd—on board are all receiv'd,
 Rescued from danger, and from death retriev'd.

Blow on, blow on, ye ruthless winds,
 And idly rage, thou troubled main,—
 Snatch'd from your power, the sailor finds
 His much-lov'd friends and home again,
 And blesses oft, with grateful heart, the name
 Of him whose genius did the *Life-Boat* frame.

That name shall ever live renown'd,
 Alike to Fame and Albion dear,
 Whilst commerce spreads her sails around,
 Whilst British tars the world revere;
 To latest ages still it shall descend,
 Grac'd with the title of—*The Sailor's Friend*.

Newcastle.

JOHN SHIELD.

On Mr Churchill's Death.

SAYS Tom to Richard, Churchill's dead;
 Says Richard, Tom, you lie,
 Old *Rancour* the report hath spread,
 But *Genius* cannot die.

CUNNINGHAM.

Epistle to a Young Friend.

MAY — 1786.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A something to have sent you,
 Tho' it should serve nae other end
 Than just a kind *memento* ;
 But how the subject-theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine ;
 Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
 Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
 And *Andrew* dear, believe me,
 Ye'll find mankind 'an unco' squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye :
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attained ;
 And a' your views may come to nought,
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villain's a' ;
 The real, harden'd wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restricked :
 But och, mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted ;
 If *self* the wavering balance shake,
 Its rarely right adjusted !

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na censure,
 For still th' *important end* of life,
 They equally may answer ;
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' poortith hourly stare him ;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

Ay free, aff han' your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony ;
 But still keep something to yoursel
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection ;
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
 Wi' sharpen'd sy inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it ;
 But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
 Tho' naething should divulge it :
 I wave the quantum o' the fin,
 The hazard of concealing ;
 But och ! it hardens a within,
 And petrifies the feeling !

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justified by honor ;
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train-attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being *independent*.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your *honor* grip,
 Let that ay be your border :
 Its slightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' side pretences ;
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

The great *Creator* to revere,
 Must sure become the *creature* ;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And ev'n the rigid feature :

Yet ne'er with wits prophane to range,
 Be complaisance extended;
 An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended!

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded;
 Or if she gie a *random fling*,
 It may be little minded;
 But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
 A conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
 Is sure a noble *anchor*!

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
 May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting!
 In ploughman phrase; 'God send you speed,'
 Still daily to grow wiser:
 And may you better reck the *rede*,
 Than ever did th' adviser.

BURNS.

An Epigram.

A Member of the modern great
 Pass'd Sawney with his budget,
 The Peer was in a car of state,
 The tinker forc'd to trudge it.

But Sawney shall receive the praise
 His Lordship would parade for;
 One's debtor for his dapple grey,
 And t'other's shoes are paid for.

CUNNINGHAM.

Charity.—An Elegy.

FAIR Charity ! 'tis thine to wipe away,
 From Sorrow's faded cheek, the streaming tear !
 'Tis thine the debt of Sympathy to pay,
 And whisper comfort in Affliction's ear !

From Heav'n's high portals come, thou peerless maid !
 Borne on the radiant wings of beaming light :
 Be wide thy olive branch of peace display'd,
 And stand thyself confest to mortal fight !

Teach hearts humane to heave the tender sigh
 For others ills, adopted as their own,
 Till ev'ry scalded sluice of grief be dry,
 And gen'ral merriment their labours crown !

Where fell Oppression clanks the galling chain,
 And shackled captives writhe, in dismal caves ;
 Thine be the task to soothe, as they complain,
 And to emancipate the hapless slaves !

Where haggard Poverty reclines on straw
 Its meagre limbs, by aching rheums oppress'd ;
 Vouchsafe to mitigate the weight of woe !
 The hungry feed, and give the weary rest !

Where pale complexion'd Melancholy reigns,
 And Beauty's roses droop their heads and die ;
 There image prospects bright, fair, flow'ry plains,
 Gay, gilded scenes, and an indulgent sky !

Where Pain acute, in agonizing throes,
 Roars dissonant, and shrieks in discord dire ;
 Tread softly there ! yet kindly interpose,
 And steadfast faith and patient hope inspire !

Where sinks the sufferer, at his latest breath,
 While dread, disrupting, doleful pangs dismay,
 Thy presence lend ; dispel the gloom of death,
 And point the passage to eternal day !

Nor fix'd, alone, to one dark chequer'd scene,
 Move cheerily, where harmless pleasures flow;
 And frown not, with a stern and stoic mien,
 At gleams of bliss the kinder Fates bestow !

Where Temp'rance bland her wholesome viands spreads,
 Disdain not thou the simples that abound;
 And where light Mirth to fairy Frolic leads,
 Be not the last to wind the wanton round !

Where grateful Transport darts its genial rays,
 And youthful Joy holds open jubilee;
 Fresh fuel fetch ! increase the mantling blaze,
 And swell the choral lay with festal glee !

But oh ! where mortals baneful paths pursue,
 And fondly frisk to Folly's frenzy'dound;
 Picture deep danger there, in frightful view !
 Bid serpents hiss, and scorpions bite the ground !

To me thy best and softest influence deign !
 True tenderness, and feelings all refin'd !
 The heart be mine, to share another's pain,
 And wide expand to all the human kind !

Spent be my life my fellow men to bless,
 With meek-eyed Pity for my inmate dear !
 Mine the sweet toil, to counteract distress,
 And some lone widow's sickly heart to cheer !

To fave the foul, where keenest mis'ry dwells,
 Gangren'd by Cruelty's envenom'd dart !
 To visit Want, in dark and dreary cells,
 And wish'd relief, if possible, impart !

Then, at the period of my earthly woes,
 May guardian angels tend my dying bed !
 Some faithful friend my eye-lids gently close,
 Some weeping wretch the tear unbidden shed !

TEASDALE.

Ode to Sleep.

HAIL! filken Somnus, balmy pow'r !
 Round me Lethæan poppies shed ;
 And in the still, nocturnal hour,
 Be kindly near thy suppliant's bed !
 My aching eye-lids lave and steep
 In the oblivious dew of Sleep,
 And hush to rest corroding Care :
 For long continued, wakeful thought,
 Would fret the web fair Fancy wrought,
 And health's gay bloom impair.

On downy wings my call attend,
 The easy wish'd for boon bestow ;
 And be not thou the faithless friend,
 That studious flies from fights of woe !
 With fibres lax, lethargic will,
 And listless sense, I court thee still,
 Yet more than half awake remain :
 In drowsy watchfulness I pant,
 Nor one fair visit wilt thou grant
 The poet and his pain !

Deep skill'd in Epicurean lore,
 And prompt to wind in pleasure's maze,
 Till sated appetite's no more,
 And loathing comes a thousand ways ;
 The reas'ning brute, with follies fir'd,
 When to the couch of down retir'd,
 His restless hours may curse and weep !
 But Temperance, with unclouded mien,
 The passions calm, and soul serene,
 Be blest with kindest Sleep !

Where coward Guilt, with pale affright,
 Draws close his curtains, lean and gaunt,
 Let all the spectres of the night
 His black imagination haunt !

Let wailing widows shriek aloud,
 And cheated orphans round him crowd,
 Invoking curses on his head !
 Let ruin'd Innocence appear,
 Grate accusations in his ear,
 And shake the villain's bed !

Let wild Ambition's prideful crest
 The troop of vengeful furies know ;
 Rooting and rankling in his breast,
 For ever working keenest woe !
 Fine airy nothings, gewgaws, toys !
 Be all his unsubstantial joys,
 Light built upon Delusion's base !
 Tissu'd, tormenting, wakeful care,
 In wild dimensions, let him share,
 Pervading nights and days !

The scepter'd wretch, the scourge of state,
 That fated millions dooms to bleed,
 Merits, and meets with, heart-felt hate,
 For ev'ry vile, atrocious deed !
 The heaving bosom's boding fears,
 The eye he gives to scalding tears,
 And vassals, sunk in mis'ry deep,
 May well demand, that such a fiend
 From Jove's red bolt be never screen'd,
 Nor know the sweets of Sleep !

But oh ! to those, in life's low vale,
 Who humbly spend the harmless day,
 Be comfort sent in ev'ry gale,
 And let young flow'rets mark the way !
 Where chaste affection's lambent flame,
 And social duties, have their claim,
 Ye guardian angels, deign to smile !
 For such, ye clouds, drop plenty down !
 Let calm content their labours crown,
 And Sleep repay their toil ! TEASDALE



Celadon and Amelia.

'TIS list'ning fear, and dumb amazement all :
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south; eruptive through the cloud;
 And following flower, in explosion vast,
 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls; but, as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds; till overhead a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
 And opens wider; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply trouble'd thought;
 And yet not always on the guilty head
 Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon

And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd : But such their guileless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
 Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
 'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self ;
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled : Till, in evil hour,
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
 While, with each other blest, creative love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
 Heavy with instant fate, her bosom heav'd
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
 Tow'ards the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
 In vain assuring love, and confidence
 In Heaven, repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
 On dying faints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumin'd high. " Fear not," he said,
 " Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence,
 " And inward storm ! He, who yon skies involves
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 " With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 " That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 " Of noon, flies harmless ; and that very voice,

" Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
 " With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 " 'Tis safety to be near thee, sure, and thus
 " To clasp perfection !"—From his void embrace,
 (Mysterious heaven !) that moment, to the ground,
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !
 So, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb,
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad. THOMSON.

With a Present.

LET not the hand of Amity be nice !
 Nor the poor tribute of the heart disclaim ;
 A trifle shall become a pledge of price,
 If Friendship stamp it with her sacred name.

The little rose that laughs upon its stem,
 One of the sweets with which the gardens teem,
 In value soars above an eastern gem,
 If tender'd as the token of esteem.

Had I vast hoards of massy wealth to send,
 Such as your merits might demand—their due !
 Then should the golden tribute of your friend
 Rival the treasures of the rich Peru.

CUNNINGHAM.

His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But Mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When Mercy seasons justice: Therefore, Jew
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: We do pray for Mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of Mercy. ——— SHAKESPEARE

The Man of Ross.

BUT all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds.

Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Rofs," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Rofs divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans, blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Rofs relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attornies, now an useless race.

Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh say what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd,—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your
blaze!
Ye little Stars, hide your diminish'd rays!

And what! no monument, inscription, stone!
His race, his form, his name almost unknown!

Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor, makes all the history;
Enough that virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.

POPE.

On the Being of a God.

RETIRE ;——The world shut out ;——Thy
 thoughts call home ;
 Imagination's airy wing repress ;—
 Lock up thy senses ;—Let no passion stir ;—
 Wake all to Reason—Let her reign alone ;—
 Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
 Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus enquire,
 As I have done.——

What am I ? and from whence ?—I nothing know,
 But that I am ; and, since I am, conclude
 Something eternal ; had there e'er been nought,
 Nought still had been : Eternal there must be.—
 But what eternal ?—Why not human race ?
 And Adam's ancestors without an end ?—
 That's hard to be conceiv'd ; since every link
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail ;
 Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole ?
 Yet grant it true ; new difficulties rise ;
 I'm still quite out at sea ; nor see the shore.
 Whence earth, and these bright orbs ?—Eternal too ?
 Grant matter was eternal ; still these orbs
 Would want some other father :—Much design
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes ;
 Design implies intelligence, and art :
 That can't be from themselves—or man ; that art
 Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow ?
 And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man.—
 Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
 Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight !
 Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly ?
 Has matter innate motion ? Then each atom,
 Asserting its indisputable right
 To dance, would form an universe of dust :
 Has matter none ? Then whence these glorious forms,
 And boundless flights, from shapeless and repos'd ?

Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
 Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
 In mathematics! Has it fram'd such laws,
 Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?
 If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;
 And that with greater far than human skill,
 Resides not in each block;—a GODHEAD reigns;
 And, if a GOD there is, that GOD how great!
 YOUNG.

The Country Clergyman.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows
 wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
 Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;

Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to Virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd, and felt for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies ;
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

My Mother.

IN IMITATION OF COWPER'S "MARY."

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my waking eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who dress'd my doll in cloaths so gay,
And told me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy word and day,
And walk in Wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me?
My Mother.

O no! the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,

My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
My healthy arms shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,

My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,

My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise

My Mother.

The Withered Rose.

SWEET object of the zephyr's kiss,
Come, Rose, come courted to my bower:
Queen of the banks! the garden's bliss!
Come and abash yon tawdry flower.

Why call us to revokeless doom?
With grief the op'ning buds reply;
Not suffer'd to extend our bloom,
Scarce born, alas! before we die!

Man having pass'd appointed years,
Ours are but days—the scene must close:
And when Fate's messenger appears,
What is he but a Withering Rose?

CUNNINGHAM

On the Miseries of Human Life.

A H little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot, waste;
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death,
 And all the sad variety of pain:
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame: How many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man:
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs: How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery: Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty: How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse:
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
 In deep-retir'd distress: How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish.—Thought fond man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide with Benevolence dilate;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

THOMSON.

The Battle of Blenheim.

IT was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done ;
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 That he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found ;
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by ;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a nat'ral sigh,
 'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
 Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for
 There's many here about,
 And often, when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out ;
 For many thousand men, said he,
 Were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
 Young Peterkin he cries,
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes ;
 Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cry'd,
 That put the French to rout ;

But what they kill'd each other for,
 I could not well make out.
 But ev'ry body said, quoth he,
 That 'twas a famous victory.

My father liv'd at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by,
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forc'd to fly:
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide.
 And many a childing mother then,
 And new-born infant died.
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking fight
 After the field was won,
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
 And our good Prince Eugene.—
 Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,
 It was a famous victory.

And every body prais'd the Duke
 Who such a fight did win.
 But what good came of it at last?—
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 Why, that I cannot tell, said he,
 But 'twas a famous victory.

Henry the 4th's Invocation to Sleep.

HOW many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds: and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case, or a common larum bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy masts
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude!
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, ~~lie~~ down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKESPEAR.

Extempore on seeing Hoole's Tragedy of Cyrus

MASTER Hoole,
 'Thou'rt not a fool:
 But, do not tire us
 More with Cyrus.

S.



The Wounded Soldier.

THE sun was just retir'd, the dews of eve
Their glow-worm lustre scatter'd o'er the vale ;
The lonely nightingale began to grieve,
Telling, with many a pause, her tend'rest tale.

No clamours loud disturb'd the penfive hour,
And the young Moon, yet fearful of the night,
Rear'd her pale crescent o'er the burnish'd tow'r,
That caught the parting orb's still ling'ring light.

'Twas then, where peasant footsteps mark'd the way,
A wounded Soldier feebly mov'd along,
Nor aught regarded he the soft'ning ray,
Nor the melodious bird's expressive song.

On crutches borne, his mangled limbs he drew,
Unfrightly remnants of the battle's rage ;
While Pity, in his youthful form, might view
A helpless prematurity of age.

Then, as with strange contortions, lab'ring flow,
 He gain'd the summit of his native hill,
 And saw the well-known prospect spread below,
 The farm, the cot, the hamlet, and the mill :
 In spite of Fortitude, one struggling sigh
 Shook the firm texture of his tortur'd heart :
 And from his hollow and dejected eye
 One trembling tear hung ready to depart.
 " How chang'd," he cry'd, " is the fair scene to me,
 " Since last across this narrow path I went !
 " The soaring lark felt not superior glee,
 " Nor any human breast more true content.
 " When the fresh hay was o'er the meadow thrown,
 " Amidst the busy throng I still appear'd ;
 " My prowess too at harvest time was shewn,
 " While Lucy's carol ev'ry labour cheer'd.
 " The burning rays I scarcely seem'd to feel,
 " If the dear maiden near me chanc'd to rove ;
 " Or if she deign'd to share my frugal meal,
 " It was a rich repast, a feast of love.
 " And when at evening, with a rustic's pride,
 " I dar'd the sturdiest wrestlers on the green ;
 " What joy was mine ! to hear her at my side,
 " Extol my vigour, and my manly mien.
 " Ah ! now no more the sprightly lads shall run
 " To bid me welcome from the sultry plain ;
 " But her averted eye my sight shall shun,
 " And all our cherish'd fondest hopes be vain.
 " Alas ! my Parents, must ye too endure
 " That I should gloom for ere your homely mirth,
 " Exist upon the pittance ye procure,
 " And make ye curse the hour that gave me birth !
 " O hapless day ! when, at a neighb'ring wake,
 " The gaudy serjeant caught my wond'ring eye ;
 " And as his tongue of war and honour spake,
 " I felt a wish—to conquer or to die.

- " Then, while he bound the ribbands on my brow,
 " He talk'd of captains kind, and gen'ral's good ;
 " Said, a whole nation would my fame avow,
 " And BOUNTY call'd the purchase of my blood.
 " Yet I refus'd that BOUNTY, I disdain'd
 " To SELL my service in a RIGHTEOUS CAUSE ;
 " And such to my dull sense it was explain'd,
 " The cause of Monarchs, Justice, and the Laws.
 " The rattling drums beat loud, the fifes began,
 " My King and Country seem'd to ask my aid ;
 " Thro' ev'ry vein the thrilling ardour ran,
 " I left my humble cot, my village maid.
 " O hapless day ! torn from my Lucy's charms,
 " I thence was hurried to a scene of strife ;
 " To painful marches and the din of arms,
 " The wreck of reason, and the waste of life.
 " In loathsome vessels now with crowds confin'd,
 " Now led with hosts to slaughter in the field ;
 " Now backward driven, like leaves before the wind,
 " Too weak to stand, and yet asham'd to yield.
 " Till oft repeated victories inspir'd,
 " With tenfold fury the indignant foe ;
 " Who ruthless still advanc'd, as we retir'd,
 " And laid our boasted, proudest honours low.
 " Thro' frozen desarts then compell'd to fly,
 " Our bravest legions moulder'd fast away ;
 " Thousands of wounds and sickness left to die,
 " While hov'ring ravens mark'd them for their prey.
 " Ah ! sure remorse THEIR savage hearts must rend,
 " Whose selfish, desp'rate frenzy could decree,
 " That in one mass of murder MAN should blend,
 " Who sent the SLAVES to fight against the FREE.
 " Unequal contest !—at fair Freedom's call,
 " The lowliest hind glows with celestial fire ;
 " SHE rules, directs, pervades, and conquers all,
 " And ARMIES at her sacred glance expire.

“ Then be this warfare of the world accurs’d—
“ The son now weeps not on the father’s bier;
“ But grey-hair’d Age, for Nature is revers’d,
“ Drops o’er his children’s grave an icy tear.”

Thus having spoke,—by varying passions tost,
He reach’d the threshold of his Parent’s shed,
Who knew not of his fate, yet mourn’d him lost
AMIDST THE NUMBER OF THE UNNAM’D DEAD.

Soon as they heard his well-remember’d voice,
A ray of rapture chas’d habitual care;
“ Our Henry lives, we may again rejoice,”
And Lucy sweetly blush’d, for she was there,

BUT WHEN HE ENTER’D IN SUCH HORRID GUISE,
His mother shriek’d, and dropp’d upon the floor;
His father look’d to Heav’n with streaming eyes,
And Lucy sunk, alas! to rise no more.

O may this tale, which agony must close,
Give deep contrition to the SELF-CALL’D GREAT;
And shew THE POOR how hard the lot of those,
Who shed their blood for MINISTERS OF STATE!
ANON.

*To the memory of Mr Burgh, a learned School-master, and
the ingenious and laborious author of Political Disqui-
sitions, and the Dignity of Human Nature.*

BY CAPTAIN THOMPSON.

BENEATH this sod, conceal’d from mortal eyes,
The dignity of human nature lies.
What is this dignity, the sophists scan?
“ The noblest work of God—an honest man.”

Instructions to a Porter.

YOU! to whose care I've now consign'd
 My house's entrance, caution use,
 While you discharge your trust, and mind
 Whom you admit, and whom refuse.

Let no fierce passions enter here,
 Passions the raging breast that storm,
 Nor scornful *pride*, nor servile *fear*,
 Nor *hate*, nor *envy's* pallid form.

Should *avarice* call—you'll let her know
 Of heap'd up riches I've no store,
 And that she has no right to go
 Where *Plutus* has not been before.

Lo! on a visit hither bent
 High-plum'd *ambition* stalks about;
 But should he enter, sweet *content*
 Will give me warning—shut him out.

Perhaps the *Muse* may pass this way,
 And tho' full oft I've bent the knee,
 And long invok'd her magic sway,
 Smit with the love of harmony;

Alone tho' she might please—yet still
 I know she'll with *ambition* come;
 With lust of fame my heart she'll fill,
 She'll break my rest—I'm not at home.

There is a rascal, old and hideous,
 Who oft (and sometimes not in vain)
 Close at my gate has watch'd assiduous,
 In hopes he might admittance gain:

His name is *care*—if he should call,
 Quick out of doors with vigour throw him,

And tell the miscreant once for all,
I know him not, I ne'er will know him.

Perhaps then Bacchus, foe to *care*,
May think he'll sure my favour win;
His promises of joy are fair,
But false—you must not let him in.

But welcome that sweet power! on whom
The young *desires* attendant move;
Still flush'd with beauty's vernal bloom,
Parent of bliss, the *Queen of Love*.

O! you will know her, she has stole
The lustre of my Delia's eye;
Admit her, hail her—for my soul
Breathes double life when she is nigh.

If then stern *wisdom* at my gate
Should knock, with all her formal train,
Tell her I'm busy—she may wait,
Or, if she chooses—call again.

BEDINGFIELD.

Charity.—(The Slave Trade.)

HEAV'N speed the canvass gallantly unfurl'd,
To furnish and accommodate a world;
To give the pole the produce of the sun,
And knit th' unsocial climates into one:—
Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave,
Impel the fleet whose errand is to save,
To succour wasted regions, and replace
The smile of opulence in sorrow's face.
Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen,
Impede the bark that ploughs the deep serene,

Charg'd with a freight transcending in its worth,
 The gems of India, nature's rarest birth,
 That flies like Gabriel on his Lord's commands,
 An herald of God's love, to pagan lands.—
 But ah! what wish can prosper, or what pray'r,
 For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
 Who drive a loathsome traffic, gauge, and span,
 And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
 The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
 All bonds of nature in that moment end;
 And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
 A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.
 The sable warrior, frantic with regret
 Of her he loves, and never can forget,
 Loses in tears the far-receding shore,
 But not the thought that they must part no more;
 Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,
 What has he left that he can yet forego?
 Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resign'd,
 He feels his body's bondage in his mind,
 Puts off his gen'rous nature, and, to suit
 His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.

Oh most degrading of all ills that wait
 On man, a mourner in his best estate!
 All other sorrows virtue may endure,
 And find submission more than half a cure;
 Grief is itself a med'cine, and bestow'd
 T' improve the fortitude that bears the load,
 To teach the wand'rer, as his woes encrease,
 The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace.
 But slav'ry!—Virtue dreads it as her grave,
 Patience itself is meanness in a slave:
 Or if the will and sovereignty of God
 Bid suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod,
 Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
 And snap the chain the moment when you may.
 Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,
 That has a heart and life in it—be free;

The beasts are charter'd—neither age nor force
 Can quell the love of freedom in a horse :
 He breaks the cord that held him at the rack,
 And, conscious of an unincumber'd back,
 Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,
 Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane ;
 Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs,
 Nor stops, till, overleaping all delays,
 He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

Canst thou, and honor'd with a Christian name,
 Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame ?
 Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
 Expedience as a warrant for the deed ?

So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold
 To quit the forest and invade the fold ;
 So may the ruffian, who with ghostly glide,
 Dagger in hand, steals close to your bed-side ;
 Not he, but his emergence forc'd the door,
 He found it inconvenient to be poor.
 Has God then giv'n its sweetness to the cane,
 Unless its laws be trampled on—in vain ?
 Built a brave world, which cannot yet subsist,
 Unless his right to rule it be dismiss'd ?
 Impudent blasphemy ! so folly pleads,
 And, av'rice being judge, with ease succeeds.

But grant the plea, and let it stand for just,
 That man make man his prey, because he *must*,
 Still there is room for pity to abate,
 And soothe the sorrows of so sad a state.
 A Briton knows, or if he knows it not,
 The Scripture plac'd within his reach, he ought,
 That souls have no discriminating hue,
 Alike important in their Maker's view ;
 That none are free from blemish since the fall,
 And love divine has paid one price for all.

COWPER.

Lessons of Wisdom.

HOW to live happiest ; how avoid the pains,
 The disappointments, and disgusts of those
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;
 The precepts here of a divine old man
 I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd
 His manly sense, and energy of mind.
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;
 He still remember'd that he once was young ;
 His easy presence check'd no decent joy,
 Him even the dissolute admir'd ; for he
 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
 Much more had seen ; he studied from the life,
 And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
 He pitied man : And much he pitied those
 Whom falsely-smiling Fate has curs'd with means
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
 Our aim is Happiness ; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
 He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live ;
 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
 But they the widest wander from the mark,
 Who through the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring Joy
 Seek this coy Goddess ; that from stage to stage
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
 For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
 To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
 Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds
 Should ever roam : And were the Fates more kind,
 Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.
 Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,
 And cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
 That all was vanity, and life a dream.
 Let nature rest : Be busy even in vain
 And for your friend ; be busy for yourself
 Rather than tease her sated appetites.

Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys ;
 Let nature rest : And when the taste of joy
 Grows keen, indulge ; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
 But him the least the dull or painful hours
 Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,
 And Virtue through this labyrinth we tread.
 Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin ;
 Virtue and Sense are one : And trust me, he
 Who has not virtue is not truly wise.
 Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
 Is sense and spirit, with humanity :
 'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;
 'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.
 Knaves fain would laugh at it ; some great ones dare ;
 But at his heart the most undaunted son
 Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
 To noblest uses this determines wealth :
 This is the solid pomp of prosperous days ;
 The peace and shelter of adversity.
 And if you pant for glory, build your fame
 On this foundation, which the secret shock
 Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.
 The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
 The vulgar eye : The suffrage of the wise,
 The praise that's worth ambition is attain'd
 By Sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
 Is the best gift of heaven : A happiness
 That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
 Exalts great Nature's favourites : A wealth
 That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
 Can be transferr'd : It is the only good
 Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
 Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd ;
 Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
 Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.
 But for one end, one much-neglected use,
 Are riches worth your care (for Nature's wants

Are few, and without opulence supplied)
 This noble end is to produce the Soul :
 To shew the virtues in their fairest light ;
 To make Humanity the Minister
 Of bounteous Providence ; and teach the breast
 That gen'rous luxury the Gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
 Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he taught
 Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard ;
 And (strange to tell !) he practis'd what he preach'd.

ARMSTRONG.

Hymn to Adversity.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and tott'ring hour,
 The bad affright, afflict the best !
 Bound in thy adamant chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy fire to send to earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore :
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,

Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe ;
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in fable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :
 Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dear Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band,
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

GRAY.

Hymn to Prosperity.

CELESTIAL maid ! receive this pray'r,
If e'er thy beam divine
Should gild the brow of toiling care,
And blest a hut like mine.

Let humble worth, without a fear,
Approach my ready door,
Nor let me ever see a tear,
Regardless, from the poor !

O blest me with an honest mind,
Above all selfish ends,
Humanely warm to all mankind,
And cordial to my friends.

With conscious truth and honour still
My actions let me guide,
And have no fear, but that of ill,
No scorn, but that of pride.

Thus form'd, thus happy, let me dare
On Heav'n's dread King to gaze,
Conclude my night in ardent pray'r,
And wake my morn with praise.

That hence my soul may hope to prove
The utmost saints can know ;
And share His gracious smile above,
Whose laws she kept below.

CARTER.

The Three Black Crows.

TWO honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,
 One took the other briskly by the hand ;
 Hark ye ! said he, 'tis an odd story this
 About the crows !—I don't know what it is,
 Replies his friend.—No ! I'm surpriz'd at that ;
 Where I come from it is the common chat :
 But you shall hear an odd affair indeed !
 And, that it happen'd, they are all agreed :
 Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
 A gentleman, that lives not far from 'Change,
 This week, in short, as all the Alley knows,
 Taking a puke, has thrown up Three black crows !

Impossible !——Nay, but 'tis really true ;
 I had it from good hands, and so may you——
 From whose, I pray ?——So having nam'd the man,
 Straight to enquire his curious comrade ran.
 Sir, did you tell, relating the affair——
 Yes, sir, I did ; and if it's worth your care,
 Ask Mr Such-an-one, he told it me,
 But, by the bye, 'twas Two black crows, not Three.

Resolv'd to trace so wond'rous an event,
 Whip, to the third, the virtuoso went.
 Sir——and so forth——Why, yes, the thing is fact,
 Tho' in regard to number not exact ;
 It was not Two black crows, 'twas only one,
 The truth of that you may depend upon.
 The gentleman himself told me the case——
 Where may I find him ?——Why, in such a place.

Away he went, and having found him out,
 Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt——
 Then to his last informant he referr'd,
 And begg'd to know, if true what he had heard ;
 Did you, sir, throw up a black crow ?——NOT I—
 Bless me !—how people propagate a lie !

Black crows have been thrown up, Three, Two, and One ;

And here, I find, all comes at last to None !

Did you say nothing of a crow at all ?——

Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recal

The matter o'er. And, pray Sir, what was't ?

Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last

I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,

Something that was—as black, fir, as a crow.

Invocation to Harmony.

CELESTIAL harmony descend,
The wrinkled brow of care unbend,
Thy chearful voice let sorrow hear,
And cease to drop the pensive tear ;
Bid joy, extatic joy, impart
Its pleasing influence to the heart.
Descend, celestial harmony,
Joy owes its sweetest charm to thee.

When love the bosom fills, 'tis thine
His pow'r to heighten and refine ;
Thy thrilling warblings soft and slow,
Attun'd to melting passion flow,
And bid the soul enraptur'd prove,
That music is the voice of love ;
Descend, celestial harmony,
Love owes its sweetest charm to thee.

Enchanting power ! 'tis thine to still
The storms that life's sad circle fill ;
The burthen of our woes to ease,
And make our pleasures doubly please ;
Each tender feeling to refine
Through life, enchanting power, 'tis thine ;
Descend, celestial harmony,
Love owes its sweetest charm to thee.

BEDDINGFIELD.

The Washing Week.

To Captain G. THOMPSON.—*Kew, May 25, 1765.*

IN this, dear George, we both agree,
 (You bred in camp, I bred at sea)
 That cleanliness is oft
 A curfed plague about a house,
 And always met our juft abuse,
 When boys with Mrs Croft.

But to the beggar and the king,
 Clean linen's a reviving thing;
 Yet thefe our plagues don't reach;
 The beggar ftrips with jocund morn,
 In fome quick fream, and on the thorn
 Spreads out his rags to bleach.

The king, great man, fends all his out,
 Not caring for a fingle clout:
 But what's more happy ftill,
 He's not oblig'd to count the rags,
 Nor ftuff 'em into canvafs bags,
 Oh! no—nor write the bill.

But Lord have mercy on us all!
 When'er we wafh, all hands muft fall
 To fomething or another;
 For madam fcolts, and flies about,
 Now up, now down, now in, now out,
 Dabbling thro' wet and fmother.

This curfed time all comfort flies,
 At fix fhe starts; come, Ned, come rife,
 And get the lines hung out!
 Yes, to be fure, (my dear) I cry,
 I dare as well be hang'd as lie,
 For fear my dove fhould pout.

Breakfast is got, and whipt away,
 (Because the washers want their tea)
 Before that I've half done :—
 The doors all open—linen spread,
 The sky looks black,—come hither, Ned,
 Shall we have rain or sun ?

My dear, you need not be in pain,
 It does not look, I think, like rain ;
 O ! then we'll hang out more :
 When lo ! the words have hardly past,
 But puff there comes a heavy blast,
 And all must be rins'd o'er.

Then tenfold falls the peal on me ;
 You ask, to be ten years at sea,
 See, see the linen, do !—
 I sneak away, to have a smile,
 Snug, while I hear her all the while,
 Calling me black and blue.

From such unlucky storms of rain,
 Nothing with me goes well again,
 The dinner comes—and cold :
 The meat, I cry, of soap-suds twangs,
 Up madam gets, the door she bangs,
 And re-begins to scold.

But what still troubles more my mind,
 Amidst such griefs at once to find
 The washer, as she wrings,
 Cracking some jest—then o'er the tub
 Pauses awhile—and ev'ry rub
 With pleasure sweats and sings.

I hate, I must confess, all dirt,
 And truly love a well-wash'd shirt,
 Yet once a month this reek,
 Is more than flesh and blood can bear ;
 And him I hate—O make his share
 A washing every week ! E. THOMPSON.

The Vanity of Wealth.

AN ODE.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
 With Avarice painful vigils keep;
 Still unenjoy'd the present store,
 Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
 O! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
 Which not all India's treasure buys!
 To purchase heaven—has gold the power?
 Can gold remove the mortal hour?
 In life can love be bought with gold?
 Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
 No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
 Fair Virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
 Cease, then, on trash thy hopes to bind,
 Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With science tread the wond'rous way,
 Or learn the Muses moral lay;
 In social hours indulge thy soul,
 Where mirth and temp'rance mix the bowl:
 To virtuous love resign thy breast,
 And be by blessing beauty—blest.

Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
 Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
 Come taste with me the balm of life,
 Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
 I boast whate'er for man was meant,
 In health, and Stella, and content;
 And scorn! Oh! let that scorn be thine!
 Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

DR JOHNSON.

An Address to the Deity.

GOD of my life ! and author of my days !
 Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise ;
 And trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
 That hallow'd name to harps of Seraphs sung.
 Yet here the brightest Seraphs could no more
 Than veil their faces, tremble, and adore.
 Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere
 Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
 All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
 Which nature's works thro' all her parts proclaim.
 I feel that name my inmost thoughts controul,
 And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul ;
 As by a charm the waves of grief subside,
 Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide :
 At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
 And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,
 'Till every worldly thought within me dies,
 And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes ;
 Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
 And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas ! this holy calm is broke ;
 My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke ;
 With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
 And mingles with the dross of earth again.
 But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
 Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
 His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
 Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd ;
 Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
 And fans the smould'ring flax into a flame.
 His ears are open to the softest cry,
 His grace descends to meet the lifted eye ;
 He reads the language of a silent tear,
 And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.

Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give ;
 Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live :
 From each terrestrial bondage set me free ;
 Still every wish that centers not in thee ;
 Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets, cease,
 And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
 By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,
 When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
 And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
 Oh ! teach me to elude each latent snare,
 And whisper to my sliding heart—beware !
 With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
 And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.

If friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
 Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
 Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
 And with strong confidence lay hold on thee ;
 With equal eye my various lot receive,
 Resign'd to die, or resolute to live ;
 Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
 While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name, emblazon'd high
 With golden letters on the illumin'd sky ;
 Nor less the mystic characters I see
 Wrought in each flower, inscrib'd in every tree ;
 In every leaf that trembles to the breeze
 I hear the voice of God among the trees ;
 With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
 With thee in busy crowded cities talk,
 In every creature own thy forming power,
 In each event thy providence adore.
 Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
 Thy precepts guide me, and thy fears controul :
 Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
 Secure within the temple of thine arms ;

From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye ;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state ;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene ;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

BARBAULD.

*To the Memory of Major Alderton, who was twice run
thro' the body, and once shot : who, for bravery, charity,
and generosity, few equal'd, and none excell'd.*

BY CAPTAIN THOMPSON.

SO Death, the old Stager,
Hath trip'd up the Major :
But who such a pusher could parry ?
He twice ran him thro',
Before it would do ;
But now, he's as dead as old Harry.

Hodge and the Razor-seller.

A TALE.

A Fellow in a market town,
 Most musical, cry'd razors up and down,
 And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence;
 Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,
 And for the money, quite a heap,
 As ev'ry man would buy, with cash and sence.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard:
 Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
 That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
 With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
 And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
 "This rascal stole the razors, I suppose."

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
 "Provided that the razors *save*;
 "It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
 So home the clown, with his good fortune went,
 Smiling in heart and fowl content,
 And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
 Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
 Just like a hedger cutting furze:
 'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he try'd—
 All were impostors—"Ah," Hodge sigh'd!
 "I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
 He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and swore;
 Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made wry
 faces,
 And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, form'd of *opposition* stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff:

So kept it—laughing at the steel and fuds:
Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile CHEAT that sold the goods.
“ Razors ! a damn'd, confounded dog,
“ Not fit to scrape a hog !”

Hodge fought the fellow—found him—and begun:
“ P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
“ That people flay themselves out of their lives:
“ You rascal ! for an hour have I been grubbing,
“ Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,
“ With razors just like oyster-knives.
“ Sirrah ! I tell you, you're a knave,
“ To cry up razors that can't *shave*.”

“ Friend,” quoth the razor-man, “ I'm not a knave:
“ As for the razors you have bought,
“ Upon my soul I never thought
“ That they would *shave*.”

“ Not think they'd *shave* !” quoth Hodge with won-
d'ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
“ What were they made for then, you dog ?” he cries.
“ Made !” quoth the fellow, with a smile—“ to *sell* !”
PETER PINDAR.

*On the Death of Tom Osborne the Bookseller,
in September, 1766.*

OF a dull heavy folio, here rests the last page,
And what is more true, the best half:
It had nothing within it, informing or sage,
’Twas unletter’d and bound up in calf.

An Elegy on a Tallow Candle.

PENSIVE I lay, e'en from the dead of night,
 Until the sun his daily course began,
 Reflecting on the candle's wasting light,
 And moraliz'd the fate of mortal man.

White and unsooty'd was that cotton-wick,
 When from the chandler first to me it came;
 Behold how black! the greasy drops how thick!
 Such colour takes it from imparted flame.

Such is the youth, of manners strict and pure,
 Till, led by vice, he quits his reason's guide;
 By flattery drawn, he stoops to vice's lure,
 And from the path of reason wanders wide.

His passions melt, his manly vigour faints,
 Nor mourns he aught his former vigour gone;
 For soul society his morals taints,
 And Mother Herbert marks him for her own.

The fool who sells his freedom for a smile,
 Or for a ribband barter peace of mind,
 Like wasting wicks just glimmers for a while,
 Then dies in smoke, and leaves a stink behind.

The many perils that ambition wait,
 When soaring high, we still the lower fall,
 Are but the snuffers of expiring light,
 And Death's the grand extinguisher of all.

ANON.



The Beggar's Petition.

PITY the forrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
 door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
 Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd cloaths my poverty bespeak,
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years ;
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
 Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road ;
 For Plenty there a residence has found,
 And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !
 Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,

A pamper'd menial drove me from the door
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome ;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of Pity would not be repress'd.

Heaven sends misfortunes ; why 'should we repine ?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see ;
And your condition may be soon, like mine,
The child of Sorrow, and of Misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn ;
But ah ! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty Poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care !
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

Translation of Hanmer's Epitaph.

THOU who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
 Pause at this tomb, where Hanmer's ashes lie ;
 His various worth through varied life attend,
 And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
 With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth ;
 His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
 Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.

Thus early wife, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
 His country call'd him from the studious shade ;
 In life's first bloom his public toils began,
 At once commenc'd the senator and man.

In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,
 Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state ;
 In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
 In every act refulgent virtue glow'd ;
 Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
 To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
 Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
 Illustrious age ! how bright thy glories shone,
 When Hanmer fill'd the chair—and Anne the throne !

Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
 When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
 The Moderator firmly mild appear'd—
 Beheld with love—with veneration heard.

This task perform'd—he sought no gainful post,
 Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost ;
 Strict on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,
 With temperate zeal and wise anxiety ;

Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
 To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure or of pride.
 Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled,
 And Fame pursu'd him where Conviction led.

Age call'd at length his active mind to rest,
 With honours sated, and with cares oppress'd;
 To letter'd ease retir'd and honest mirth,
 To rural grandeur and domestic worth:
 Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
 The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.

Calm Conscience, then, his former life survey'd,
 And recollected toils endear'd the shade,
 Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
 And Virtue's sorrow dignify'd his tomb.

DR JOHNSON.

*The Great John, Duke of Marlborough, built a superb
 Arch over a gutter in Blenheim Park, which gave oc-
 casion to a wit of that period to write the following
 characteristic distich on the occasion.*

THE arch, the height of his ambition shows,
 The stream*, the emblem of his bounty flows.

* Whoever remembers the character of the Duke of Marlborough,
 will not be at a loss to reconcile the contrast of the arch and the stream.

The Superannuated Horse to his Master,

Who had sentenced him to die at the End of the Summer, on Account
of his being unable, from extreme old Age, to live
through the Winter.

AND must thou fix my doom, sweet master, say,
And wilt thou kill thy servant old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

For much it glads me to behold this place,
And house within this hospitable shed;
It glads me *more* to see my master's face,
And linger near the spot where I was bred.

For, ah! to think of what we both enjoy'd
In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor,
When from the jocund morn to eve employ'd,
My gracious master on this back I bore.

Thrice told ten years have danc'd on down along,
Since first these way-worn limbs to thee I gave,
Sweet-smiling years! when both of us were young,
The kindest master, and the happiest slave.

Ah, years sweet-smiling! now for ever flown!
Ten years, thrice told, alas, are but a day!
Yet, as together we are aged grown,
Together let us wear our age away.

For still the times behind are dear to thought,
And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew;
To the light heart all-changing seasons brought
Pains that were soft, or pleasures that were new.

Ah! call to mind, how oft near Scarning's stream
My steps were bent to yonder Muse-trod grove,
There, she who lov'd thee was thy tender theme,
And I the chosen messenger of love.

On the gale's pinion, with a lover's care,
 Ee'n with the speed of thought, did I not go—
 Explore the cottage of thy absent fair,
 And eas'd thy sick'ning bosom of its woe?

And when that doubting heart still felt alarm,
 Throbbing alternate with its hope and fear,
 Did I not bear thee safely to her arms,
 Assure thy faith, and dry up ev'ry tear?

And, ah! forget not when the fever's power
 Rag'd fore, how swift I fought the zephyr's wing,
 To cool thy pulses in the fragrant bower,
 And bathe thy temples in the clearest spring.

Friend to thy love, and health, and not a foe
 E'en to the muse who led thee on to fame;
 Yes, e'en thy lyre to me some charms may owe,
 And fancy kindles into brighter flame.

And hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet master, say—
 And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
 A little longer let me live, I pray,
 A little longer hobble round thy door.

Nor could'st thou bear to see thy servant bleed,
 Tho' weeping pity has decreed his fate;
 Yet, ah! in vain, thy heart for life shall plead,
 If Nature has deny'd a longer date.

Alas! I feel 'tis Nature dooms my death,
 Ah me! I feel 'tis Pity gives the blow—
 Yet ere it falls, ah, *Nature!* take my breath,
 And my kind master shall no sorrow know.

Ere the last morn of my allotted life,
 A softer fate shall end me old and poor,
 May timely save me from the uplifted knife,
 And gently stretch me at my master's door.

POTTER.

Paper.—A Poem.

SOME wit of old—such wits of old there were—
 Whose hints show'd meaning, whose allusions care,
 By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
 Call'd clear *blank paper* ev'ry infant mind;
 When still, as op'ning sense her dictates wrote,
 Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;
 Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
 I (can you pardon my presumption), I—
 No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various the papers, various wants produce,
 The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.
 Men are as various; and, if right I scan,
 Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.

Pray not the fop—half powder and half lace—
 Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling place:
 He's the *gilt-paper*, which apart you store,
 And lock from vulgar hands in the 'scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
 Are *copy paper* of inferior worth;
 Less priz'd, more useful, for your desk decreed,
 Free to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need.

The wretch whom a'rice bids to pinch and spare,
 Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir;
 Is coarse *brown paper*, such as pedlars choose
 To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
 Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
 Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout,
 He's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
 Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark nought ;
 He foams with censure ; with applause he raves—
 A dupe to rumours, and a tool of knaves ;
 He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
 While such a thing as *foolscap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman whose blood runs high,
 Who picks a quarrel, if you step awry,
 Who can't a jest or hint, or look endure :
 What's he ? What ? *Touch paper* to be sure.

What are our poets, take them as they fall,
 Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all !
 Them and their works in the same class you'll find ;
 They are the mere *waste paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet,
 She's fair *white paper*, an unsullied sheet ;
 On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
 May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring ;
 'Tis the *great man* who scorns a little thing,
 Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims, are his
 own,
 Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone :
 'True genuine *royal paper* in his breast :
 Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

FRANKLIN.

The World.

THE world's a book, writ by the eternal art
 Of the great author : printed in man's heart.
 'Tis falsely printed, tho' divinely penn'd,
 And all th' errata will appear *at th' end*.

On the Loss of the Royal George.

TOLL for the brave ?
The brave ! that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overfet ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her men complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought ;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock :
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup,
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
F f 2

Full charg'd with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

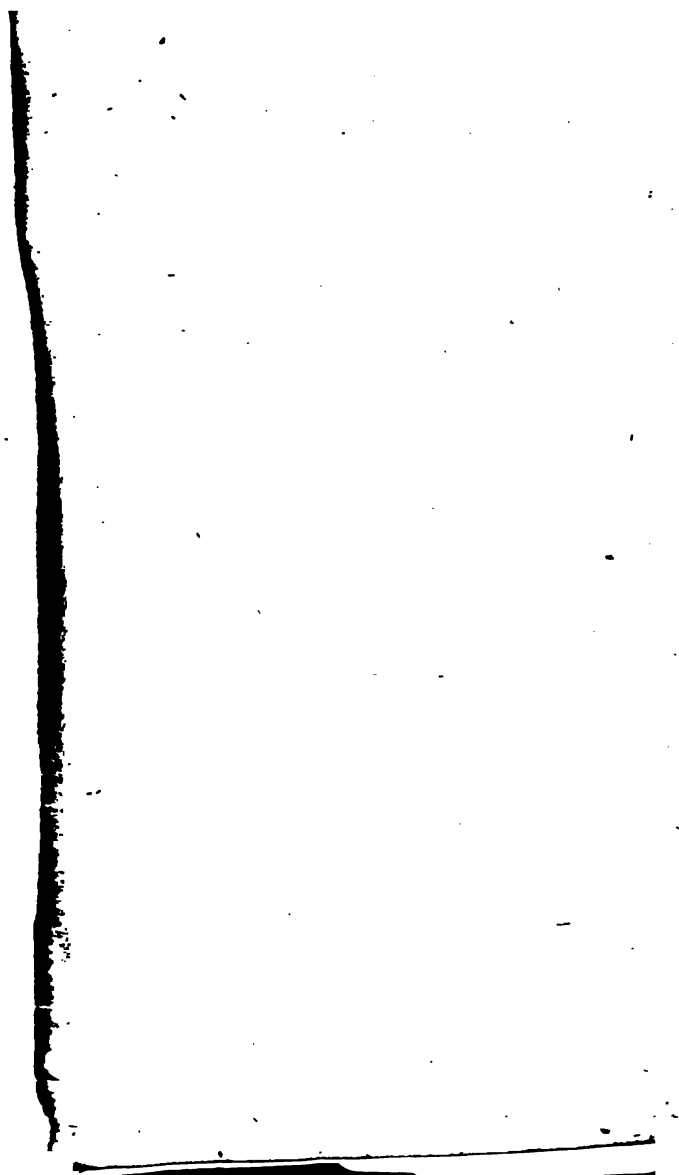
But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred men,
Shall plough the wave no more.

COWPER.

To Mr Pope on his Translation of Homer.

SO much, dear Pope, thy English Iliad charms,
When pity melts us, or when passion warms,
That after ages shall with wonder seek,
Who 'twas translated *Homer* into *Greek*.

FINIS.





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